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1485.R.24
La Belle Assemblée:

BEING A CURIOUS
COLLECTION

OF SOME VERY
Remarkable Incidents

Which happen'd to Persons of the
FIRST QUALITY in *France*.

INTERSPERS'D

With Entertaining and Improving OBSERVA-
TIONS made by them on several Passages
in History, both Ancient and Modern.

Written in *French* for the Entertainment of the
KING, and dedicated to him by

By Madam DE GOMEZ.

Adorn'd with COPPER-PLATES.

VOL IV.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for DAN. BROWNE, without Temple-Bar.

M DCC LIV.

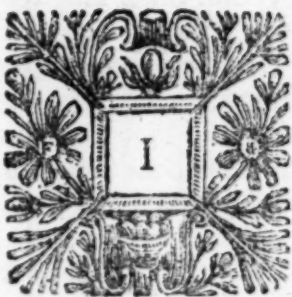




La Belle Assemblée.

V O L. IV.

THE SIXTEENTH DAY.



It was but a very little time after the Sun with his returning Beams had begun to cheer this part of the Globe, when the two beautiful Friends *Silviana* and *Arelise* quitted their Bed, and went into the Apartment of *Urania*; which they found that Lady was just ready to leave, in order to pay them that Civility she now received from them. As she was not accustomed to be wanting in these Kind of respects, she excused herself in so gallant and agreeable a manner, that those to whom she made her Apology were infinitely pleas'd to have prevented her designed Complaisance; since it furnished her fine Genius with a new Opportunity of discovering itself, so much to the Improvement and Delight of the Hearers.

VOL. IV.

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BUT

BUT *Urania* fearing the same Thing might happen to her with *Celemena*, would not prolong the Conversation; and taking both their Hands, led them to that Lady's Chamber, where they were immediately join'd by *Felicia*, *Hortensia*, *Julia*, *Camilla*, and *Florinda*.

WHEN the first Compliments were over, Confess now, said *Celemena*, addressing herself to *Arelise*, that but for the Pain your Absence inflicts on a Person justly dear to you, you would not wish to be in any other Place than this. I have seldom known *Celemena* mistaken, reply'd that beautiful Lady, with a Blush which gave a double Lustre to her Charms; and I do not in the least dissemble, when I protest, that if one Attachment at *Paris* were join'd to those I find here, there wou'd be nothing could add to my Happiness.

I UNDERSTAND you, cry'd *Urania*, embracing her, and whenever the Day arrives which shall unite you for ever with what you love, it will deprive me of an unspeakable Satisfaction, if I am not permitted to be a Witness of your Felicity.

FOR my Part, interrupted *Silviana*, the Pleasures of this Situation, and the Esteem I have for this agreeable Society, have made me almost forget all other Engagements; and had it not been for the Discourse of *Celemena*, there was more than a little Danger I should have quite lost the Memory of every Thing else.

OH the insincere one! exclaim'd *Arelise* laughing, but for your Punishment, I will inform the whole Company that your Heart is too full of *Lismond*, to have any Share in this Compliment.

WHAT, cry'd *Florinda* hastily, is this *Lismond* of whom you speak, the same that gave Occasion to that agreeable Argument on Self-Love, with which we were so delightfully entertained?

YES, charming *Florinda*, answer'd *Arelise*, he was the Lover of *Silviana* for several Years without daring to declare himself as such; not that he wanted any Requisite to entitle him to the Favour of a Maid of Quality: He is descended of a Family no less valued

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in the World for a Thousand shining Virtues, than for its antient Nobility : He is rich, amiable in his Person, has a fine Understanding, improved by all the Helps of Education ; and what is yet above all these, he is a Man of strict Honour and Morality. But all these Perfections were not sufficient to make him hope the Preference among such a Number of Adorers, as were continually about *Silviana*. He found himself indeed treated by her with particular Marks of Distinction ; but as a true Passion is always timid, he imputed them only to her Civility, and trembled in disclosing his Affection, he should lose the Regards he now obtained from her as an indifferent Acquaintance.

In this Manner did he pass over more than three Years, till perceiving none of his Rivals had the Secret to please her, he at length began to imagine there might be a Possibility one Day to convert the Esteem she now had for him into a more tender Passion ; he therefore resolved to sound the Bottom of her Sentiments, and for that Purpose took a Method, which, I believe, you will think pretty extraordinary. He all at once withdrew his Assiduities, and affecting no more than a common Respect for *Silviana*, seem'd to study nothing more than to render himself agreeable to the young *Melissa*, who indeed wants no Charms to favour the Deceit. He was never from her at those Times when he knew there would be many Witnesses of his Visits. He constantly attended her to the *Tuilleries*, the Ball, the Opera, and all publick Places ; and without mentioning the least Word of a Passion for her, made every body imagine he was posses'd of the most violent one. This Artifice had the desired Effect ; it not only discover'd to *Silviana* the Influence his Merits had gain'd over her, which till then she was intirely ignorant of herself, but also made known to the transported Lover, that he had been far from indifferent to her. It was this Situation of Mind which gave Rise to the Conversation you have heard concerning Self-Love, in which she maintain'd with so much Wit and Spirit that her Jealousy proceeded only from that Passion.

BUT that Discourse was no sooner over, than she was convinced, as I had been long before, how much she had been a Stranger to the true Position of her own Heart. *Lismond* appear'd at the End of the Walk, leading *Melissa* ; *Silviana* perceived them first, and with a visible Discomposure in her Countenance, Look there ! cry'd she ; behold, how that Creature is dress'd to-day ! How unbecoming is every Thing about her ! I wonder how any body can think her tolerable.

I KNOW not, answer'd I, laughing, whether my Self-Love is less clear-sighted than yours, or whether I am naturally more just ; but I protest to you, that I think I never saw her more agreeable than at this Instant ; and I assure you, she always pass'd with me for a Woman perfectly lovely.

It may be so, resumed she, with some Hesitation in her Voice, and a Look, which let me know she was not a little piqued at what I had said ; and was sufficient to confirm me in my former Conjectures, that it was something more than Vanity which made her so uneasy at the Assiduities *Lismond* had lately paid this Lady.

By this Time we were so near each other, that it was impossible for us to avoid them : *Melissa* accosted *Silviana*, with her usual Freedom ; but this Lady in returning her Salutation, turn'd so extremely pale, that the other demanded if she were indisposed. I supported her under the Arm, and was so sensible of what she felt in this Interview, that I trembled for her ; but as I was about to speak, she reply'd to *Melissa*, with a Courage, which it was easy to perceive she took some Pains to assuage, that she had not been well for some Days, and that she came out only to take the Air, it being one of the Remedies prescrib'd by the Physicians. As soon as she had pronounced these Words, she turned hastily away, without attending to what either she or *Lismond* were going to say, or using any farther Ceremony to them.

WE left the *Tuilleries* directly, and her Coach, which waited at the Gate, carried us home, without her

her opening her Lips to speak one Word to me : I was not much surprized at her Silence, nor pretended Indisposition, for I saw the Agitations of her Soul, and that *Lisimond* was become infinitely dearer to her than till that moment she believed he was.

IN the mean Time, that faithful Lover, who had but acted a part in Concert with *Melissa*, for whom he had nothing more than a perfect Esteem, begg'd leave to quit her in order to follow *Silviana*, whose supposed Illness had given him a disquiet, that made him forget all the Indifference he had determin'd to affect.

FAR from opposing his design, that good-natur'd Lady press'd the Execution of it, and perceiving some of her Acquaintance in a distant Walk, she went immediately to them, leaving him in the Liberty he desired. He was at *Silviana's* almost as soon as we ; but his Sight so sudden, and so unexpected, threw her into so violent a Surprise, that, wholly unable to withstand these different Emotions which all at once crouded into her Breast, she fell motionless on the Couch she was sitting on.

I WAS strangely perplex'd at this Adventure, but my Astonishment hindred me not from having Recourse to all the Remedies proper for her Recovery, while *Lisimond* was on his Knees before her, with all the Symptoms of a Man abandon'd to despair, beating his Breast, weeping and kissing her Hands by turns, as variously agitated by his Love and Grief.

OUR Cares at length brought her to herself ; and the first Object that presented itself to her returning Senses being *Lisimond* at her Feet, pouring forth his Soul in Terms the most soft and passionate that Love can dictate, or that Wit can form ; she regarded him with an Astonishment, which, I fear'd would a second time have overcome her Spirits : But this Surprise being of a different Nature from the former, had a different Effect : And after he had said enough to remove all those Scruples, which had formerly given her so much Disquiet, What, cry'd she, is it possible, that *Melissa* has no share in your affections, and that it is *Silviana*

whom alone you love ? I have never adored any other than you, answer'd he, nor did Nature ever produce Charms capable of making me forget yours one moment——It is more than three Years that I have languish'd for you, I testify'd my Admiration of you as far as the Humility of my Passion wou'd permit ; but you vouchsafed not to understand me, I fear'd myself despis'd, and durst not come to a farther Explanation, and therefore withdrew my Assiduities——*Melissa* is my Kinswoman, I made her the Confident of my Love and my Despair. She advis'd me to declare myself ; but the dread of displeasing you wou'd not suffer me to take her Counsel ; and had not the extreme Inquietude, which I was seiz'd with at your telling us you were indisposed, compelled me to follow you, in order to be more fully inform'd of the State of your Health, I know not whether I should ever have assumed courage to have attended you, without having received such Commands from yourself——The Swoon you have been in, my Grief and Distraction to behold it, have now discovered the Secret of my Heart,—you are in possession of it—dispose of me as you please.

INDEED, reply'd *Silviana*, (with a Tranquillity which surpriz'd me more than her former Discomposure had done) you had saved yourself great part of those Inquietudes you complain of, had I been sooner made acquainted with your Sentiments : It was impossible for me to guess what pass'd in your Heart, when I was so much a Stranger to my own, that, till the Pain I felt in the Change of your Behaviour towards me, and the Pleasure which now re-animates me in this Confession of your Love, I knew not that I had a tenderness for you——'twas Jealousy, 'twas Love, 'twas the Joy of seeing you again, that threw me into the Condition I have been in : I am not accus'd to Emotions, such as I have lately sustain'd ; and as I wish never to be involved in the like, I accept your Heart, and receive, without Dissimulation, the Faith you offer me.

I AM little able to describe to you the Graces with which *Silviana* made this Declaration, but much less to give you any adequate Idea of what the transported *Lismond* felt at so happy a Discovery. So I shall only say, that, after a thousand Testimonies of the most inviolable Affection on both sides, they agreed to be united for ever in the indissoluble Bonds of *Hymen*, as soon as *Marine* my Aunt should return from *Britany*, where she was gone on some Family affairs. This Lady had the care of *Silviana*'s Education, her Mother died while she was yet an Infant, and she thought the Affection she had shown in that Charge merited this Consideration from her. I no sooner heard this, than I wrote to my Aunt a Recital of the whole Adventure, who returned me an immediate Answer, that since her Absence was all that retarded the Happiness of so faithful a Pair, she would make all possible haste to *Paris* : We are in Expectation of her in about three or four Days, and *Lismond* set out to meet her on the way ; and that gave us the opportunity of enjoying the Happiness *Celestina* has procured us.

SILVIANA now confesses, that her Jealousy of *Lismond* proceeded from a motive very different from that of Self-love ; and he, that his seeming Attachment to *Melissa*, was for no other end than to try what Effect it wou'd have on her. *Silviana* made him some Reproaches for this Stratagem : But with so much Wit and Tenderness, that he had no reason to complain. All doubts of Rivalship being now removed, *Melissa* was sent for to partake in their Contentment ; and this amiable Lady, who is shortly to be married to an intimate Friend of *Lismond*'s, brought with her, her intended Spouse ; and never was a Conversation more agreeable, or more gay, than passed between this little Company. *Melissa* sincerely congratulated *Silviana* on the Conclusion of this Affair ; and *Silviana* being entirely cured of that Passion which had blinded her Reason, now render'd Justice to the Beauty of that agreeable Lady. There cannot be a more perfect Amity

than between them two ; and I believe the same Day will be appointed for the Nuptials of both.

SILVIANA, in whose every Action may be discovered the most charming Freedom and Openness of Heart, had no sooner entred into an Engagement with *Lisimond*, than she dismiss'd all that Train of Admirers which had given him so much pain ; and told them, that the Name of Virgin, which had so long authorized their Addresses, had now no longer the Power, and the Name of *Lisimond's* Wife, which she had determined to take upon her in a short Time, permitted her not to receive any Visits on the score of Love,

As great a Shock as this Declaration was to some, who had flattered themselves with being well in her Esteem, none had the Temerity to complain ; and in spite of their Disappointment were compell'd to own, that she who had behaved with so much Decorum in the great World, knew also how to retire with the same Prudence.

THUS, continued *Arelife*, have I given you the true State of *Silviana's* Heart and Circumstances ; and by what I have said, you may easily judge, if all the Pleasures she can partake with us, are capable of making her forget those which Love and Marriage are preparing for her.

THE beautiful *Arelife* here concluded her Narration. I assure you, said *Urania*, that nothing is more pleasing than this Adventure, nor more entertaining than the Manner in which it has been recited.

I do not think, added *Felicia*, that there is a possibility of giving greater Embellishments. Those who can speak in this Manner, cried *Camilla*, can commit no fault equal to silence ; and we are infinitely obliged to the charming *Arelife*, that she did not abridge the History she gave us, not only that our Curiosity is more amply satisfied with all the Particulars which brought on the Happiness of *Lisimond* ; but also that in so doing she prolong the Pleasure of hearing her.

THERE

THERE are so few Incidents in the Affair she has been relating, said *Silviana*, that it required no less a Genius than that of *Arelise* to spin it to the length she has done without becoming tedious.

I KNOW too well, resumed *Arelise*, the Value of Praise, when given by such Mouths, not to wish I merited it ——— but I intreat, you will convert your Attention to a more worthy Object. I see something in the beautiful *Hortensia's* Eyes, that persuades me her Mind is ill at Ease. 'Tis easy to divine the Cause, said *Celemena*: And if we examine some others of this agreeable Society, we shall find the same Marks of an inward Agitation; and if it be true, as certainly it is, that Husband and Wife make but one, we have here but half of *Urania*, *Felicia*, *Hortensia*, *Julia*, *Camilla*, or *Florinda*.

YOU are very penetrating, replied *Camilla*, with her accustomed Gaiety, and I am very ready to allow the Justice of your Observation. And I, added *Hortensia*: *Urania*, *Felicia*, *Julia*, and *Florinda*, confess'd also, that the Absence of their Spouses gave them some Inquietude; and every one of them promised to make their pattering Réproaches.

CELEME NA had a Heart too delicate not to be sensible, that these Ladies must really feel some Pain in the imagin'd Negligence of Persons so dear to them; and therefore propos'd to go in search of them, who she doubted not were all together. The whole beautiful Company gladly consented, and rising up with that design, the Door was no sooner opened than they perceived *Thelamont*, *Orophanes*, and all the rest in an Antichamber, where they had been for some time, and heard all their Discourse; the Ladies started, and turn'd back into the Chamber, where they were follow'd by their Husbands, laughing excessively at their Anger and Astonishment.

WE no more deserve, said *Thelamont*, the Treatment you have prepared for us, than any thing you are capable of saying could be severe enough to punish our Neglect, had we been guilty. We were no sooner told

you were here, than we ran to pay our Duty, and came up just as the amiable *Arelise* began the History of *Silviana*, which being loth to interrupt, we stayed in the next Room, and have enjoyed the same pleasure in that Recital with yourselves.

'Tis we therefore, added *Orophanes*, that ought to make Reproaches, that you assembled yourselves together, without admitting us to share in your Entertainments. True, cry'd *Orfames*, and I know not what Reparation could have been made us, had we been deprived of hearing the Adventures of the beautiful *Silviana*, related in so agreeable a Manner. Indeed, said *Urania*, smiling, I very much applaud this Action of yours, and am delighted, that you have lost nothing of that Discourse; for, I assure you, continued she, looking tenderly on *Thelamont*, that I secretly wish'd a thousand Times you could partake of the Satisfaction it gave us.

AFTER such an Acknowledgment, answer'd he, it is impossible to be angry; and I know not, if it is not a kind of Merit in a Person sometimes to commit a Fault, who knows how to excuse it with so good a Grace.

THIS amiable Society diverted themselves some time in such like Demonstrations of their Wit and Good-Humour, till being told Dinner was on the Table, they adjourn'd to the Hall, where they sat down with a Contentment of Mind, that render'd Noon more pleasing than the Morning had been. When Dinner was over, they went into the Library, and according to the Rules prescrib'd by them, the Conversation turn'd wholly on the instructive part. *Celemena* having open'd the first Book that offer'd to her View, See here, said she, putting it again into its place, the Life of one of the Roman Emperors, which is to me the most detestable: It is that of *Domitian*, the Son of *Vespasian*, and Brother of *Titus*; who, though he had some good Qualities, was so strongly carried away by his Vices, that the former served only to render the latter more conspicuous.

It is true, said *Thelamont*, that this Emperor had great Faults ; but it must also be confess'd he had some excellent Parts. He took an extreme Care, that the Magistrates under him shou'd do justice even to the meanest of the *Roman* People, or of the conquer'd Provinces ; and never pardon'd a Judge who had been found guilty of Bribery or Partiality. He had frequently this Maxim in his Mouth, that *the Prince who did not punish Corruption was guilty of it himself*.

HE was the first that gave the *Romans* any notion of a naval Fight, by causing a great Lake to be cleansed, and afterwards fill'd up by the Waters of *Tiber*, on which he appointed a great Number of Gallies and other Vessels, to encounter each other, to the great Satisfaction and Improvement of the Spectators ; but notwithstanding the immense Sums he expended in this, and other Shews, he never was able to attract the Love of the common People, fond as they are generally of every thing that makes a noise.

NOR was he more successful among the better Sort, though he did several Things worthy of giving him the Title of Father of his Country, particularly in depriving Courtezans, and other Women of a known debauch'd Life, of the Liberty of being carried in Litters, or receiving any Legacies or Gifts, by way of Testaments ; and expelling a young Senator from the Capitol, for having been the Principal in a Dance. But these good Edicts seem'd but like Starts of Virtue in his Soul, the greater Part of his Actions proving the almost Propensity to all Manner of Voluptuousness and Cruelty. But that which rendered him most odious to all Ranks of Men was, that he would needs make himself be worshipp'd as a God, and caus'd all those who refus'd to offer Incense to him, to be proscrib'd as Traitors.

HIS Rage and Cruelty carried him so far, that on some slight Opposition made to his Measures, he sacrific'd some of the principal Senators, and afterwards banish'd *St. John the Evangelist* into the Isle of *Pathmos*,
and

and put to death two Popes, *Clement* and *Anaclet*. Wearied with such repeated Acts of Tyranny, it is not to be wonder'd at that so many Conspiracies were form'd to rid the World of so detested a Monster; but tho' several Projects of this Kind had been render'd abortive, he was at last assassinated in his Palace by those of his own Household, in the 15th Year of his Reign: And this assuming Emperor, who while he lived, wou'd be adored as a God, had after his Death no other Honours than a silent Tomb. A remarkable Instance of divine Justice, which, sooner or later, never fails to humble and to punish the Proud and the Vain-glorious!

It is most true, said *Orfames*, that excessive Pride is seldom unattended by some dreadful Catastrophe: But, continued he, let us turn our Eyes from these horrible Images, and make a Contrast more agreeable: Let us to the Madness and Folly of Vanity, oppose the Excellence of Modesty; and in the Room of what we wou'd avoid, call to remembrance that we would imitate. An Instance of this last which to me seems worthy of Admiration, happen'd under the Reign of the same Emperor, of whom we have been speaking. The Island of *Great-Britain*, being almost wholly revolted from the *Roman* Power, *Domitian* sent a very great Army, commanded by that wise and valiant General *Agricola*, in order to reduce it to its former Obedience. This brave Man, at his Arrival, found an Opposition much greater than he expected; for the *Britons* were not only unanimously bent on the Recovery of their Freedom, but had also called in the *Scots* or *Picts*, and *Irish* to their assistance: So that they formed a Body capable of striking Terror to a Heart less intrepid and resolute than that of *Agricola*. But this magnanimous *Roman*, far from being surpriz'd or daunted at their Numbers, seem'd rather pleas'd to think, that if he overcame, it wou'd be a Conquest worthy of him; and having animated his Soldiers, proceeded to the Attack, broke into the Enemies Camp, and gave them a more total Rout than the *Roman* Power had ever boasted of in that warlike Island. The Victory being com-
pleated,

pleated, he wrote an Account of it to the Emperor ; but tho' it was the Custom for the Generals, after they had gain'd a Battle, to enclose Leaves of Laurel in the Letters they sent to the Emperor, or the Senate, as a Mark of their Victory, he wou'd not make use of that Symbol, and only gave a plain Narration of what had happened, ascribing all the praise of what was done to the Captains and Soldiery, and saying no more of himself in the Conduct or Action of that memorable Day, than that he had the Honour of being one among the rest, who had been serviceable to his Country.. Nor did he avoid doing Justice to himself, thro' any Fear of offending the jealous *Domitian*, but thro' his own innate Modesty, and the Aversion he had to Ostentation.

WE have seen in our own Times, said *Alphonso*, some great Captains, who, in this Virtue, have been nothing inferior to the worthy *Roman* you mention.. Those Letters which the Duke of *Lorraine* wrote to the Emperor *Leopold* on the Victories he gain'd over the Army of the Grand Signior, are Examples of Modesty, and true Magnanimity, to all succeeding Ages.

THAT also of Prince *Lewis* of *Baden* to the same Emperor, giving an Account of the Battle he gain'd at *Salankemen*, over the Army of the *Turks*, commanded by the Grand Visier *Coprogly*, is deserving of the highest Encomiums. This *Coprogly* was no less famous for his Valour and Conduct, than had been his Predecessors *Mahomet* and *Achmet*, Grand Visiers ; and being sensible whom he was to encounter, had now taken a particular care to be well furnished with a numerous Artillery, and to post his Troops in the most advantageous manner. Prince *Lewis* of *Baden* was not ignorant of the Prudence and Personal Bravery of this General ; but instead of avoiding the Combat, as he might easily have done, he attack'd Sword in hand ; and after a Fight of six Hours, forced into the *Turkish* Camp. The Grand Visier was killed, the whole Army put to the Rout, and all the Baggage, which was very considerable, became the Victor's Spoil. The Fame of this great Action cover'd Prince *Lewis* with never dying Laurels.

Laurels. Yet did this Hero preserve his usual Wisdom and Modesty ; and in his Account of it to the Emperor, gave all the Praise to the Princes and Chiefs of his Army, without saying any more of himself than that he had assisted them with his Advice.

THERE is no Quality more truly great, said *Urania*, than Modesty ; which, while lavish in adorning the Merits of another, is wholly forgetful of its own. But in speaking of this Virtue, we shou'd be strangely unjust, shou'd we neglect the Marshall *de Turenne* ; that great Man having gain'd the celebrated Battle of *Dune* near *Dunkirk*, wrote to Madam his Spouse in these Terms.

“ WE have engaged the Enemy, and God be
 “ prais'd have got the better of them : I am a
 “ little fatigued in the Action, therefore wish you a good
 “ Night, and hope to enjoy the same.”

TURENNE.

How eloquent is this Modesty ! How noble this Simplicity ! All the *Agricola's* in the World are not comparable to such a Hero !

MONSIEUR the Marshall *de Luxemburgh* was also no less possess'd of this amiable Quality, and testified it by the Letter he dispatch'd to *Lewis XIV.* by Monsieur *d'Artaignan*, just after he gain'd the memorable Battle of *Nerwinde*, over the Army of the Allies commanded by the Prince of *Orange*. These are the Terms in which he wrote, word for word.

S I R,

“ MONSIEUR *d'Artaignan* will tell your Majesty
 “ all that has past ; the Enemy has done Won-
 “ ders, but your Troops have done yet more, the Prin-
 “ ces of your Blood have surpass'd Imagination. As
 “ for me, I have had no other share in this Victory
 “ than to have taken *Huy*, and to have got the better
 “ of the Prince of *Orange*, as your Majesty expressly
 “ commanded me.”

LUXEMBURGH.

THE

THE great Prince of *Condé*, said *Orsames*, wrote in a different Style, but no less worthy of Admiration, after he had gained the Battle of *Locroy* ; these are his Words.

“ THE *Spanish* Army has been nothing in the Hands of your Majesty’s Troops, we are posselt of their Camp, their Artillery, their Ammunition, and their Baggage, and made a great Number of Prisoners.”

CONDE.

THE same great Prince wrote again to the Queen Regent after the Battle of *Lens* in these Terms.

“ I Attack’d the *Spaniards* in the Plain of *Lens*, and have defeated their Army : We both fought well.”

CONDE.

IT is not to be doubted, added *Orophanes*, but that *France* has produc’d many Heroes no way inferior to those of the *Roman Empire* ; and in spite of the Regard we pay to the former Ages, I believe, whoever compares the Histories of ancient Worthies with those of latter Times, will have no reason to imagine that Nature has degenerated : What Annals present us with a Reign more glorious than that of *Lewis XIV* ? All the illustrious Qualities which separately render other Princes famous, were united in him, and will transmit his Name, with Admiration, down to the last Period of Time.

THAT Battle of *Nerwinde* or *Landen*, of which *Urania* spoke, furnishes an Instance of what I advance. The *French* Army was commanded, as she said, by Monsieur the Marshal de *Luxemburg*, and that of the Allies by *William III*. King of *England* : Their Forces were pretty near equal, and compos’d, beyond all contradiction, of the most valiant Troops in the World. It seem’d as if these two Armies met only to dispute the Prize of Valour : The whole Science of the military Art, all the Stratagems and Artifices of War, were put in practice by the Generals on both sides ; till the *French*,
after

after a Fight of twelve Hours, impatient for the Victory, forc'd their way into the Camp, and became Masters of their Artillery. The King of *England* then finding no hope of renewing the Battle, made a Retreat, which will always be remembred to his Glory. The Account of these Actions reaching the Ears of *Lewis* the Great, he made this Reply ; “ The Duke of *Luxemburg*, said that generous Monarch, attack'd “ the Enemy like a Prince of *Conde* ; and the Prince “ of *Orange* retreated like a Marshall *de Turenne*.”

WHAT can be more truly magnificent than these few Words ! how much do they contain ! here are four different Persons prais'd at the same time ; pass'd great Actions repeated, and Honour given to the present. So well did this glorious Prince know how to render Justice to the Merit of his Subjects, and to his greatest Enemies. The Prince of *Conti* also, whose Generosity equall'd his Courage, in writing a Detail of the famous Battle to the Princess his Spouse, speaks of it in these Words. “ King *William*, whose heroick Virtues render him worthy of the Crown he wears, has made a “ Retreat full of Glory.”

THERE is a Sympathy between great Souls, which will not suffer them to deny each other their due Praise ; and he that truly loves Virtue, will love it even in an Enemy.

HERE *Orophanes* ceas'd to speak, and gave the Company an opportunity of testifying the Pleasure they had taken in his Discourse ; every one had something obliging to say on this occasion, and perhaps they had not so soon given over, if the Spouse of *Urania*, who knew the Pain these Sort of Eulogiums gave to the Modesty of his Friend, had not interrupted them, by saying, Nothing can be more just than this Reflection of *Orophanes*, and I think we ought not to search past Ages, and foreign Nations for what we may be so abundantly supply'd with in our own : Nor *Greece*, nor *Rome*, ever boasted greater Names than *France* had done, and still does ; and indeed it wou'd be to our Disgrace if we did not, considering we have united in our famous

mous Academy all that made those two Cities so justly esteemed: we possess all that was remarkable of their Heroes, their Philosophers, their Historians, their Orators, and their Poets. Are not *Aristotle, Socrates, Pericles, Alcibiades, Themistocles, Xenophon, Thucydides, Demosthenes, Euripides, and Sophocles* now our own? And do we not possess, as much as if we saw them living, all that made *Rome* so celebrated? Have we not *Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Catullus, Tacitus, Titus Livius, and Cicero*?

WITH this Advantage over those famous Commonwealths, do we not find in each Member of our illustrious *Academy*, all the different Sciences, which singly adorn the Characters of those celebrated Dead? And do not our Heroes, after being crown'd by the Hands of Victory, prove in this learned Assembly, that they merit no less Honour from the *Muses*?

IF it was a Glory to the *Greeks and Romans*, to have so many sublime Genius's born among them; ours is yet greater, who enjoy at once whatever both produced in all the different Ages of the World. The general and particular Productions of this illustrious Body are transmitted with Admiration through almost all Parts of the habitable World. That incomparable Dictionary in 1694, is an eternal Trophy rais'd to the Honour of the *French* Genius.——'Tis in this useful Work that we are taught both to speak and write well: All the Nations in the World have recourse to it for Force and Elegance of Expression; and our best Treatises on all sorts of Sciences, owe the Esteem they find among Strangers to this compendious Dictionary: Nor are these the only Advantages it bestows; for I am told for a certain truth, that many who before had not the least understanding in the *French* Language, have been able by a constant Application, and help of this Dictionary, to attain a perfect Knowledge of it; and not only to translate our Works into their own Tongue, but also to speak and write in it, without the assistance of a Master.

THE *Romans* believed, with reason, that it was for the Honour of their Republick, to employ all sorts
of

of means to engage People to learn the *Latin* Tongue. To this End, they sent School-masters to all their Colonies; and those who had the most Success were certain of the greatest Reward. Nor were those learned Men unrecompenc'd; whole Boroughs have been made free on this occasion, and particular Persons honoured with considerable Employments; and by this means the Language extended itself thro' *Europe*, *Asia* and *Africa*.

THE *French* have indeed no need of such Methods for the Propagation of their Language, the Pleasure their words afford the Reader, their natural Politeness, and the Charms of their Society, have been sufficient to attain all they cou'd wish in this point: But it must still be own'd, that it is to the profound Learning and Assiduity of our noble Academy, that we are indebted for the Ambition all other neighbouring Nations express to understand and converse with us,

WELL, said *Felicia*, smiling, I flatter'd myself, that *Orophanes* wou'd this Day have engross'd the chief of our Praises; but I perceive *Thelamont* would not suffer it.

THE Discourse of *Thelamont*, interrupted *Silviana*, had not made us capable of forgetting what *Orophanes* said; but I find it is peculiar to this Assembly, that whichever of them speaks, demands our whole Admiration, and we think ourselves impossible to be divided, till convinc'd of it by hearing another.

FOR my part, added *Celestina*, all the Moments I pass here, are a Succession of Improvement and Delight; and tho' I believe nothing can contain more of both than what *Thelamont* has now deliver'd, yet I will not answer, but I may change my Opinion when next he opens his Mouth.

'Tis the ordinary Effect of Truth, said *Urania*, (willing to disembarra's her Spouse from the Compliments they were preparing for him) to give Charms to the most plain and simple Expressions.

BUT, cry'd *Camilla*, with a most amiable Sprightliness, must all our fine Quotations be in favour of the Men?

Men? 'Tis, methinks, a little unjust to confine our Admiration to one Sex, as if Antiquity had not its Heroines as well as Heroes.

THE Company could not forbear laughing at this Reflection of *Camilla's*, but *Silviana* taking upon her to reply: It is certain, said she, there have been many Women worthy the Praises of Posterity; but as our Condition permits us not to undertake those Enterprizes, which do so much honour to the Men, and as our Glory is of a different nature from theirs, the great Actions of those of our Sex are looked on as extraordinary, and hap'ning but rarely, we neither can, nor ought to value ourselves upon them: Men, on the contrary, convey the heroick Deeds and Sentiments of each other from Age to Age; and the Name of every great Commander, or Philosopher, is as it were perpetual, by the Emulation of their Successors: But we see not the Example of illustrious Women much followed. If some few have been courageous, the greatest part have been weak and timid; if one has reign'd with Glory, a thousand have made an ill use of Authority; and as in general Nature seems not to have designed us for any thing intrepid or daring, we ought not to think it strange, in spite of our Self-love, that we have no more than an accidental Place in the Praises or Quotations of this agreeable Society.

I AM entirely of your Opinion, lovely *Silviana*, reply'd *Florinda*, and cou'd be content, that nothing great among Women were remembred, provided the Actions of some were wholly forgot; for if our Vanity finds somewhat wherewith to please itself in the Memory of an *Artemisa*, a *Panthea*, a *Lucrece* and a *Portia*, it cruelly suffers in that of a *Messaline*, a *Julia*, a *Rhodope* and a *Lais*.

You ought, methinks, interrupted *Arelise*, to put among the Number of these last the Empress *Zoa*, whose Life last Night was the Subject of my Entertainment. I know not that Princess, said *Celemena*, turning herself to *Urania*. Since *Arelise*, answered that charming Lady with a Smile, has pass'd part of
the

the Night in her Company, she must give us the Satisfaction of making us acquainted with her ; and tho' 'tis possible some of us may not be Strangers to her Character, yet the Recital, from so agreeable a Mouth, has all the Charms of Novelty. You are always obliging, resum'd *Arelife* ; and tho' it would be some difficulty to relate a History, which I believe you are better vers'd in than myself, I shall sooner chuse to discover my Inability, than give you any just Cause to doubt my Obedience.



The HISTORY of the Empress ZOA.

AFTER the Death of *Constantine*, Son of *Basilus* Emperor of the East, continued this beautiful Lady, the Empire passed to *Argiopile*, who had espoused *Zoa*, a Princess of the Imperial Family. She was the most lovely Woman of her Time, all the Graces of her Sex seem'd center'd in her Form ; but all the Ambition of the other posses'd her Soul ; she despis'd all Laws but those of her own will, and to that only Guide of her Actions, wish'd to subjugate the whole World also. She had a Wit and Resolution capable of undertaking and executing the greatest things ; but as her Passions were excessive, and never regulated by Reason or by Duty, she suffer'd herself to be hurried by them, like a Ship on a tempestuous Sea, without either Mast or Rudder.

THE Emperor, who tenderly lov'd her, and had yet discover'd no other Frailty in her Nature than the Desire of Command, thought himself obliged to humour her in this Article, because he had the Empire chiefly by the Rights of her Birth, and therefore permitted her to share with him in the supreme Authority ; but as
that

that was not the only Vice with which she was tainted, he had occasion in a little time to repent the Confidence he had placed in her. There was a Prince of his Court named *Michael Calephate*, young, well-made, brave, of a good Address, and who knew how to conceal any Emotion of his Soul under the Veil of Virtue. His exterior Merit made such an Impression on the Heart of *Zoa*, that, without any respect to her Rank, or Duty, or her Honour, she abandoned herself without reserve to the Encroachments of this criminal Passion.

It was not long before the beloved Prince perceived the Influence he had gained : he was too attentive to every Thing that might give him hope of raising his Fortune to be blind to this, had *Zoa* more endeavour'd to conceal it ; both burning with the same Desire, tho' for different Motives. *Michael Calephate* grew every day more condescending, 'till both, weary of the Restraint they were in, and perfectly acquainted with each other's Sentiments, resolved to break the Ice, and give a loose to Inclination. *Michael* watching a favourable Moment, was the first that spoke ; the Empress made no scruple of returning his Endearments, and completed the Dishonour in fact, she had so long been guilty of in Idea.

ZOA had near her a Princess of her own Blood, called *Theodora*, in whom she placed the most perfect Confidence ; but knowing she wou'd be far from approving her Conduct in this point, she took all imaginable Care to conceal it from her.

SUCH is the Misfortune of those who are abandon'd to Vice, they know the Ills they bring upon themselves——they see the Horror of the Abyss into which they are falling, yet driven by their Passions, they fly the only Hand cou'd give them Succour, and Virtue to them is an Object only of Terror and Afright. But *Theodora* had yet a greater share of Penetration, than the Empress had of Dissimulation, and in spite of all her Precautions saw enough to persuade her, she could not wrong *Zoa*, even in the worst Con-
jectures

jeſtures on her Behaviour with *Michael Catephate*. The Certainty of this unworthy Commerce gave her an extreme Diſquiet; the Friendſhip ſhe had for her Imperial Kinſwoman, and the Dread of what Conſequences this Intrigue might bring not only to her, but the whole State, made her reſolve to ſpeak to her with freedom, and to neglect nothing that ſhe thought might make the Empreſs ſenſible of her Error.

SHE waited not long for an Opportunity to put her Deſign in Execution. The Familiarity between them gave her frequent Occaſions of being alone with her; and the firſt Time ſhe found herſelf ſo, ſhe began to draw her inſenſibly into a Diſcourſe of Marriage, and the Happineſs of that State, where there was a Parity of Circumſtances and Affections; and after ſome little Converſation on that Topic: For your part, Madam, ſaid ſhe, your Majeſty has nothing left to wiſh on that ſcore; the Emperor has for you ſo perfect a tenderneſs, that cou'd I flatter myſelf with being ſo well beloved by him I ſhou'd make choice of, I ſhou'd not hesitate one moment to enter into the Bonds of *Hymen*.

You have no reaſon to doubt, reply'd the Empreſs, (without mentioning the Emperor) but that whoever you ſhall think fit to favour, will place his utmoſt Glory in rendering you happy. But, Couſin, added ſhe ſmiling, which of the Princes of our Court wou'd moſt pleaſe you to receive Proofs of Affection from?

THIS was the Point to which the diſcreet *Theodora* had been aiming to bring her, and having gained it, Since, Madam, answered ſhe, your Majeſty is ſo good to authorize a Confeſſion of this nature, I ſhall make no ſcruple to avow the Eſteem I have for *Michael Catephate*; that Prince has given me ſome Proofs of his Love, and if you think fit to approve our Marriage, nothing will be wanting in my Felicity.

THIS Diſcourſe was like a Thunderbolt to the Heart of *Zoa*, and as ſhe was unprepared to receive it, all her Artifice forſook her, and ſhe fell back in her Chair, where ſhe remained ſome Moments in a Swoon. *Theodora* was now perfectly convinced, that all ſhe feared

feared was but too real, and grieved at the Condition in which she saw the Empress, and more so at the Occasion, ran to apply proper Remedies for her Recovery : Which she no sooner accomplished, than taking her Hands between hers, Be comforted, said she hastily, Prince *Calephate* loves me not, nor have I any other Passion for him, than those of Hatred and Indignation, because he has influenced my Empress to an Inclination unworthy of her Rank——an Inclination which has made her forget all she owes to the Emperor, and to herself. Then without giving her leisure to reply, she proceeded to represent the Horror of the Crime she had committed——the Danger she run in persevering in it, and the Shame which always attends such Amours. But *Zoa* more sensible of Joy to find she had nothing to fear from the Infidelity of her Lover, than touch'd with the Remonstrances of her Friend, imposed on her an eternal Silence on the Affair ; Content yourself, said she, with having discovered my Secret, without pretending to regulate my Conduct——I shall always listen to you on Maxims of State, but will endure no Dictator on what concerns my Love——Merit therefore the Pardon I give you, by endeavouring to forget what your boldness has convinced you of. These Words were accompanied with an Air, which wou'd have filled any other than *Theodora* with dread ; but this wise Princess was nothing daunted by them, and tho' for that time she forbore any further Speech, she did not fail some Days afterwards to renew her former Remonstrances with noble force ; but she received no better Answer than before, nor were all her Efforts of any service to recal the abandon'd *Zoa* from that Path of Perdition she had enter'd into, and was determined to pursue.

THEODORA was not however the only Person who perceived the Empress's Amour : This Princess was obliged to make some People the Confidants of her secret Interviews with *Calephate* ; those she made choice of for that end, were more complaisant but less discreet than *Theodora* ; and by their imprudent Manage-

Management, or by the too frequent Meetings of the Lovers, the Emperor was at last inform'd of it; and tho' he cou'd hardly persuade himself, there was a Possibility she could wrong him in that nature, yet he was resolv'd to leave no means untry'd which might discover the Truth.

HE soon found an Opportunity, and his own Eyes having been Witness of the Dishonour of this unfaithful Princess, all the Love he had for her converted into the extremest Hate, and he immediately form'd a design of revenging himself in a manner which should make both the Mistress and the Lover repent their guilty Pleasures; but as *Zoa* was of a Race idoliz'd by the People, and he had been made Emperor only in her Right, all Precautions were necessary for the Success of his Enterprize. To this end, he began with trying the Pulses of the Senate, by complaining of her Barrenness, and representing the Confusion in which the State would be involved, if he should die without an Heir; his Artifices so well prevailed, that in a short time he gained their Suffrages for a Divorce. But in spite of all the Care he took to keep these Transactions from the Knowledge of *Zoa*, she had Emissaries who informed her of all that pass'd; and fired with the extremest Rage at this Contempt, consulted with *Michael Calephate* how to avert his Measures, which they found impossible but by Death. The furious Empress therefore engaged her Lover to accomplish it, and promis'd him the Empire with her Hand as a Reward; there was no need of tempting his Ambition with this Bait, his Passion for the Empress, and Care of his own safety, render'd it necessary to him, that the Emperor shou'd be dispatched; he made no Difficulty of vowing the Performance, and went from her to seek Persons proper to assist him in the Undertaking, leaving her with as little Horror for the intended Murder of her Husband as she had felt shame in wronging him.

IT was not very difficult for Prince *Calephate* to find Men capable and willing to second any Design he should

should take in hand: His Liberality and the Power of disposing many Employments, had gained him a great number of Creatures; besides, as he was known to be the Favourite of the Empress, whatever he proposed was thought to be with her Approbation: and tho' the killing the Emperor gave those he attempted to engage in it some little Shock at first; yet it soon went over, on his acquainting them with the Wrong he was about to do the Empress; and that there was no other way for her to preserve her Dignity, and perhaps her Life.

THE criminal Design being well consulted, the time agreed on for the Execution was the Night before the Sentence of Divorce was intended to be pass'd; and at an appointed Hour *Michael Calephate* at the head of his Accomplices, rush'd into the Room where the Emperor was sitting at Supper, and in the View of all the Court stabbed him to the Heart; while, at the same time, others of the Conspirators dispers'd themselves through the City, crying out with a loud Voice, "*Argiopile*, the ungrateful *Argiopile*, who " owed the Empire to *Zoa*, would have deprived her " of Royalty and Life——but Thanks to Heaven " he is dead——the Traitor is no more!——" Then they added, " Long live the Empress *Zoa*!—— " May all her Enemies perish like *Argiopile*."

THIS dreadful Catastrophe caused so great a Disorder in *Constantinople*, that the most prudent knew not which Part to take; but the Emperor being dead, those who most loved him when living, grew irresolute, whether they should hazard any thing for his Revenge, as he had no Heirs nor Kindred to repay what they might happen to lose. *Zoa*, on the contrary, had it in her Power to recompence all Services done to her; and when the next Day she harangu'd the Senate and the People, she had the Art to make *Argiopile* appear so guilty, that there remained very few who did not in their hearts, as well as openly, approve the Fact, and join in paying Homage to her.

SHE no sooner found herself absolute Mistress of the Affections of her People, than she began to think

of discharging herself of the Promise she had made to her Lover ; but for the Sake of Decorum, underhand engaged some of her Creatures to move it in the Senate, that she might be entreated to make Choice of a Spouse. This was done, and she named Prince *Michael Calephate*, who with the general Approbation, was married to her in a few Days after.

THE first Cares of this new Emperor seem'd only how to please his illustrious Bride, to testify his Gratitude for the Honour she had done him, and to have no other Will than hers. But as he was perfectly well acquainted with her Humour, and cou'd not expect a better Fate than *Argiopile*, shou'd any new Object make an Impression on the Heart of that unfaithful Princess ; he endeavour'd secretly to raise himself a Party, both among the Senate and People, who might be ready to defend him in all Events. By an excessive Liberality he gained all the great Officers of the Empire, and under different Pretexts, and at different times, caused all the Princes of the Blood of *Zoa* to be made Eunuchs to prevent them from all possibility of ever claiming the Throne.

THE Passion the Empress still had for him, made her not see the end he propos'd by all this ; but on the contrary, she approved of all his Proceedings, and was the first to give Orders for the Execution of his Will. Nay, he had also the Artifice to throw the blame of every thing on her ; and while in private he urg'd her to the utmost Violence and Cruelty, complain'd of it in publick, and seem'd to lament the Fate of those he had wrought on her to condemn. Thus, by the most unequall'd Dissimulation did he render her odious to all the great Families of the Empire, and alienate the Affections of all her Subjects in general, while himself was extoll'd for his Mildness, Justice, and Sweetness of Disposition.

THE penetrating *Theodora* beheld these tragical Events with Horror, and trembling lest *Zoa* herself should at last fall the Sacrifice of this ambitious ungrateful Man, fail'd not to make use of her utmost Efforts to let her see the Danger to which she every Day

Day exposed herself in fulfilling the Dictates of his unreasonable Desires ; but their Counsels were altogether fruitless : she looked on all this wise Princess said, as proceeding rather from Aversion to the Emperor, than Friendship to her ; and so far from taking warning by her Remonstrances, she gave the perfidious *Calephate* greater Opportunities than before, of accomplishing his Projects.

IN fine, this Prince finding himself at perfect Peace with all his Neighbours, entirely beloved by his Subjects, and absolute Master of the Senate, resolved to defer no longer what he so much wished to bring about ; and without giving the least notice to *Zoa* of what he intended, he sent a Party of Soldiers, wholly devoted to him, to seize that unfortunate Empress in her Chamber, and convey her by force into a Convent, where himself in a short time followed ; and regardless of her Tears, her Upbraidings, her Distraction, with a drawn Dagger at her Throat, compell'd her to take the Vows. Perceiving her Rage was unavailing, she affected to submit, and on her Knees entreated only Time to prepare herself ; but he saw into her Design, and obliged her to renounce the World for ever. This main Point being gained, he summon'd the Senate, and the Governors of the Provinces ; who being before prepared, publicly approved of what he had done and confirmed the Empire to him, and to whom he should appoint his Successors.

THEODORA, who had foreseen this Calamity of *Zoa*, was extremely grieved at it ; and tho' she could not but confess she had merited no better a Fate, yet did not he, who inflicted it, appear less guilty in her Eyes ; and joining the just Detestation of his Barbarity and Ingratitude to the Affection she had always born the Empress, she hesitated not a moment if she should attempt her Deliverance by all the ways in her power.

THE Virtues of this Princess had render'd her dear to the whole Empire ; and she so well knew how to make her Advantage of the Respect paid her, that, by degrees, she drew all who convers'd with her into a Compassion for the Misfortunes of the Empress : “ All

“ the Errors of her Conduct, said the zealous *Theo-*
 “ *dora*, were occasioned only by a kind of supernatural
 “ Passion for the Man, whose Ingratitude now pu-
 “ nishes them : Can we then hate the Effect, and yet
 “ cherish the Cause ? ——— But for *Calephate*, *Zoa*
 “ had been innocent ! ——— Let that unfortunate Prin-
 “ cess therefore be the Object of our Pity, and her cruel
 “ Seducer, of our Detestation.” To this, she fail’d not
 to revive the Memory of that illustrious House from
 which she sprung, and became so successful in her En-
 deavours, that, in a small time, those who had been
 gained by Interest to sign to the Abdication of *Zoa*,
 were now, thro’ a Motive of Justice, more inclin’d to
 recal her to the Throne.

THIS prudent Princess having made a considerable
 Party in the Town, soon won on a good number of the
 Senate ; and continuing her Labours with all Secrecy,
 but with a Zeal incredible, for the Empress’s Restoration,
 she at last obtained all she ask’d ; and while *Calephate*
 was lulled in the utmost Security, the Populace, led by
 some of the principal Officers, and other great Men,
 ran to the Convent where *Zoa* was shut up, and obli-
 ging them to open the Gates, brought her in Triumph
 to the Palace.

MICHAEL CALEPHATE, who, in this sudden
 Revolution, thought of nothing but preserving his Life,
 made his escape thro’ a Back-way, and took shelter in
 a Convent, hoping he should still be able to turn the Tide
 of Affairs into a different Channel ; but finding his Ex-
 pectations disappointed, and that the Hearts of the Peo-
 ple were wholly set against him, he gave over all Thoughts
 of Empire, and enter’d into religious Orders. But as
 Love ill treated ordinarily converts to the most implaca-
 ble Hate, especially in violent Dispositions, the revenge-
 ful Empress was not satisfied with this voluntary Abjura-
 tion of all earthly Grandeur ; but excusing her Cruelty,
 by saying, she was acquainted with his private Ambition
 and Dissimulation, ordered his Eyes to be put out, that
 he might be deprived of all hopes of ever remounting
 the Throne.

As soon as she found herself settled in a profound Tranquillity, she thought of nothing more than to testify her Gratitude to the Princess *Theodora*; and as she now owed the Sovereignty she possess'd entirely to her, shared it with her, and wou'd do nothing of moment without her Advice; she soon found, and so did all her People, the difference there was between being guided by Passions, and by the force of Reason; and while the Empress and her Co-partner in Power enjoyed the Sweets of commanding nothing that was not strictly just, the Subjects accompanied their Obedience with Benedictions. But this was a Situation too happy for the malignant Stars which presid'd at the Birth of *Zoa*, to suffer her to enjoy for any long time; in spite of her Ambition and Haughtiness of Nature, she was unfortunately too susceptible of tender Impressions, and that very Pride, which is a Defence to other Women, serv'd only to indulge her Weakness, making her think, that she ought not to give herself the least pain to resist any Inclination that sprung up in her Soul: In fine, she imagin'd a Woman, such as she was, might do any thing she had a mind to do; and these Sentiments, which gave her Courage to wrong her first Husband with *Calephate*, now possess'd her in favour of an Inclination she had taken to Prince *Constantine Monomachus*, a Man handsome enough to excuse an Affection in a Heart, which had not experienced the Vanity of criminal Passions like that of *Zoa's*. *Theodora* made use of all the Power she had over her, to prevent her giving way to this Desire; but it was in vain: she resolv'd to espouse him, and make him her Companion in the Empire.

CONSTANTINE was perfectly acquainted with the Character of the Empress; he knew very well she was extreme in all her Passions, and had reason to fear the Enjoyment of such a Woman wou'd afford but little Happiness: A Throne however was a Temptation too great for his young Heart to withstand; and tho' he had neither Love nor Esteem for the Empress, he feign'd enough of both, to flatter her with the hope of finding those true Delights with him,

which her own Indifference for *Argiopile*, and the Ingratitude of *Michael Calephate*, permitted her not to enjoy with either of them ; and they were publickly married with all the Pomp that Wealth and Industry cou'd furnish out.

CONSTANTINE, warn'd by the Example of his Predecessor *Calephate*, wou'd attempt nothing against the Empress that might lay him under the Censure of ambitious or ungrateful, and behaved himself in such a manner as gained the Hearts of the whole World, and thereby took from her the Power of enterprizing any thing against him : But as he never had been possessed of any Passion for her, his Heart was continually taken up with the Charms of some young Beauty or other of the Court ; and as there are too few Women, who have the Power of resisting the Desires of an amorous and accomplish'd Prince, who is their Sovereign, he seldom sigh'd in vain. *Zoa* was inform'd of his Amours, and continuing to love him with an unabated Fondness, found no more Satisfaction in this third Marriage, than she had done in the others ; the Violence of her Temper however must have some Object to vent itself upon, and several Ladies, who had prefer'd the Love of the Emperor to their Virtue, found their Crimes their Punishment in the Resentment of the furious Empress.

THE Beauty however, who had gained the chief Ascendant over him, and to which all others were no more than transient Gallantries, he had the Artifice to screen from the Suspicion of the jealous *Zoa* ; and that Empress, in all the time she was his Wife, cou'd never provoke him to do any thing which cou'd draw on him the Ill-will of his People, always governing them with Justice and Affability, and behaving to her with the greatest Respect.

SECRET Discontents are frequently more mortal than the most terrible Diseases, the Empress languish'd a long time under the Grief of being less pleasing to *Constantine*, than she was willing the World should be sensible of ; and in the twelfth Year of her Marriage to him died, and left him at liberty to make a Choice
more

more agreeable to his Inclinations. This was the end of that unhappy Princess; and by her Death her beloved Rival, the fair *Neamia*, succeeded to the Throne and Bed, as she had long reigned in the Heart of *Constantine*.

THIS was a Woman of a very strange Character, said *Hortensia*, perceiving *Arelife* had done speaking; her Humour would not permit her to be happy, but I am surprized she met with no greater Misfortunes, and indeed that she died not in a Station much below that of Empress.

FOR my part, added *Camilla*, I expected some very dreadful Catastrophe; but, continued she, neither the Example of *Zoa*, nor of any other Woman, who have acted as she did, ought, in my Opinion, to make us forget those who merit to be praised: Even in this History, if we find a *Zoa* to condemn, we are also presented with a *Theodora* to admire.

'Tis very true, reply'd *Thelamont*, and we must do that Justice to the Sex to own, that for one whose Extravagancies enforce our Blame, we may produce many beautiful Contrasts, which demand our Esteem. The Character of the lovely and unfortunate *Ethelgive*, is infinitely more remarkable for Virtue than that of *Zoa* is for the contrary.

FELICIA indeed, said *Florinda*, has painted the Mind of that Princess in Colours so perfectly amiable, that one cannot reflect on her Destiny without the utmost Concern. The Spouse of Prince *Edmund* her Son, was little less deserving, and little less unhappy tho' in a different way; and when I consider the History of those two Ladies, it seems to me, that every thing that can make Virtue calamitous, join'd to disturb the Repose of both.

WHAT! interrupted *Erasmus* hastily, Do you know the Adventures of the Son of *Ethelred* and *Ethelgive*, and wou'd you deprive us of the Pleasure of hearing them? No, my dear *Florinda*, I cannot suffer you to be silent on this occasion, and conjure *Urania* not to let you rest, 'till you have satisfied our Curiosity.

I KNOW not, reply'd *Urania*, how the beautiful *Florinda* can dispense with doing us this Favour; and

she is too sensible of the Delight we take in hearing her speak, to refuse the Opportunity that presents itself.

THO', added *Julia*, there requires nothing to heighten the Charms of that Lady's Discourse; yet will it now be doubly agreeable, when it gives the chronological Adventures of a Family we are all so deeply interested in, for the sake of the beautiful *Ethelgive*. But, continued she, as I believe this will be a History of some length; 'tis my Advice to adjourn to the Garden, that we may enjoy the Pleasure of the Air, and give the better Attention to the Recital.

I PERCEIVE, answered *Florinda*, that you rely too much on my Obedience, to imagine I would deceive you; therefore am ready, without any Excuse, to do my best for your Satisfaction.

You must not then, cry'd *Camilla*, with a gay Air, make those Abridgements, *Arelife* did in the History of *Zoa* ——— I like not to have the Incidents of many Years crouded into a Narration of a quarter of an Hour.

I ALLOW the Justice of this Reproach, reply'd *Arelife* smiling, but every body is best acquainted with their own Abilities; and as I know myself incapable of making a long Narration without becoming tedious to my Hearers, I confined myself to the most important Facts.

No body has the power of acquitting themselves better, returned *Urania*; but I see the Company is impatient for the History of Prince *Edmund*, and already wish themselves on the Terrass.

AT these Words every one arose, and without entering into any farther Conversation, went hastily to the Garden, where they immediately seated themselves in the best manner they could, to lose nothing of the Discourse *Florinda* was about to entertain them with; and that agreeable Lady no sooner perceived her Friends in a Condition to listen to her, than she began in these Terms.



*The HISTORY of ALGITHA, Princess
of England.*

THE History of the admirable *Ethelgive* is so present to us, that I have no need to remind you, that *Ethelred* had two Princes by her when he espoused the Princess of *Normandy*. *Felicia* has already inform'd us, that this new Queen treated the Children of *Ethelgive* with an extreme Tenderness; but above all, she loved Prince *Edmund*, who was the elder, with an Affection not at all inferior to that of an own Mother; whether it was that the unhappy Destiny of that Princess moved her to Compassion for the Loss the Royal Infants sustain'd, or the Personal Graces of the young Princes, or both together, is uncertain; but all the Histories of those Times agree, that she took not only a maternal Care of their Education, but also the same Pleasure in seeing the Improvements they made from time to time, as that unfortunate Princess would have done. Prince *Edmund* making something a swifter Progress in all he was instructed in, for that Reason, as well as on account of his Eldership, shared a double Portion of her Regard; and none who saw him in the Court of *Ethelred*, but would have supposed him Son of the present Queen.

THIS lovely Prince was no more than ten Years old when the King his Father married *Emma*; but his young Heart was already sensible, that he had lost a Mother, by whom he was adored, and whose History, with all its melancholy Circumstances, had been recited to him a thousand and a thousand times. And tho' in so tender an Age we are rarely capable of giving any long Attention to Accidents either happy or unhappy,

yet was his Understanding so far advanced, that he was no less touch'd with the Misfortunes of *Ethelgive* and the Cruelty of *Ethelred*, than he could have been at twice his Years.

A HEART in this Situation promis'd but little Return to the Attachment a Queen had to him, who possess'd the Bed and Throne of an own Mother; a Mother he so justly lamented, and had been made happy but by her Misfortunes. But this Princess knew how to accompany her Care's for him with Caresses so tender, and Words so sweetly consolatory, that the young *Edmund* at last became touch'd with the most sensible Gratitude. She never entertained him as a Child, but conforming her Discourse rather to the Strength of his Understanding than the Weakness of his Age, their Conversations had in them something so singular, that one cannot help admiring equally both the one and the other.

NOTHING is so flattering to Youth as to find itself believed capable of distinguishing great Things: *Edmund* knew the value of the Queen's behaviour to him, and became insensibly as much hers as she cou'd desire; so that if he had a Mother in her, she had in him a Son, a Subject, and a true Friend, as she soon after had an Occasion to experience. More than two Years had passed away, without any thing being talked on but the Perfections of this young Prince; but the third was not arrived, before the unconstant *Ethelred* treated his present Queen in the same manner he had done the unfortunate *Ethelgive*.

It was in this Time, that *Edmund* made known to the Queen how worthy he was of the Love and Esteem she had testified for him; the Conformity of her Misfortune, with that of his Mother's, render'd her more dear to him than she had been before, or at least, the Affection she had inspired him with, being quickned by the Pity her present Condition demanded, shew'd itself with great Vigour. He omitted nothing, that he thought might give any Mitigation to her Sufferings, he never ceased to console her Griefs, to lament her Fate with all that came into his Presence, and to labour

bour for her with the King. And so admirably did he manage in this critical Juncture, and so strictly preserve the Duty owing to his King and Father, that tho' he always took the Queen's part, and would never be brought to change his Conduct in that point; yet did he do it in such a manner, as *Ethelred* had nothing to accuse him of.

THINGS were in this State, when *Sveno*, King of *Denmark*, invaded *England*. You know by the History of *Ethelgive*, that *Ethelred* had before been persecuted by that Prince; that after a bloody Battle, he had been obliged by him to quit his Dominions; to recover which he had recourse to Queen *Emma*, and found an Asylum in the Court of the Duke of *Normandy* her Brother. But you are ignorant, that it was on this dreadful Occasion Prince *Edmund* first appear'd in Arms, and gave illustrious Proofs of his heroic Courage; he always fought near the Person of the King his Father, had the Honour of saving his Life twice, and made known a Magnanimity which might have turn'd the Fortune of the Day, if all the Stars had not decreed in favour of the *Dane*. *Ethelred*, after seeing his Army routed, was compell'd to leave the Field, and *Edmund* accompanied his Flight, as he had followed him in the Combat.

QUEEN *Emma* was little less touch'd with the Glory the Prince had acquired, than with the Return of her Husband's Affections: You know, forgetful of all the Injuries she had sustain'd, she obtained every thing he could desire of *Richard II.* Duke of *Normandy*; how that affectionate Brother gave the whole Royal Family Protection in his Court, till he should raise an Army formidable enough to re-instate them in their own Dominions; which being done, *Ethelred*, at the Head of these brave *Normans*, entred *England*, gave Battle to *Cannute*, the Son and Successor of *Sveno*, and gain'd an entire Victory over him, forcing him to return to *Denmark*, and leave all his Baggage, with his Hopes, behind.

THE surprizing Valour of Prince *Edmund* greatly contributed to this Victory, and made him be looked upon

upon by the King and People as the only Person worthy to reign after him. *Ethelred* re-enter'd *London* with this illustrious Son, amidst the Acclamations of innumerable Multitudes, who resounded their Names even to the Heavens. As soon as the publick Tranquillity was a little settled, the Queen, with the rest of the Royal Family, return'd; and for some time nothing but Rejoicings were to be seen, both in the Court and City.

ETHELRED, however, desirous to take from the *Danes* all hopes of ever re-entering *England* by the means of any secret Intrigues, made an exact Search after all those whom he found had been any way attached to their Interests. Several Provinces of the *North*, which had facilitated their Descent, and consequently the Conquest of the Kingdom, felt the Weight of his just Displeasure.

AMONG the Number of those who had been of the greatest service to *Canute*, was *Sigefrid*. This Nobleman was originally of *Denmark*, and nearly allied to the Blood Royal: He had settled himself at *Oxford*, was one of the first that rais'd Forces for the Service of *Seveno*, when that Prince made a Descent on *England*, and had afterwards supported the young *Canute* in his Sovereignty over *England*; but being constrain'd to embark in haste, and quit his beautiful Conquest, and *Sigefrid* unable to accompany him, he called together the Remains of the beaten Army, to whom he joined all the Malecontents that came to him from time to time, and fortify'd himself in a fine Castle he had near *Oxford*; from whence he kept a constant Correspondence with *Canute*; exhorting him not to imagine he had entirely lost *England*, and assuring him, that he shou'd soon be in a Condition to call him back.

ETHELRED was inform'd of all these Transactions, and to put a stop to the Continuance of them, march'd his Troops against *Sigefrid*; to whom being much superior in Numbers, he soon vanquish'd, and took him Prisoner. He was immediately conducted to *London*, and
after

after a short Examination found guilty of High-Treach and condemned to lose his Head.

CANUTE being informed of this Misfortune, sent Ambassadors to *England* in behalf of his Kinsman and Subject; but the enrag'd *Ethelred* forgetting, that, on the like Occasion, *Sveno* had made his first Descent into *England*, despised the Solicitations of the *Danes*, and, in the presence of those who came for the Protection of *Sigefrid*, made the Sentence of Death be executed on him.

DURING the Intercession of the *Danes*, *Ethelred* privately offer'd *Sigefrid* his Life, provided he wou'd deliver up to him the strong Places he was possess'd of; but the unfortunate Count depending upon the Protection of the King of *Denmark*, and knowing that there were Ambassadors sent on his Account, wou'd not accept of any Proposals made to him, and so fell the Victim of his own Obstinacy rather than the Cruelty of *Ethelred*.

THE *Danish* Ambassadors loudly complained of the little Regard was paid to the Entreaties of their King; but all the Answer they could obtain from *Ethelred*, was an Order to depart immediately out of his Dominions, his Resentment against that Nation not permitting him to reflect on the Consequence such a Behaviour must naturally produce.

IN their Return to *Denmark*, they were attack'd, taken Prisoners, and put in Chains, by some of the People of the *Orcades*, who sent out Vessels on purpose to intercept their Passage, as was thought, by the Instigation of the King of *England*: For some Months they were detained on that barren and uncomfortable Shore, nor suffer'd to depart till they had paid a very great Ransom.

THIS last Indignity, added to the Death of *Sigefrid*, so exasperated *Canute*, that he resolv'd once more to enter *England* with Fire and Sword. To that end, he gave Orders for the raising a powerful Army, and for the equipping all the Ships he had in his Ports.

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THESE great Preparations were not unknown in *England*, and *Ethelred* neglected nothing to resist his Enemy both by Sea and Land; for which purpose it was highly necessary he shou'd make himself Master of all the Lands of *Sigefrid*; particularly of that Castle which he had fortified, and might be of great use to favour the threatned Descent of the *Danes*. This Place was exceeding strong of itself, had in it a great Garrison, and was well furnished with Ammunition, and all Sorts of Provisions; but that which rendered it most formidable, was the admirable Courage and Resolution of her who commanded it.

ALFHHA, the Widow of *Sigefrid*, was a Princess, who, from the most tender Years, had accustomed herself to the Fatigues of the War; and to all the Perfections of her own Sex, had join'd every Thing that is praise-worthy in the other. She was not inferior to her late Husband in Courage, Wisdom, or military Discipline; and her natural Inclination to War, now animated by desire of Revenge, made her omit nothing that might render this Castle inaccessible to the Arms of *Ethelred*, whom she regarded with the most perfect Detestation, as being the Author of his Death who had been so dear to her.

ETHELRED was not ignorant of the Wisdom and Resolution of this beautiful Warriour, and therefore sent his valiant Son at the head of his most experienced Troops, to invest *Sickfert*, for so was this Castle called. Never was any Fortrefs more indebted to Nature for its Situation than was this: It stood on a prodigious Eminence, which over-look'd the whole Country round about, and was encompassed with Rocks sharp and craggy, and of a stupendous Height. The Ground beneath was marshy, and altogether impassable but by a narrow Path, thro' which no more than two cou'd go a-breast; had *Edmund* therefore attempted to march his Army by this Rout, they must have been all destroyed by the Arrows from above, and great Stones which the Besieged might easily have thrown down from the Precipices. But this intrepid, tho' young General, foresaw the Disadvantages he labour'd under, and

and far from suffering himself to be dejected by them, like a second *Hannibal*, made his Way where there seemed to be no Way, and conquer'd even Nature, when she oppos'd herself to the Progress of his Glory. By Stratagems, as difficult in the Execution as they were wonderful in the Invention, he dried up the fenny Ground, and procured a sound Footing for his Soldiers; then found Means to advance Machines to batter down the Walls, which were shaking by the very first Attack, and at last had a Breach made in them, large enough for a Battalion to enter. But these Approaches could not be made till after many Skirmishes, and great loss on both sides. The Besiegers fought like Men, who prefer'd Glory to Life; and the Besieged like Men, desperate, and who neither hoped, nor expected any Quarter.

THE fair *Algitba*, who commanded in the Castle, order'd every Thing so well, that the oldest Captains were surprized at her Wisdom. She appear'd amidst the thickest Dangers, arm'd at all Points, animating the Soldiers by her Words and Example, and marking the Paths she trod with innumerable Deaths; all the *English* who fell into her hands, in the Sallies she frequently made, became unhappy Victims to her Revenge, causing them to be thrown from the Ramparts upon those frightful Rocks, which dash'd their Bodies to pieces in sight of the whole Army; nor did the Besiegers treat their Prisoners with less Barbarity: So that these reciprocal Cruelties produc'd a Hate in both Parties, which gave a double Fury to the War.

PRINCE *Edmund* had frequently heard the high Character of *Algitba's* Valour and Conduct; but could never persuade himself, that they were considerable enough to have so long retarded the Progress of his Arms: And as he knew she had with her many Captains of great Experience, he attributed to them the Honour of this vigorous Opposition; but to whomsoever it was owing, he thought it a Disgrace to him to be so long repulsed, and therefore resolv'd to make use of his utmost Efforts. The Breach being more enlarg'd, he summon'd the Besieged to surrender; but
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receiving from them no other Answer than Reproaches, and Threatnings to revenge the Death of *Sigefrid* on his Head, and on that of the King his Father, he prepared, every Thing for a general Assault, which was given the next Day at Sun-rising. The Combat lasted three Hours, without the *English* being able to get any Ground ; and the Prince perceiving he had lost a great Number of Men, and that the Remainder were discouraged by the Valour of one Warriour who carried Death and Terror wherever he came, was obliged to sound a Retreat, and take new Measures for carrying the Place.

THREE Days after, in which time the Breach was very considerably widen'd, Prince *Edmund* ordered the best of his Men to be pick'd out from all his Troops, and putting himself at their Head, began the general Assault with a firm Resolution, either to conquer, or to die. *Algitba*, who foresaw his Intention, drew up her Forces behind the Breach, and ranged them in so artful and advantageous a Manner, that the Besieged were not without hope of being still able to resist their Enemy.

IN fine, this last and most bloody Attack was given at fix a Clock in the Morning, on the fourth of *September* in the Year 1014: The *English* fell on the Besieged with Fury ; they defended themselves with the same ; and the bravest of both Parties became Victims to the Ambition of their Chiefs.

THE Battle had already lasted six Hours, without the *English* being able to mount the Breach. The same Warriour, that Prince *Edmund* had seen before, making such Havock among his Troops, seem'd now by his single Valour to withstand the Efforts of a whole Army ; and a secret Jealousy of Glory joining with the Desire of Conquest, to animate the Soul of this young Hero, he sought to encounter him, whom alone he look'd on as his Rival in Fame, and Bar to his present Victory. Fortune favour'd his Wishes, and this formidable Adversary being spurred on with the same Eagerness, to try his Strength with him, who appeared most worthy of his Arms ; and being told which was Prince *Edmund*, was coming forward at the same time

time the Prince of *England* was opening a Passage to him.

THESE two Prodigies of Valour attack'd each other with an equal Fury : The Strokes which fell from both, were so well aim'd, and descended with that Force, that neither but look'd on his Adversary as invulnerable in resisting them. The Champion of the Besieged had the Advantage however of the Prince, in one Blow, which lighting first on his Head-piece, broke it in Pieces, and in the Descent cut the Braces of his Armour on his right Shoulder. But *Edmund*, more enraged by this Accident, flew so vigorously on his Enemy, that he threw him at his Feet, and resolving to put an End to his Life, was about to unfasten his Helmet, that he might cut off his Head ; when the Besieged, who had a more than ordinary Interest in the Life of this Person, made surprizing Efforts for his Deliverance : But the *English* perceiving by the Cries of their Enemies of what Importance this Life was to them, fell upon them in such a Manner, as took from them all Thoughts but of their own Safety, and having drove them from the Breach, became Masters of it, and of that Quarter of the Rampart, while their gallant Prince was, for some Moments, reduced to a Condition, which deprived him of the Power of assisting them.

HAVING pluck'd off the Helmet of his Adversary, with an Intention to have put an End to that Life, which he thought eclipsed the Glory of his own, his Arm was suddenly arrested by the Sight of the most surprizing Beauty that ever had offered itself to his Eyes ; the finest Hair in the World, which fell in great abundance down the Shoulders of the Vanquish'd, and the Softness and Delicacy of the Features, made known to him, that this admirable Person was a Woman ; and the Terror those of her Party were in for her Danger, making the Name of *Alcitha* resound from every Quarter, left him no room to doubt it was that Princess.

ASTONISHMENT and Admiration now supply'd the Place of Fury, and the sudden Change from
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the Violence of one Emotion to others of so contrary a Nature, made little difference between the Victor and the Vanquished. He recovered himself time enough to prevent any Notice being taken of what pass'd in his Heart; and having ordered her to be carried to his Tent, and that the same Care should be taken of her as of himself, returned to the Assault, where he found his Troops had gain'd the Breach, and that the Besieged were in the most horrible Disorder.

HE now found that *Algitba* had been the Soul of her Party, and that it was her Loss alone that gained him the Victory. He offered Quarter to all who would lay down their Arms; but they refused to accept it, and fell Victims to their Obstinacy and Desperation. Prince *Edmund*, to reward the Bravery and long Fatigue his Army had sustained, allow'd the whole Plunder of the Place, excepting only the Castle, where he knew the Treasures of *Sigefrid* were amassed. During all this Action, he sent Messengers every Moment to hear News of his fair Prisoner; and being inform'd, that she had no Wounds that were dangerous, felt a Pleasure, which, at first, he was not sensible from what Source derived; but the Impatience he was in to return to his Tent, in a short Time convinced him, that his Concern for the incomparable *Algitba* was agitated by something more soft than Admiration, and more vehement than Pity.

BUT however violent his Perturbations were on this Account, those of the Princess were not at all inferior. In spite of the Animosity she had vowed for the Blood of *Ethelred*, when the Blow she had given made the Visor of *Edmund* fall off, and discovered to her his Face, all the Fury and Resentment she had been possess'd of, converted in one Moment to Admiration; the Heat of the Combat having given new Charms to this young Hero, he appear'd an Enemy more formidable to her Heart than to her Life: The fire which sparkled from his Eyes struck thro' her very Soul; her Desires of Vengeance dissipated, her Strength diminished, and she was incapable of Defence, when the Prince was employing his whole Force for her Destruction.

fruition. The Victory he obtained over her had, doubtless, cost him more Blows, had not the Tenderness just then rising in her Soul, deprived her of her accustomed Fierceness, and aided his Attempt. The Wound he gave, contributed less to her fainting, than the Confusion of her Mind; and when she came to herself, which she did not, till after she was brought into the Tent of her Conqueror, she cast her Eyes about, with an Air all languishing, in search of the Person who had thus doubly subdued her; and finding he was not present, threw herself down again on the Couch with a Sigh, which seemed to rend the Bosom it proceeded from.

PRINCE *Edmund* had no sooner made himself Master of the Castle, than he ordered all the Ladies, who had been Attendants on *Algitha*, to be brought before him; and after acquainting them with the Fate of that Princess, sent them under a strong Guard, for their Security, to his Tent; judging it wou'd be no inconsiderable Alleviation of her Grievs, to have those about her, from whom she had been accustomed to receive Services.

AT their Arrival, they found her in the Manner I have related, and by their Tears and Exclamations testified how very dear she was to them, and how greatly they regretted to see her in that State. She received these Marks of their Duty and Affection with the most engaging Sweetness; and turning herself to the principal of them, *Edwige*, said she, we are Captives, and all my Endeavours have been fruitless.

YES, Madam, answered that Confidant, Prince *Edmund* is Master of the Place; his Victory is intire; and tho' he wou'd willingly have spared your People's Blood, and to that End made very advantageous Offers, yet their Grief and Despair for your supposed Death wou'd not suffer them to accept of any Thing: But their Resistance served only to increase the Glory of your invincible Enemy, by adding so great a Number to those who had already fallen beneath the Force of his Arms.

ALAS!

ALAS! resumed the Princess, then all are perished, and I am the unhappy Cause. But let us see this Prince, continued she, implore his Clemency, and, if it be possible, save those that are in the other Places belonging to us——Perhaps, added she with a Sigh, he has a Heart less inflexible than that of his inhuman Father.

As she pronounced these Words high enough to be understood by those whom Prince *Edmund* had placed to guard, and wait upon her, they assured her, that she might expect every thing from his Generosity, and that by the Care he had ordered to be taken of her, and the extreme Disquiet he was in for having put her into that Condition, tho' unknown, it was easy to judge, he wou'd lend a favourable Ear to all she should propose.

THEY told her also, that she was now in the Tent of that Prince, and that since her Entrance into it, he had not pass'd one Moment without sending to enquire of her Condition. These Testimonies of his Goodness compleated the Conquest of her Heart; and at the same time flattered her with the hope of making a Treaty with him, which might secure her the peaceable Possession of those other Territories she had left.

BUT if the Troubles of the War were over, she had new ones springing up in her Soul, which would not permit her to take any Repose: In vain she called to remembrance her Motives of Hatred to the Father, to defend her from the Tendernefs the Son inspired; in vain she recollected the Violence of *Ethelred*, and the sad Fate of a once beloved Husband; all those dreadful Ideas lost their Horror, and gave way to the enchanting Image of the Hero, who had conquered her. She pass'd the Night in continual Agitations between the Consideration of what was owing to the *Manes* of *Sigefrid*, and the Merits of the charming *Edmund*; and tho' this last had infinitely the strongest Party in her Soul, yet cou'd she not give herself up entirely to it without a Remorse, which involved her in most terrible Perplexities.

PRINCE *Edmund* was not in a Situation of more Tranquillity ; he arrived at the Camp so late in the Evening, that to have demanded a Sight of his Prisoner, wou'd have been too disrespectful for him to have been guilty of, had she been much less the Mistress of his Soul : But he looked on himself as the most criminal of Mankind, in having lifted his Arm against a Person whom he thought born for universal Command. He incessantly reproached his Fury and his Blindness, and in the Vehemence of his Rage against himself, imagined, he cou'd never repair the Fault he had committed, but by loving her with an Ardour as violent as his Hate had been ; and as he had fought her Life, to devote his own entirely to her Service, and to hazard every thing, and endure every thing for her sake. Thus, far from opposing the growing Passion in his Breast, he made no other use of his Reason and his Reflections than to indulge it.

THE Desire of seeing this beautiful Princess, immediately succeeded the Resolution of adoring her for ever : And as soon as he thought a Visit wou'd not be incommodious, sent to intreat Permission to attend her. *Algetha*, who expected this Civility, and found herself established enough for Conversation, received his Messenger with a most becoming Affability, and express'd an obliging Impatience for this Interview.

THE Prince soon after appeared, followed by the principal Officers of the Army : He was habited with the utmost Magnificence, but the Perfections of his Person and Address, were infinitely more enchanting to the Eyes of *Algetha*, than the Lustre of his Jewels, or the Richness of his Dress. All Histories agree, that he was without Exception the most handsome and best-made Man of his Time ; and as in War, he cou'd not be look'd on without Fear, so in Peace, he never appeared without creating Love and Esteem.

ALGETHA now had seen him both in the one and the other, and cou'd not defend herself from a second Surprise little inferior to the first. However, she had command enough over herself to testify it by no other Token than a Gesture of Admiration ; a Passion which

which none of the Ladies who attended her cou'd prevent themselves from being seized with, at his first Appearance.

PRINCE *Edmund* on the other side found her such, as for some moments deprived him of the Power of Speech; if she had seem'd to him so incomparably lovely in the midst of Blood and Slaughter, what must she now do, adorn'd with Softness, and all the Advantages of Dress? Being an *Amazon*, she had no other Covering to her Head than a Plume of white Feathers, which waving carelessly sometimes one way, and sometimes another, concealed, and discovered by turns her beautiful Forehead; her Hair hung loose in Ringlets over her Shoulders, and that part which was turned back, was filleted with a String of Diamonds of a prodigious Largeness and Lustre. She was tall, and shaped with the utmost Exactness; nor was any of the Advantages Nature had bestowed on her, unembellished by Art. This Day, her Garment being close to her Body, disclosed the admirable Proportions of her Limbs; and at the same time had an Air of Negligence: In fine, the Regularity and Sweetness of her Features, the Delicacy of her Complexion, and the Majesty which reigned throughout her whole Person, rendered her, on the strictest Examination, not less perfect than she appeared at the first striking Appearance.

THE enamour'd Prince cou'd scarce restrain his Transports at the sight of so much Beauty; and perhaps he did it not so well, but that those who accompanied him might have penetrated into the Secret of his Heart, if their own Astonishment had not prevented them from taking notice of his Behaviour, and at the same time given him leave to recollect himself.—How guilty am I, Madam! said he, how dear has my Victory cost me, since I cou'd not purchase it, but by offending so incomparable a Princess! I will not attempt to justify myself, by saying you are wholly unknown to me, for I can no way render myself worthy of your Pardon, but by offering my Life to your just Resentment. He accompanied these Words with so passionate an Action,

that the discerning *Algitha* was no longer ignorant of what her Charms had done ; which Discovery adding a brighter and more lively Colour to her Cheeks, made her appear yet more lovely than before.

MY Lord, replied she, with a Voice which had in it nothing of Enmity, if the Consequences of War may be accounted Crimes, I am infinitely the most guilty Person : I knew very well who you were, I sought you, combated with you, and desired nothing more than to have put an end to your Days ; and how, my Lord, continued she, will *England* ever pardon me for laying sacrilegious Hands on the greatest and most amiable Prince her Annals ever boasted ? But let us, added she, with a most charming Sweetness, let us forget what's past, and permit the Peace which I am now about to offer, may put an end to all our Differences.

THE Prince saw well, that *Algitha* had no mind to answer to the obliging things he had to say to her, therefore deferred any Declaration of his Sentiments till a fitter Season ; and with a Bow the most tender and respectful that cou'd be, he told her, that he wou'd neglect nothing that might prevail on the King his Father to conclude the War, as little to her disadvantage as possible ! And after many Compliments on both sides, they parted with Sentiments and Desires vastly different from those they had been animated by some Days before.

THE Prince of *England* had no sooner quitted her, than his first Care was to dispatch a Courier to the King, with the whole History of this famous Siege : His Letter was full of the Praises of all those who had signaliz'd themselves in the War, and of the Valour of his Troops in general, without making any mention of himself, or of his Combat with *Algitha* ; saying only, that Princess was his prisoner, and that all the Treasures of *Sigefrid* were in his power, and intreated Permission to treat with the Widow of that Rebel ; insinuating, that a Peace wou'd render him in a better Condition to resist the King of *Denmark* ; and urged his political Reasons for putting an end to the War in that Part of the Country, with

so much Wit and Prudence, that the King and Council were charmed with them, and readily consented to leave him intire Master of his Conquest, and to ratify whatever he shou'd decree concerning the Fate of his Prisoner, or the Disposal of her Territories.

WHILE the King and Court were in this favourable Disposition towards him, the Heart of *Algitha* was yet more so. This second View of him had so well established his Image in her Heart, that it was not in her power to erase it even for a Moment, much less to suffer any other thing to come in competition with it. After the Departure of the Prince, finding herself alone with *Edwige*, from whom she never concealed any thing, she spoke of her engaging Conqueror in Terms so full of Admiration, and so highly extolled the Beauties of his Person and rare Qualities, that this Lady easily perceived from what Source such passionate Praises were derived.

ALGITHA perceived she had discovered her Secret, and far from being offended at it, *Edwige*, said she with the most languishing Air, I see thou hast penetrated into my Heart; but I stand in no fear of thy Reproaches: There needs no more than to have seen Prince *Edmund*, to excuse the Weakness of loving him; but, continued she, sighing, since thou art so good at reading the Minds of People, can'st thou guess at nothing that passes in that of my Conqueror?

NOR his, nor yours, Madam, have escaped me, answered she; and since you permit me to declare my Sentiments, be persuaded, Madam, that whatever Tenderness your Soul may be inspired with in favour of the Prince, that which he is possessed of for you, is yet more violent. I examined him with care the whole time of his being here, and saw Love sparkling in his Eyes, and heard it in the Tone of his Voice. When he affected an Air of Gallantry and Generosity, in offering you his Life as a Reparation of his Fault, the Obligation seemed to me to spring from his Heart; and what he spoke only as a Compliment, was indeed the most serious Truth. Yes, Madam, continued she, all his Words, all his Actions, in spite of his Efforts to the contrary,

contrary, declar'd the Lover ; and I am strangely deceiv'd, if in a little time you do not find he is so in the most exalted Sense.

As none here, pursued *Florinda*, turning to the Company, are ignorant of the Force of Love, it wou'd be needless to repeat how flattering to the Wishes of *Algi-tha*, was the Discourse of her Confidante ; so I shall only say, that in order to prolong it, she confess'd that she had imagin'd her Presence had made some impression on the Prince, and in her turn gave her Reasons for such a Supposition ; so that both their Observations being compared, served to fortify the Idea in the Minds of the one and the other, and the Princess thought, without being too vain, she might indulge herself in the sweet Hope of being as perfectly beloved as she loved.

EDMUND in the mean time had Sentiments less pleasing ; his Passion was accompanied with a Timidity which ordinarily mingles itself with Love in an unexperienced Heart : and as he join'd to the rest of his Perfections that of being ignorant how worthy he was to be loved, he only wished he were, without hoping ever to merit to be so.

THIS Diffidence of himself gave him Reflections such as permitted him not to enjoy much Tranquillity. But as his Passion was too violent to be entirely conceal'd, and he wanted Courage to declare it to the Beautiful Inspirer, the Constraint he must have put upon himself would have been intolerable, had he not found a Friend in whose faithful Bosom he knew the Secret wou'd be safe.

AMONG the Lords and great Men who followed him in his first Visit to the Princess, was *Aldric*, a Prince whom the Conformity of Years first, and afterwards the rare Qualities he observed in him, made him the most particularly attach'd to, of any who had been his Companions in this War ; and he it was to whom he communicated the Mystery of his Love, and his too scrupulous Doubts.

ALDRIC, who knew the Merits of his Prince much better than himself, employed his utmost Eloquence to

give him a better Opinion of the Success of his Desires. No, my Lord, said he, there is no room to doubt, if Prince *Edmund* may make himself beloved wherever he wishes to be so; but permit me to remind you, there are other Subjects for Fear, of a more formidable nature. I foresee a thousand Obstacles, on the part of the King; your Highness is the Darling and only Hope of *England*; your Alliance with some great Princess, wou'd procure solid Advantages for your Country, and will *Ethelred* ever be prevail'd upon to suffer, you shou'd renounce those glorious Pretensions? And, continued he, I tremble at the Apprehensions of his Rage, shou'd you enter into any Engagements without his Consent. These, my Lord, are the Reflections that give me pain, and all that ought to trouble you—What Woman cou'd resist a Conquest so glorious for her as Prince *Edmund*? Your Presence attracts all Eyes, all Hearts, the least regard from you, subjects them to you for ever, and can you think that when you vouchsafe to add the tenderest Passion to such powerful Charms, the Widow of *Sigefrid* wou'd not joyfully return it!

MY dear *Aldric*, said the Prince, embracing him, I can reply nothing to Words too flattering for my Belief—a partial Friendship hoodwinks your Judgment.—I know I am far from what you think, and wou'd represent me to be; but were I all, and more than all that Nature ever formed of Perfection, and were the Dangers you have mentioned infinitely greater than they are, all wou'd be too mean a Purchase for the Heaven of *Algitha's* Affection——Yes, *Aldric*, yes, that divine and everlasting Mistress of my Soul bears down all Considerations of the State, or the King, and leaves me no will for any thing but herself—to adore only her, to please only her, and in fine, to think only on her.

THE Tone and Air with which these Words were spoke, convinced the Favourite of the greatness of his Prince's Passion; but as he knew he had an Infinity of Reason and good sense, he did not fail to lay before him all that he foresaw wou'd be the Consequence of his Love, to the End, that if he cou'd not banish it from
his

his Heart, he might at least be prepared for all the Accidents it might produce.

THE Prince answer'd him with a Moderation and Wisdom becoming his Character; but at the same time testified an unshaken Constancy in his Affection to the Beautiful *Algotha*, and the firmest Resolution to hazard and to suffer every thing for her sake.

THIS faithful Friend and Counsellor cou'd not hear such a Declaration without discovering in his Countenance the trouble it gave him; but perceiving that this was one of the Strokes of Fate, against which no human Prudence is a sufficient Defence, he wou'd not disquiet his Prince with farther Arguments, but assured him that in all Events he would devote himself entirely to him, and that nothing shou'd ever separate their Interests.

PRINCE *Edmund* knew too well the Value of such a Friend, to refuse his Offers: He thank'd him in Terms the most tender and obliging; and in his turn protested never to forget the Zeal he had express'd for his Good, and the wise Counsel he had given him, unable as he was to follow it.

IN this manner did they pass the Remainder of the Day, after having visited *Algotha*: the next, and those which succeeded, the enamour'd *Edmund* failed not to pay his Devoirs to that Princess, and without daring to speak of his Love, he had so well the Art to make her sensible of it, that no Words cou'd have been more expressive or persuasive.

SHE received him always with a Sweetness full of Charms, but as the strictest Modesty and Reserve reign'd thro' all her Words and Actions, he was not able to penetrate into her Sentiments; and tho' he always saw her with Pleasure, yet he never parted from her without doubting his Happiness. But this Life of Suspense was but of a short duration: The Return of his Courier decided his Fate, and he no sooner saw the Power the King had given him, than he hastened with his dispatches to the Tent of his adored Princess.

SHE was alone with *Edwige*, and the Prince had permitted no body to follow him but *Aldric*, as he had

let him know his design was that day to make a discovery of his Passion, that faithful Confidante, after the first Compliments were over, engaged *Edwige* in a particular Conversation at some distance, and left the Prince at full liberty to entertain the Charmer of his Soul. The King, Madam, said he to her, has left me intire Master of the Articles of Peace, and I come to make you Mistress of them, and to give you an Opportunity of revenging all the Offences I have been guilty of. It was not enough to combat with you, to wound you, to take you Prisoner, there wants yet something to compleat my Presumption, which is the daring to adore you, to tell you that I do, and to swear to you, that a thousand Deaths presented to my Eyes can never make me change my Sentiments. Revenge yourself therefore, Madam, continued he, in the most tender Accents, revenge on the Lover, the Fury of the Enemy, and punish in the Enemy, the Faults of the Lover——Behold, I wait your Sentence, and shall submit to it without murmuring.

To be able to comprehend the Charms that accompanied this Discourse, we shou'd assemble in our Minds all that is agreeable in Man; all that indulgent Nature can bestow, all that Love and Wit can teach, and yet at last fall short in Idea of the real Graces of this great and amiable Prince. *Algetha* was too sensible of the Perfections of this blooming Hero, and of the Glory of subduing him, to be capable of dissembling the Passion she had for him any longer; and looking on him with Eyes sparkling with Love and Joy, And of what faults, my Lord, said she, can you accuse yourself, of which I am not at least equally guilty? You have hated, and now love me; I wish'd your Death, and wou'd now give up my Life for the Safety of yours. Yes, my Lord, pursued she with some precipitation, I shou'd detest myself, if I cou'd yet hate what is most worthy in the whole world to be loved——Do I not see with the same Eyes all *England* does?——Have I a Heart less sensible of merit than the rest of your Subjects?——No, my Lord, and if I am ambitious of being distinguished from the multitude, it is by the excess of tenderness alone.

'TIS easy to imagine the effect such a Confession must produce in a Prince young, ardent, and burning with the most violent Passion that ever was; he forgot *Aldric*, *Edwige*, and all the World, to abandon himself to the Vehemence of his Transports. He threw himself at the feet of the Princess, in spite of all she cou'd do to hinder him; he thanked her, and Heaven, in Words which nothing but the most exalted Extasy cou'd have inspired: He made a thousand Vows, both to the one and the other, of an everlasting Constancy and Gratitude, and that obliging him to repeat every instant that he was loved, made him as often repeat that he wou'd eternally adore. In fine, he seem'd as it were out of himself, and was so violent in his Raptures, that the two Confidants were no longer able to restrain their attention from a Scene in which they took so much Interest.

ALGITHA, who had several times in vain attempted to raise the Prince, now made a sign to them to approach; and holding out her Hand to him, in order to oblige him to change his Posture, You see, my Lord, said she to him smiling, that we are not alone, and that you publish my secret. Ah! Madam, cried he, Prince *Aldric* is perfectly well acquainted with my Heart, and I dare believe the discreet *Edwige* is too dear to you, to be ignorant of my Happiness.

AFTER this, the Conversation between these four amiable Persons consist'd of all that Friendship, Zeal, Esteem and Love cou'd form; but when a sufficient space of time had been allowed to this agreeable Entertainment, Prince *Edmund* intreated *Algitha* to think on the Articles of Treaty, but she wou'd not be perswaded, so he was oblig'd to take the care of that Affair upon himself; there was little Danger of any disagreement between them, the Conqueror was too much in the power of the Vanquish'd, to insist on hard Terms, and the Vanquish'd thought herself happy, in yielding every thing to the Conqueror.

SHE delivered all the strong Places, Lands, and Territories yet remaining in her power to the Prince; and the Prince re-instated her, with the Revenue arising

from them. Both being satisfied with these Conditions they were sent to the King for his Ratification, who sent them back without the least alteration.

NOTHING but the Glory of Prince *Edmund* now made the Subject of Conversation at *London*, and indeed thro' the whole Kingdom: Publick Thanksgivings, Feasts, and all manner of Rejoicings for his Victory, were celebrated in all the Cities and great Towns; and the Generals and others of the Army having sent accounts of this Siege to their Friends, and justly expatiated on the Valour of *Edmund*, particularly his Combat with the almost invincible *Algitba*, their Amazement was little inferior to their Admiration, when they considered what an excess of modesty he had observed in the Letters he wrote on that Subject; and this augmented in such a manner the Love and Esteem of the People, that they almost idolized him.

QUEEN *Emma*, to whom his Glory was no less dear than if he had been her own Son, wrote to congratulate him on this Occasion, in terms which manifested the real Friendship and Tendernefs she had for him: But all these Honours made but a feeble impression on his mind, compared with the delights he enjoyed at the feet of his dear Princess.

THE Articles of Peace had no sooner received the approbation of *Ethelred*, than the Prince caused the Castle of *Sichfert* to be repaired, and put in a condition to receive him, the Princess, and the most considerable of those who had attended him in this War; looking on the Camp as a place too tumultuous for them to partake the Sweets of that Peace they had now so happily concluded.

SOME days after they were settled there, Prince *Edmund*, whose Passion received addition every moment, and by consequence his Impatience, began to conjure the beautiful *Algitba* to compleat his felicity, by consenting to be privately married, giving her to understand the little Probability there was, that the King would ever be brought to authorize their Love, if by any accident he should be inform'd of it; and telling her at the same time, if the Ceremony were once past, he had hopes

hopes the persuasion of the Queen, and his other Friend, join'd to the Tendernefs *Ethelred* himself had for him, wou'd influence him to forgive what was past recall.

THE Princess loved with no less ardour than she was beloved, and was as much desirous of this Union as he who propos'd it; but the ordinary Inconstancy of Men in general, and particularly among those of the Age of *Edmund* made her tremble. I can refuse you nothing, my Lord, said she; and tho' my Honour will doubtless suffer by a conceal'd Marriage, yet will I readily sacrifice it, to give a Proof of my Tendernefs. Alas! added she, what imports it that my Happiness is a Secret provided it be lasting?

BUT, my Lord, that is my fear; and is all that hinders me from doing as you desire: You love me now, but are you certain you shall love me always? What can secure me from the Effects, the Wrath of your Royal Father, and the Considerations of the State may produce? — They will, perhaps, hereafter make you look on a Marriage, so little conformable to your Interest, as a Crime — They will represent to you, that you have espoused the Widow of a Rebel and an Enemy — that your Age and Rank permitted you not to engage yourself without the consent of the King — they will reproach you with having renounced the Glories to which you might have pretended, and exaggerate the Felicity of a Marriage more illustrious, and more advantageous to *England* — they will add a thousand more unforeseen Remonstrances, to render me contemptible in your Eyes, and to draw on me the Fate of the unhappy *Ethelgive* your Mother — they will have but too much force not to shake your Constancy — you will blush to have listned to the Dictates of your Love, and I shall fall the Victim to the publick displeasure; or, 'tis possible to the Charms of an Object more worthy of you.

THEN, Prince, then, continued she, letting fall some Tears, what will become of the wretched *Algitba*? Shame and Despair will be the only recompence of her Complaisance and Love: — I know my own Heart, I shall love you to my Grave; but alas! nothing can assure me of yours.

PRINCE *Edmund* was struck with so deep a sorrow at this discourse, that he wanted to interrupt her; he found it impossible for him to do so——the disorder of his Soul manifested itself thro' all his Person, and render'd him in such a State, that he was for some Moments wholly incapable of replying to what she had been saying.

AT last, with the most languishing and dejected Air, I am very unfortunate, Madam, said he, that my Heart is so little known to you, that you can believe it capable of the most vile of all Inconstancies!——If the Excess of my Passion has not been able to inspire you with Sentiments more favourable, Words I fear will never do it, since they are but weak Intelligencers of my Soul's ardent meaning.

BUT is it impossible you can think me worthy of your Love, without thinking that if with the Crown of *England* I shou'd be offer'd that of the whole World, it cou'd be capable of obliging me to break the Vow I make to be eternally yours?

No, Madam, I am neither to be tempted from you by Grandeur, nor terrified by the Menaces of an incens'd Father, nor the Murmurs of the State——I know very well, to what I subject myself and expose you; but I know also, that whatever Dangers may arm themselves against us, your Glory will be rais'd by my fidelity and constant opposing all that wou'd deprive me of you——Be assured I can die, but can never be ungrateful or false——Permit me once to wear the happy Title of your Husband, and I will maintain it to my last moment——'Tis by this only I can make known the greatness of my Flame——by this alone my Fidelity can be manifested——Oh consider, *Divinest Algitba*, consider that in refusing what I ask, you not only transgress against that Passion you pretend to acknowledge the Power of, but also do an irreparable injury to my Truth, and I shall die unjustified in your Opinion——For think not, pursued he, with an Air that had something in it of Distraction, think not that I will live without you.

HERE Prince *Edmund* ceased to speak, and indeed there was no farther need of Words to affirm what
might

might be easily seen in his Countenance; a mortal Pale-ness spread itself over all his Face, his Eyes lost all their wonted Shine, and fixed on those of *Algitba*, seem'd but to attend her answer, and to close for ever. The Princess trembled at the alteration she perceived in him, and cou'd no longer doubt the Sincerity of a Passion, which was denoted by such Symptoms.

My dear Prince! cry'd she, pressing his Hands tenderly between hers, *Algitba* is yours—Dispose of her as you please—my Suspicions and my Fears had no other source than an Excess of Tendernefs, and therefore claim forgiveness; but every Motive of refusal shall recede to the Glory of being united to you—"Tis for you then to command, oh charming Prince! I am in all things ready to obey.

Tho' these Words were like the Voice of Pardon to a Wretch condemn'd in the Ears of the transported *Edmund*, yet could he not presently get over the Grief her former Discourse had imprinted in his Soul; and while he thank'd her Condescension in terms the most passionate, yet did a certain Languor remain both in his Looks and Accents; which serv'd, more then ever, to convince the Princess how sensibly he had been touched with the fears of losing her. She employ'd all those Graces Nature had so prodigally bestowed on her, to alleviate a Melancholy of which she had been the cause; and after a Million of repeated Protestations of eternal Fidelity on both sides, it was at last agreed, that one of the Princess's Chaplains, in whom she placed the most perfect Confidence, shou'd secretly join their Hands in the Chapel of the Castle, and that none but Prince *Aldric* and the faithful *Edwige* should be witnesses of that Ceremony.

ALL things being thus concluded, they approach'd the holy Altar on the evening of the next Day, and were there united by those Bounds which are indissoluble but by Death. The whole Affair was conducted with so much privacy, that not one Person either in the Camp or Palace had the least Knowledge of it. The Mystery lasted some months, to the great contentment of the Wedded Pair, who enjoyed, without those Ceremonies which are the torment of publick Marriages, all the

Sweets that *Hymen* is capable of affording, when heightened by the most fervent Passion : It seemed, as if these two were animated but by one Soul — that one Will and one Desire diffused themselves thro' both ; and so well were their Thoughts known to each other, that they conversed frequently, as it were by intuition, and interrogated, and replied by Looks alone.

BUT Fate, which, they say, allows it not to Mortals to be perfectly happy on Earth, being unable to lessen their Affection, was resolved to raise them Troubles, to disturb that Repose they had so long indulged.

THE long absence of Prince *Edmund* created some Suspicions in the King his Father ; and not being able to comprehend the Motives that kept him from a Court, where every body was burning with impatience for his Return, he sent some Persons whom he confided in to the Camp, with strict orders to inform themselves of all that past, and to be careful Spies over the Actions of the Prince, without doing any thing that shou'd make him suspect they were so.

THIS Commission was given to Men well skilled in Stratagems, and from whose Eyes it was scarce possible any thing shou'd escape : They examined the Prince with attention, and presently found his Passion for *Algitba*. This Discovery was immediately seconded by others, and without any one being able to penetrate into their Intrigues, they got information of the secret Marriage, and sent notice of it to the King. It wou'd be in vain to go about to represent the excess of his fury at this News ; the whole Court saw, and trembled at it ; and tho' the Prince was extremely dear to them all, yet none durst open their Lips in his Vindication.

WHILE Rage has possession of the Mind, Nature but vainly pleads ; *Ethelred* lost all the Father, in the angry Monarch, and forgetful how much himself had experienced the force of that Passion he now condemned in his Son, sent an Express to him, which contained an absolute Command to resign the Command of the Army to the Earl of *Kent*, to quit *Sichfert* immediately,
and

and come to render an Account of his Conduct at the Foot of the Throne.

THIS Mandate was like a Clap of Thunder to the Hearts of the truly enamour'd Prince and Princess : they no longer doubted, if they were betray'd, or if *Edmund* was recall'd out of any other Motive but the extremest Wrath. But this last alarm'd them less, as they had prepar'd themselves for it : But what was most remarkable in this Adventure was, that *Algitba*, who had the greatest cause to dread what might befall her in this Separation from the Prince, seem'd less dejected than did he, and was obliged to make use of her utmost Efforts, to enable him to support it. Nor was his Disquiet occasion'd by the Terror of meeting the Eyes of an incensed Father, and angry King, in whose Disposol all his future Fortunes lay ; but by the Thoughts of leaving his dear Wife, at a time when most his Presence was necessary, to alleviate the Disorder she was then in ; the Fruits of their reciprocal Affection being now manifested in her Pregnancy.

As much however as the Princess dissembled her Concern, in hope to allay that of her Husband, she cou'd not defend herself in secret from Agitations, very hard to be endured. She dreaded not any thing the King shou'd meditate against her ; she had too much Courage to regard any thing that touched her Life or Fortune, the Estrangement of her dear *Edmund's* Heart was all she feared : And when she consider'd she must trust him in a Court so famous for Beauties, as that of *England*, not all his Vows cou'd make her say to herself, He will be mine for ever. And if the Opinion of his Honour secured her from the Apprehensions of his divorcing himself from her, and marrying another, as his Father had done ; yet, as the Change of his Affection was an involuntary Action, she was invaded with most terrible Suggestions on that score ; and was too delicate to find any Satisfaction in the Thoughts that he must be for her only, because his Veracity wou'd not permit him to be another's.

BUT whatever Discontents they both endur'd, the Royal Will must be comply'd with ; and the Prince,
with

with reason, judging, that to delay the injoin'd Attendance on his Father, wou'd only serve to irritate him the more, made all imaginable haste to prepare for his Departure. And the Consolation of his beloved *Algitha* being the first of his Cares, he obliged Prince *Aldric* to stay behind him, that he might hear from time to time of the Situation of that Princess's Mind. *Aldric*, on his side, promis'd an eternal Fidelity, and presented a Gentleman to him, of whose firm Attachment he was convinced, in order that whatever Condition the Prince was in, he might know it from his Pen, and be inform'd of his Commands.

AFTER all these Precautions, they took leave of each other, with such violent Transports of Grief, that none were Witnesses of them, but fear'd they wou'd be attended with some fatal Consequence. *Edmund* exerted all his Forces, to assure *Algitha* of an eternal Fidelity ; and that Princess neglected nothing, that the most delicate Passion cou'd inspire, to conjure him to set a Guard upon his Heart, and upon his Eyes ; and when they had embraced each other a thousand and a thousand times, they bid adieu——A parting dreadful to themselves, and touching to all that saw it, as not being able to form any Judgment when, or whether ever they shou'd meet again !

GRIEF and Uncertainty were the Companions of Prince *Edmund's* Journey——to meet the Eyes of a King and Father, so much incens'd against him, was no slight Motive for the Disquiet of a Son and Subject practised in Obedience ; but the Violence of his Love surmounted all other Considerations ; and at his Arrival at *London*, he presented himself before the King, with a Submission full of Respect, but with the Assurance of a Person prepared for every thing. His Presence, far from exciting any Tenderness in *Ethelred*, augmented his Indignation : He reproached, in the most cruel Terms, the clandestine Marriage he had contracted with the Widow of an Enemy to his King and Country, accused him of holding criminal Intelligence against both the one and the other ; and without reflecting on the Lengths to which an Excess of Passion had transported himself, alledged all those

those Reasons, which would have been of more use to have regulated his own Conduct, than that of his Son. So true it is, that in whatever Rank Providence places Men, they never can be impartial enough to see those Faults in themselves, which they condemn in others.

THE Prince of *England* listen'd to all this Torrent of Injustice, with the most perfect Submission; and perceiving the King had left him at liberty to reply, he threw himself at his Feet, and looking up to him with that engaging Air, which charm'd all Hearts, I confess, I am criminal, said he, in disposing of myself without your Majesty's Permission; but it was the Fear of never being able to obtain it, joined with the Impossibility of living without *Algitba*, that made me guilty. Not that I imagin'd, you wou'd regard that Princess as an Object of Hatred, after the advantageous Peace she concluded with you———Yes, Sir, I dare affirm, more Blood had been shed to gain you Victory, had Love nor interposed———I apprehended indeed, that your Ambition design'd me for greater Alliance, but I knew the Virtues of *Algitba* more worthy than Diadems, and therefore followed the Dictates of my Happiness rather than my Duty——But, Sir, continued he, my Crime wou'd yet be pardonable, if you were sensible of the Charms of my fair Vanquisher; and perhaps, I shou'd find Praise where now I am condemn'd———Yes, Sir, added he with vehemence, I adore *Algitba*, I am resolv'd eternally to adore her———But it is not *Algitba*, arm'd against my King, to whom I have given my Faith; it is a Princess submissive to your Laws, faithful to her Duty, and ready to suffer Death to attest her Loyalty to your Majesty, and Love to your Son, whose Husband you see before your Feet, embracing your Knees, and imploring Grace from an offended Father.

AT these Words, *Ethelred*, in spite of his Indignation, felt that he was indeed a Father: He sigh'd, and was some time before he cou'd determine in what manner he shou'd behave; but struggling with the Tenderness which just then began to move him, Well then,

then, resumed he, since you are both so submissive to my Laws, give a Proof of this Zeal and this Obedience, in separating yourselves for ever, and do you receive another Wife from the Hand of a Father who loves you———This is the only way by which you can obtain Pardon, and oblige me not to treat *Algitha* as an Enemy.

If no other way we can obtain your Mercy, said the Prince, rising from the Posture he was in, I am constrain'd to tell your Majesty, we must be for ever miserable in your Displeasure——both *Algitha* and myself are ready to lose our Lives for you; but you shall sacrifice us a thousand times before we will break our Vows—they are sacred,——they are voluntary——they are eternal.

THE Prince pronounced these Words with a Resolution which surpriz'd *Ethelred*, and re-kindled the before-expiring Fury in his Breast. He called to the Captain of his Guards to seize the Prince, and order him into Custody. When the Queen entered the Cabinet where they were, she feared something violent wou'd be the Consequence of this Conversation, and resolved to labour all she cou'd in the service of the Prince. She immediately knew by their Countenances the Emotions of their Souls; and perceiving the Captain was about to execute the King's Command, she entreated his Majesty to forbear till he had given her a Moment's Audience; adding, that she would answer for the Prince, and at the same time made a sign to him, and all present, to withdraw.

As soon as she found herself alone with *Ethelred*, she represented to him the Wrong he did in proceeding to such Extremities, with a Son, who had behaved in every Action of his Life, bating his Marriage, with the utmost Duty——that the Kingdom was in too hazardous an Estate, thro' the Preparations of the King of *Denmark*, to admit Civil Broils——that the People, who almost adored the Prince, wou'd be excited to murmur at this Treatment of him, and perhaps, run yet greater Lengths in his favour———She conjur'd him also to decree nothing against the Person of *Algitha*

Alitha — she remonstrated to him, that the Rebellion was probably not so well extinguished, but that it might be rekindled in those Places where that Princess had an Interest, if any Outrage were offered to her ; and all this in Terms so strong, tho' full of Respect, that *Ethelred* had nothing to object against her Reasons.

Tho' this Monarch had not resumed his former Tenderness for *Emma*, and lived with her with little more than a cold Civility, the Obligations he had to her wou'd not permit him to neglect her Advice : Besides, the manner in which she addressed him on this score, greatly alleviated his Rage. He gave her his Promise to enterprize nothing against *Alitha*, either by open Force or secret Malice, and not to confine the Person of the Prince. But all this beautiful Queen cou'd urge, was unavailing to procure his Consent to the Marriage, and she was obliged to quit him without obtaining any thing on that Article.

At her Return to her Apartment, she found Prince *Edmund*, who attended there the Effect of her Sollicitations. She gave him an exact account of all she had done, and testified an unfeigned Concern, that she had been able to prevail no farther : telling him, she foresaw great Difficulties in the Engagement he had enter'd into ; and that she feared, he wou'd have much to struggle with, to make it good.

For in fine, my dear *Edmund*, said she, I have so little Power over *Ethelred*, that you ought not to flatter yourself with a Belief, that he will grant much to my Persuasions ; and I am very certain, if my Demands had not been founded on the most solid Reasons, I shou'd have been able to obtain nothing. Thus, added she with a Sigh, I can only lament your Troubles, without a hope of diminishing them by any Effort of mine.

THE Prince returned her a thousand Thanks for all her Goodness, particularly for what she had obtained in favour of *Alitha* ; and prayed her to have for that Princess the same Friendship with which she had honoured himself. 'Twou'd be difficult for me,
Madam,

Madam, said he, to make you sensible of the Beauties of her Mind, without your being acquainted with her ; but those of her Person may serve in part to excuse the Passion she has inspired me with. In speaking these Words, he drew a little Picture out of his Pocket, which he brought with him from the Castle, and shewing it to the Queen, There, Madam, resumed he, is the Likeness of that Face, to which I have vowed an everlasting Truth.

EMMA regarded it with Admiration, and confess'd that it was very difficult to guard the Heart from such an Assemblage of Perfections. Emboldned by the Praises she gave her Beauties, he proceeded to delineate the Delicacy, the Purity, the Sincerity of her Soul, and renewed his Protestations never to be guilty of Injustice to a Person so truly deserving, and that he wou'd hazard being as unhappy by his Constancy, as *Ethelred* had render'd himself by his Infidelities.

THE next Day, the King appointed Commissioners before whom he compell'd the Prince to appear ; but they interrogating him concerning his Marriage, he maintained the Validity of it, and said little less to assure them, that nothing shou'd constrain him to forsake so dear a Wife, than he had done to *Algitba* herself. Had that Princess been Witness of the Courage and Resolution of his Love on that occasion, it had, perhaps, shock'd the Niceness of her Soul to think that no Returns she cou'd make were adequate to such a Passion.

BUT this Firmness of Mind served only to irritate the King, and he obliged the Commissioners to give Judgment. As they were entirely his Creatures, by their Sentence the Marriage was disannul'd, and the Parties forbid to see each other any more, under the pain of the Royal Displeasure. This Decree, the King took care shou'd be immediately sent to *Algitba* ; perhaps, not without hope the Grief of it might put an end to her Days.

THAT beautiful Princess being inform'd of the whole Procedure as it went on, by Couriers, sent to her

her every day by the Prince, expected a Judgment no less severe wou'd be given against her; and in spite of the Assurances she received of the Fidelity of her Husband, and the Resolution with which he maintained the Cause of his Love, she was in continued Alarms; she feared for him, for herself, and for the Infant yet unborn.

—— The Sentence was no sooner past, than the Prince imagining it wou'd be signified to *Algitha*, dispatch'd the Gentleman Prince *Aldric* had presented to him, with a Letter to her, and another to that faithful Friend. The Person charged with this Commission, perform'd it with so much Expedition, that this Packet was deliver'd before the Arrival of the King's Messenger.

In the Letter to *Aldric*, Prince *Edmund* entreated him to hinder *Algitha* as much as possible from hearing any News that came from Court, to do his utmost to console her, and to give her perpetual Assurances, that no Time, or Chance shou'd make the least Abatement in his Affection; but above all, that he wou'd take care that she shou'd receive his Letter, before any Dispatch from the King shou'd be brought to her. This Caution was not useless, the Prince's Gentleman arriving little more than an Hour before the Courier from Court. *Aldric*, who knew the Consequence of the Affair, went directly to the Apartment of the Princess, where the Gentleman delivered her the Letter of Prince *Edmund*; which hastily opening, she found contained these Words.

The faithful EDMUND, to his dear ALGITHA.

“ IF every Misfortune that befalls us did not afford
 “ me a new Occasion of giving Proofs of my Con-
 “ stancy and Love, I should not be hasty to acquaint
 “ you with it: but, my dear Princess, as I know,
 “ that nothing but my Fidelity can support you un-
 “ der the Weight of that Affliction Fate showers
 “ down upon us, I wou'd be the first to let you know
 “ the present Pressure; to the end that the Assurances
 “ of my Faith may too much engross your Soul, to
 “ leave

“ leave any Room for Grief, when you shall read the
 “ cruel Sentence passed against us.—They condemn us to
 “ see each other no more, and pretend to deter us from
 “ doing so, by menacing every thing that human Na-
 “ ture shrinks at—I am proof, however, against
 “ this Thunder-Clap ——— My Love gains fresh Force
 “ by this unjust Opposition, and my Faith becomes yet
 “ more inviolable than ever—— All that they can do
 “ to separate me from you, shall serve but to unite me
 “ more closely to you—— Here I reiterate all the
 “ Vows I have made you—— to love you to my
 “ Grave——to prefer you to all the Princesses in the
 “ World——and to suffer Death rather than submit to
 “ the unjust Sentence they have given——I conjure
 “ you to be persuaded of these Truths, if you would
 “ have me live——Receive the Orders of the King
 “ without Grief, and without Indignation ; I wish you
 “ cou’d forgive the latter of these Emotions in him——
 “ He may relent, the Sweetness of his Nature makes
 “ me hope it — but whatever shall happen, I swear to
 “ you by all that we hold sacred, to continue to the last
 “ Moment of my Life,

Your faithful Husband,

EDMUND, *Prince of England.*

ALGITHA cou’d not read the Letter without Tears
 of mingled Tenderness and Disdain : the Affront she
 received by the Judgment passed upon her, occasioned
 great Agitations in her Soul ; but she was yet more sen-
 sible of the fresh Instances of her dear Spouse’s Affec-
 tion ; and reflecting, that her Honour cou’d receive no
 Blemish, while the Prince preserved his Faith, she
 armed herself with a Resolution to despise those Forma-
 lities Women ordinarily glory in, and to think of no-
 thing but the Happiness of being beloved by a Prince
 such as *Edmund*.

SHE also took this Opportunity to prove the defe-
 rence she paid to the Will of this dear Husband, and

as unjust and cruel as she thought the Proceeding of *Ethelred*, was determined to shew no Marks of Resentment before those who shou'd be charged with his Orders.

SHE had just brought herself to this Point, when the Messenger arrived, and delivered the Copy of the Sentence into her Hand, accompanied with an Order to conform to it on Pain of Death. She received the one and the other, with a Courage worthy of the Wife of *Edmund*; and committing the Justice of her Cause to Heaven, seemed only troubled at the little Probability there was, that she shou'd see the Prince of a long time.

SOME Days after, she brought a Son into the World, who was named *Edmund* after his Father; and this News being immediately sent to the Prince of *England*, he conceived so great a Joy, as for some time made him forget all his Misfortunes!

HE communicated the Knowledge of his being a Father to the Queen, and to those, of whose good Wishes he had experience, who sincerely congratulated him on that occasion; and without considering in what manner the King wou'd take it, informed the People of it, and authorized publick Rejoicings.

ETHELRED, who never continued long in one Humour, began already to repent him of having treated the Prince with so much Rigour, and tho' he was informed of every thing that passed, seemed ignorant of the Cause of all this Joy, nor opposed the Satisfaction of the Citizens, who continued their Festival for three Days.

ALGITHA was no sooner recovered from her Lying-in, than *Edmund*, unable to live without her, caused her to remove from the Castle of *Sickfort*, and come within a few Miles of *London*, where he every day indulged his Passion with her Conversation; and these frequent Interviews gave Birth to a second Prince named *Edward*.

It was about this time, that the Letter of the unfortunate *Ethelgive* rekindled in the Heart of *Ethelred* all the Passion he once had for her; and that the
generous

generous *Emma* took that Opportunity of his Tenderneſs for the Mother, to revive in him all he formerly had borne the Son. Her Pleas cou'd not but be forcible to a Heart already half diſſolved, and which felt all the Reaſons ſhe cou'd urge before ſhe ſpoke them. He ſeem'd however to yield to her Perſuaſions, what his own Inclination wou'd not ſuffer him to deny; the Pity he had for the Deſtiny of *Ethelgive*, the Love he now had for her, dead as ſhe was, and the Shame for his paſt Conduct, re-inſpiring him with all the Virtues of his Youth. He thanked the Queen for contributing to ſo good a Work; and to ſhew how deeply he was touched with her Remonſtrances, ordered his Son ſhould be brought that Moment into his Preſence.

EDMUND, who ſince the Declaration of his Marriage, had never been permitted to ſee his Father's Face, and in the middle of the Court lived as an Exile, was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd at this Command; he knew not to what Motive to attribute it, and felt in himſelf ſome Repugnance to obey, but as he had ever been a ſtrict Obſerver of his Duty, in all things in his power, he overcame all that ſeemed to oppoſe it, and went to the Cabinet where the King then was, with a mind which had little in it of Tranquillity.

THE Preſence of the Queen, and the Contentment that appear'd in her Countenance, baniſhed part of his Fears; and the King no ſooner ſaw him enter, than ſtretching out his Arms, My Son, ſaid he, receive the Pardon of your Fault, and the Recompence of your Virtues. The Prince who, on the firſt Words of *Ethelred*, had thrown himſelf at his Feet, received theſe Carreſſes ſo little expected, with a Transport of Joy, which eaſily made known to the King how very precious to him was this Return of his Affection.

EDMUND, reſum'd he, the Queen to whom both you and I have the ſtrongeſt Obligations, has conſerr'd a greater yet, in permitting me to avow, I have too much loved your Mother, not to regard with the extremeſt Tenderneſs the firſt Son ſhe bleſs'd me with—— I have been guilty of great Injuſtice to her; but I
wou'd

wou'd repair them to you ; and it was with that Intention I opposed the Engagement you had made with *Algitba* — My chief hopes were founded on your Happiness ; I had formed for you great things in my Imagination, but your Marriage has destroyed them all — I am sensible, however, that a virtuous Prince cannot abandon a Woman he has found worthy to receive his Vows, by whom he is beloved, and by a happy Fertility has given a double Cement to the Bonds of *Hymen*.

THESE Considerations, my Son, have dissipated my Rage, and restores to you your Father — Take again the place you have held in my Heart, and in my Power, and which I find you are so worthy of ; and henceforward let a perfect Union among the Royal Family contribute to disappoint the Designs of our Enemies, as much as the Force of our Arms.

AH, Sir, cry'd the Prince, embracing his Knees, by what Actions can I ever make your Majesty a Reparation for having offended you, or merit this tender Return of your Affection! — How happy have you made me ! — All my Blood, and the whole Services of my future Life, are too mean an Offering for the recover'd Blessing of your Favour.

THIS Conversation was so truly touching, that the Queen cou'd not withhold her Tears ; and *Ethelred*, in spite of his Dignity, and the Gravity he wou'd have assumed on this Occasion, cou'd not restrain some Drops from falling from his Eyes. When the first Emotions of Tenderness and Joy were a little over, the King permitted the Prince to pay his Acknowledgments to the Queen ; and these three august Persons testify'd all that cou'd be inspired by Nature, Friendship, and Esteem.

THE King of *England* adjudging, that Prince *Edmund* was impatient to carry this News to *Algitba*, shortned this Entertainment to give him that Satisfaction : My dear Son, said he, you have given me too many Proofs of your Passion, not to make me know you wou'd gladly make the Princess a Sharer in your Contentment. — I will, therefore, no longer detain

tain you from that Pleasure——Go, and be yourself the Bearer of an Order so different from the former.——Go, and tell her my Commands are, that you shall always love each other with a Tenderness as sincere, as you shall find my Endeavours for the common Happiness of you both.

If it were possible for me to retract, in an authentick manner, what I have done against your Marriage, I wou'd not defer it one Moment——but it is not a proper Season, our present Troubles will not now permit it.——*England* is too much menaced by the Approaches of our cruel Enemies, the *Danes*, to give us leave to think of any other Affairs than the repulsing them——they will give you an occasion to acquire fresh Laurels; and under the Covert of them, I shall, without shame, ratify your Marriage, and make the whole Kingdom approve of it. Receive, continued he, my Royal Word for the Performance of this, and in the mean time enjoy, without fear and without inquietude, the Sweetness of an Union, to which I shall henceforward be far from putting any Obstacle.

PRINCE *Edmund* a second time threw himself at the feet of the King his Father, to thank his Goodness; and as he thought himself perfectly happy in having gained so much, attempted not to exact more; and as he had permission to depart, hastened to his dear *Algitba*, with a Transport worthy of his Love.

THIS Princess seeing him arrive with a Satisfaction in his Countenance, which for a long time had been a Stranger there, received him with a vast deal of Joy, tho' infinitely short of what she conceived, when he had acquainted her with the Motive.

How great soever are the Pleasures secret Love affords, they are accompanied with equal Inquietudes! Nothing is more alarming to a Mind truly wise and modest, than to be forced to conceal as Crimes, those Actions which are really Virtues: And tho' *Algitba* might satisfy herself in the Indulgence of her Passion, by the Consciousness it was authorized by Ties the most legitimate; yet was it not without the utmost Regret, that she

she considered those innocent Endearments, if discovered, wou'd be looked upon as so many Violations of her Honour.

SUCH being the Situation of this Princess, when the King's Consent gave her intire Liberty to follow the Dictates of her Inclination, and openly to avow her Tendernefs for the charming Prince, she cou'd not but be inspired with Raptures fuitable to the Occasion. The Heart and Person of her dear Prince secured to her for ever!—Her Glory re-established!—The future Fortune of her Children fettled!—All that was necessary for her Repose!—All the Advantages she cou'd wish or hope confirmed; was such a Profusion of Happiness, as for some moments she cou'd not bring herself to believe; and Prince *Edmund* was obliged to repeat the joyful Tidings over and over, and join Proteftations to his Words, before she cou'd fully assure herself of the Reality of the promised Blessings.

BUT how little am I able to figure out the Excess of her Transports, when convinced of the Truth!—Her Soul was all dissolved in Tendernefs and Joy, Tears flowed in Abundance from her Eyes, while her Lips poured forth Thanks to Heaven, and the gracious *Ethelred*—One moment she snatched her dear Husband to her Breast, and pressing him ardently, said a thousand soft obliging things; the next, as if overcome with Extasy, she lifted up her Hands and Eyes, and by a Silence, more eloquent than any Words cou'd be, expressed the Emotions of her Heart. Infinite indeed were the Reasons she had to be satisfied; yet were the Effects more so—all that can be imagined of wild Delight, intolerable Joy, appeared in all she said and did; and it was not without some difficulty, that the Prince of *England*, fearing such violent Agitations wou'd be prejudicial to her Health, brought her at last to reflect with more Calmness.

THEY passed three Days together in an unconceivable Satisfaction; in which time *Algitba* wrote to the King and Queen. Her Letter to *Ethelred* was full of Respect, Love and Majesty; and that to *Emma*,
of

of Gratitude, and Proteſtations of the moſt zealous and tender Regard.

If *Ethelred* was not before won over entirely to their Party, theſe Letters compleated the Conqueſt of his Heart; and it is not to be doubted, but he would have paſſed all Conſiderations to have rendered them entirely happy, if News had not juſt then arrived of too alarming a nature, not to take up all his Soul.

CANUTE, the young King of *Denmark*, had forc'd the Fortifications made by *Ethelred* in the North, to prevent his landing, had routed the Troops placed for the Defence of that part of the Kingdom, and was marching at the head of ſeventy thouſand Men towards the Metropolis. Duty, Intereſt, and Glory now obliged Prince *Edmund* to quit once more his dear *Algiſſa*, who cou'd not take her Farewel of him without a Torrent of Tears; but as ſhe knew the Neceſſity, and had a Courage ſuperior to her Sex, ſhe gave no other Tokens of her Weakneſs; and tho' their parting was extremely moving, yet as it was occaſioned only by their common Good, they conform'd to it without murmuring.

THE King of *England* having called together a ſufficient Number of Forces, went to the Relief of his Provinces, and came by ſpeedy Marches very near the *Danes*. It was the Opinion of Prince *Edmund*, and ſeveral other great Generals, that it was better to harraſs the Army of their Enemies, by frequent Skirmiſhes, and inventing Stratagems, to get them into a more mountainous and rocky Part of the Country, than to come to a deciſive Action; but *Ethelred* would not liſten to this Advice, and the two Armies being ſoon after in ſight of each other, and equally animated by a Deſire of Victory and Revenge, met with the utmoſt Fury; and tho' *England* had frequently ſeen the Earth dyed with the Blood of her braveſt Men, yet never was there a more cruel Battle fought than this. The Victory was a long time doubtful; but on the Cloſe of Day, in ſpite of the Valour of the Father and Son, the *Danes* were Maſters of the Field; and all that *Ethelred* cou'd do after this Miſfortune, was to garrifon ſome of his
ſtrongeſt

strongest Places, and to return to *London* with precipitation.

THIS unfortunate Monarch, struck to the Heart with this last Defeat, pursued by the Image of *Ethelgiva*, whose Life and Death was always present to his Memory, and quite pressed down with Remorse and Grief, was seiz'd at his Return with a violent Fever, of which he died in the Capital of his Kingdom, towards the End of the Year 1016, without settling the Order of Succession. He had two Sons by Queen *Emma*, *Alfred* and *Edward*; but their Youth, and the Confusion of the Times, would not permit her to attempt any thing in favour of their Pretensions to the Crown: So that the Esteem she had for Prince *Edmund*, and the Knowledge she had, how perfectly worthy he was to be a King, made her gladly assent to the Voice of the whole People, that he shou'd reign; and he was accordingly proclaimed, and soon after crowned in the Abbey of *Westminster*, with the usual Ceremonies, and more than ordinary Acclamations.

THIS young Monarch was no sooner seated on the Throne, than he re-established his Army, and called the beautiful *Algitha* and his two Children to Court. The Arrival of this Princess made the publick Calamity a while forgot. The whole Court were charmed with her Person and Behaviour; and throughout the Kingdom the Name of *Algitha* was never mentioned without admiration. Queen *Emma* was linked with her in the most tender Amity; and the King, who was best acquainted with her Merit, and the great Knowledge she had in the most intricate Points of Policy, always consulted her in any Affair of Importance, taking her Advice above all others, in every thing that concerned the State, either foreign or domestick, and never had any Occasion to repent him of his Confidence.

THE *Danes*, however, made the best use of their late Victory, and advanced with all possible Speed towards *London*. This capital City of the Kingdom furnished the new Monarch with very considerable Sums, with which he soon put himself in a very good Posture

of Defence ; but avoiding the Mistake of *Ethelred*, he forbore giving them any set Battle, for the space of a whole Year, by a continual Movement of his Forces, drawing them from place to place, and destroying Forage, and all manner of Provisions, wherever they must pass ; till they were so harassed and fatigued, that they must *per force* have quitted the Kingdom entirely, had it not been written in the Book of Fate, that the Children of *Ethelgive* should, like their unhappy Mother, enjoy Felicity but for a short Duration.

WHILE the *English* Army was employed in these military Traverses against *Canute*, Queen *Ema* seem'd buried in so profound a Sadness, that the King was strangely surprized at it. He thought, at first, that the Death of *Ethelred* had been the Cause ; but, as he was not ignorant, that she never had any great Passion for him, and that it was to her Duty and her Virtue alone, the Regularity of her Conduct had been owing ; he was astonished, that the Deference he paid her, the Respect he caused her to be treated with, and the strict Friendship between her and *Algitba*, should give no Truce to a Grief, it seem'd to him, she had so little Occasion for. But, as Women frequently make no scruple of revealing to each other, what they hide with the utmost Caution from those of the other Sex, he flattered himself, the Queen, his Wife, might unfold the Mystery of a Melancholy, so alarming to him and the whole Court. To this end, he omitted nothing that might induce her to betray the Secret, he imagined, was reposed in her ; but, so far from answering his Expectations, she assured him, she was no less amazed than he had been, and that she had made many Efforts to penetrate into the Source of the Queen's Disquiets, but never could be able to do it. She told him also, that she had frequently seen Tears gush from her Eyes, and Sighs issue from her Breast, with such Rapidity, as testified the Force with which they burst thro' all Restraint, and had a Source too weighty for Redress. She added, that she had often pressed her to disburden, assuring her of an eternal Secrecy, but had never obtained any Answer from her, but such as bore not the least Resemblance of Truth,
and

and served to convince her the more, that what she laboured under, was not only irremediable, but also improper to be discovered.

THIS Discourse of *Algitba* determined *Edmund* in his Resolution, of finding out the Motives of the Queen's Complaint : The Obligations he had to her, had made him always regard her as his Mother ; and he thought it a Blemish to his Honour, that she should have any Cause of Discontent, in a Place where he was Master. Full of this Idea, he banished all those Scruples from his Breast, which had hitherto kept him from talking to her in such a Manner, as should not leave her the Power of refusing what he asked, and went directly to her Apartment. The perfect Freedom that reigned among the Royal Family, abolished all those Ceremonies which are so much used by the Great ; they frequently ran into each others most private Chambers, three or four times a-Day ; and it was owing to this good Intelligence among them, that King *Edmund* came into the Closet of the fair Dowager, without her being the least apprised of his Visit. She was alone, sitting in an easy Chair, leaning her Elbow on a Table, and her Head on one Hand with a Handkerchief in it, while with the other she held a little Picture, which she contemplated with such Attention, that she heard not the Noise the King made in entering.

EDMUND looked on her for some Moments, without speaking ; but, advancing his Head to look on the Picture, was seized with a mingled Vexation, and Astonishment, to find it was that of his most mortal Enemy, *Canute*, King of *Denmark*. He could not now restrain himself from sending forth a loud Cry, which raised *Emma* from her Rellery, and making her see who was the Witness of her Speculations, gave so cruel a Shock to the Modesty of her Soul, that, giving a great Shriek, she dropt the Picture, and, at the same time, a Torrent of Tears poured down her Cheeks. The King was extremely touched, to see her in this State ; but, willing to assure himself of what he but too truly conjectured, he took up the Picture, and laying it near her on the Table, I ask your pardon,

Madam, *said he*, for having been the Cause of so violent a Tumult in your Mind; I was surprized, I must confess, at the Sight of this Picture——it brings to my Imagination, those dreadful Objects, which not all the Respect I have for you, can ever make me forget.——I see there the Features of a Prince, who has twice made desolate my Family and Kingdom——a Prince, whose greatest Pleasure is the Blood of my People——a Prince who vanquished and dethroned my Father, who endeavours to rend from me the Empire, with my Life; and, *continued he*, who, in spite of the Injuries he has done us, and still would do, has found the way to your Heart——to make you burn in secret for him, and to engage your Prayers, and good Wishes, while I am endeavouring to sacrifice him to my People, to my Glory, and to the *Manes* of my Father.

SEE Madam! *added he, after a Pause*, to what a dreadful Situation you have reduced the unhappy *Edmund*; you have done for me every tender Office of a Mother; I have obeyed, honoured, and loved you as a Son; but, if I now follow inviolably the Laws so dear a Name exacts from me, I must renounce my Throne, my Fame, and Life, into the Hands of my most cruel Foe; and, if I listen, as I ought, to my Glory, to what is owing to my Birth, and the Revenge of a dead Father, to the Preservation of a whole Kingdom, and my proper Right, in pursuing *Canute*, with the Inveteracy he merits from me, in attacking his Life, I attack yours also; and in piercing his Heart, give yours a mortal Wound——Every Victory I shall gain over him, will be so many Crimes against you——If I dispute with him, for Life and Dominion, I become ungrateful to you; and if I yield to him, I am unworthy of living or of reigning——Oh! Madam, think——think——

HERE the Agitations of his Mind grew too violent, to suffer him to proceed; and the Queen, who was, at least, equally disturbed, not having the Power of replying to what he had been saying, they remained, for some time, in a profound Silence. At length, the King overcoming his Disorders, resumed his Discourse, in these Terms.

AN

· Ah Madam! cried he, taking hold of both her Hands, relieves me from this terrible Dilemma :——I ask not that you should cease to love ; I know, by Experience, how little we are able to get the Mastery of that Passion ; but, Oh ! for pity, say something that may help to clear my Understanding, quite dimm'd and clouded by these dreadful Ideas ; point me the Means to unite my Glory to your Love, and be my Mother still.

KING *Edmund* pronounced these Words with an Action so passionate, and submissive withal, that the Queen, who had a little recovered herself, was touched with them in the most sensible Manner ; and, perceiving it would be to little purpose to go about to disguise a Flame, which her Imprudence had made manifest, after having dry'd up her Tears, as much as possible, Yes, my Lord, said she, you are my Son ; my Pity in your Infancy, and Admiration of your Virtues in Maturity, made me consider you as such, nor shall any thing be ever capable of making me lessen that Affection which Mothers feel for their own Offspring——whatever Sentiments have, of late, unhappily possess'd me, they cannot transport me beyond what I owe to you, and to myself——Think not that I deceive you, or that a false Wisdom deceives me——I am guilty, and innocent at the same time——guilty, in not having been able to defend myself from a misplaced Tenderness ; and innocent, in keeping it a Secret from the whole World, and resolving to do so for ever——I acknowledge, that I love with Passion, yet shall not that Love drive me to commit any thing to merit your Reproaches——My Weakness has triumphed over my Virtue, in making me love *Canute* ; but my Virtue knows how to triumph in its turn, over all that would attack your Interest and your Glory——I love *Canute*, as King of *Denmark*, but I detest him as the Usurper of *England*——and, so far from wishing him to be a Conqueror, I desire nothing more than to have him driven out of your Territories——the Fame he has acquired by his Victories here, the Laurels with which he is covered, has, perhaps, con-

tributed to the fatal Inclination I have for him——Follow him, my Lord! pursue him to the utmost Bounds of your Dominions——Chace him, with shame, to hide his Head in *Denmark*——Deprive him of all Hope of any future Invasion——Do all against him, that Interest, Honour, Fame and Vengeance, can inspire —— instead of being ungrateful to me, you will go a great way to restore me to my Peace, and, in the room of killing, give me better Life.

THO' this beautiful Queen really thought as she spoke, and *Edmund* knew she had too much Greatness of Soul, to do any thing unworthy of her, or unkind to him; yet the heavy Melancholy that shewed itself thro' all her Air, and the Tenderness which, in spite of her Efforts, languished in her Eyes, on every Mention of the King of *Denmark*, made him easily judge how dear such Resolutions must cost her: he lamented her Fate, and his own, in being obliged to treat, as his most cruel Enemy, the only Man whom this Princess thought worthy of her Love, and whom he should have loved himself, had it been any other than *Canute*.

He could not reflect on this Turn of Fate, but as the greatest of his Misfortunes; however, that he might not augment the Queen's Grief, he feigned to be content with the Resolutions her Virtue had made her take; and so well knew how to make the best Advantage of her Confidence, that, by degrees, he drew from her the whole Secret of her unhappy Passion.

SHE confess'd to him, that her Heart had been sensible of the Perfections of *Canute*, even while *Ethelred* was living: That his Picture falling into her Hands, with other Jewels, taken after one of those Battles, in which *Ethelred* had been victorious, it had betrayed her Heart to a secret Liking, as it had now the Secret of her Liking —— that imagining it no prejudice to her Virtue, to look upon a Picture, she had indulg'd the Pleasure of contemplating it, till at last she grew unable to take pleasure in any other Entertainment; but that, when she found the Effect it had wrought on her, Virtue and Duty got the better of Incl.

Inclination, and she threw it by with a firm Resolution, to trust the Danger of it no farther. The Death of *Ethelred*, soon after leaving her Mistress of herself, her former Fires rekindled in her Soul, and having the Curiosity to enquire, if the Mind of *Canute* corresponded in any measure with his Physiognomy, the Answers made to her on that Occasion served to confirm a Passion, which before had taken but too deep a Root, and she became insensibly devoted all to Love——She protested, however, with the greatest Sincerity, that the Reflection, how greatly *England* had suffered by his Invasions, and the Dangers to which *Edmund* was continually exposed, thro' his means, gave her most terrible Inquietudes, and occasioned the bitterest Conflicts in her Breast, between her Friendship for the one, and Passion for the other. This, said she, your Majesty may easily believe from the Excess of Melancholy, in which I have been involved; and you may also believe, added she, that I will rather die than entertain the least Thought contrary to what is owing from me to the State, to you, and to my own Glory.

THIS Recital confirmed *Edmund* in Sentiments which were no way pleasing to him: He knew by himself, that Love, when opposed, becomes but the more violent; and the Consequences of that which *Emma* was possessed of, made him tremble: For, tho' he knew she was incapable of Treason, yet he could not hinder himself from fearing it would contribute some day to the Loss of the Kingdom. But he let fall nothing before her, which could give her room to guess what Apprehensions they were that troubled him; and having done the best he could to console her, and assured her of an inviolable Secrecy, took his leave; impatient to acquaint his dear *Alitha*, and consult with her on means to prevent the Misfortunes, which he thought were threatned by the Queen's Passion.

THE young Queen was extremely surprized at the Detail her Husband made to her of this Adventure; but as Women, of how great Genius soever, see not so far as Men in Matters of Government, she thought the King had no reason to be so much alarmed at a thing

which, according to her Idea, might prove a very favourable Accident.

HOWEVER, bethinking her what was best to do, and having a very ready Wit, she advised the King to get some proper Person to inspire *Canute*, if possible, with the same Sentiments as *Emma*. She reminded him, that if such a Marriage could be brought about, it might fix the Happiness of both Kingdoms by a lasting Peace; and, said she, I can find nothing improbable in such a hope: The King of *Denmark* is young, and by consequence susceptible of Passion; Queen *Emma* is no more than twenty-four, and allowed to be one of the most beautiful Princesses in *Europe*——there is all the Appearance in the World, that he will not be insensible of so many Charms——the greatest Difficulty consists in the Choice of one capable of carrying on an Affair of so much Importance; one whose Fidelity is proof against all manner of Temptations, and whose Wit and Address know how to conduct it without seeming to be interested in it. When among the Princes of your Court, pursued she, you have found one thus qualified, I dare answer for the Success of the Design. But while this is carrying on, I would have your Majesty redouble your Efforts for expelling the *Danish* Forces out of your Kingdom, and continue all manner of Hostilities, to the end nothing may be suspected; and in case our Endeavours should fail on one side, nothing should be hazarded on the other.

THIS Counsel appeared so good, that the King of *England* hesitated not a Moment, if he should put it in practice; but it was agreed between them, that Queen *Emma* should be kept ignorant of the Design, lest she should flatter herself with false Hopes, and the Consequence grow still worse. *Edmund* being now determined, cast in his Mind by what means he could best execute this Project: Many Stratagems he invented; but finding some Impediment to them all, he revealed the whole Affair to Prince *Aldric*, who, he knew, held a Correspondence with several great Men about *Canute*, and whose Zeal and Friendship for him had

had been manifested in the time of his Marriage with *Algotha* being kept secret.

THIS illustrious Favourite was charmed above measure, with the Confidence his Royal Master reposed in him; and the more so, because he thought it more in his power than any other Prince about Court to serve him on this occasion: He had a very great Intimacy with Count *Raoul D'Asting*, a young Nobleman of *Denmark*; who, from his Infancy, had been brought up with *Canute*, and was extremely beloved by him. During all these Wars between the two Nations, *Aldric* and he had constantly wrote to each other; but as they both were perfectly faithful to their Sovereigns, nothing past between them any way prejudicial to their respective Countries, their Letters turning for the most part on Love and Gallantry; and if they were filled up with News of any kind, it was only who had the Happiness to please such a Lady, or who had been false to such a one.

THE King of *England* had often taken pleasure in reading these Letters, and would rally *Aldric* on his Friendship for *Raoul*, calling him the loving Enemy; and it seemed exceeding probable, that *Canute*, with whom the Count was no less free, than *Aldric* had the Honour of being with King *Edmund*, also read what was sent to his favourite from *England*: And it was this Supposition that gave birth to a Contrivance, which carried with it a greater Promise of Success than any had before been thought on.

MY Lord, said *Aldric*, your Majesty may perceive, the Count makes no Secret to me of his Gallantries; he is perpetually on the Subject of Love, and writes very learnedly on the Pains and Pleasures of that Passion. In my Answers, I have farther entertained him with the Amours of others than myself; and, as I never have confest a Tendernefs, he imagines me either more insensible, or more discreet than himself. But to which ever of these Motives my Silence, on that head, is owing, he tells me, I am equally worthy of Reproach; because, says he, not to be susceptible of the Power of Beauty, is to be incapable of every thing a Man of Honour should be proud of; and to maintain a Reserve to

him, who freely lays open his Soul to you, is to be ungrateful and unjust to the Laws of Friendship, which demand Secret for Secret. Thus, every way, he renders me a guilty Person.

Now, my Lord, continued he, I will take this Opportunity of putting a false Confidence in him, and acknowledging, that there are Charms in Woman-kind, worthy of enslaving me. Send him the Picture of Queen *Emma*, as of the Lady who has made a Convert of me ; I scarce doubt, but he will shew both that and the Letter to the King of *Denmark* ; and, accordingly, as the thing succeeds, we shall know how to proceed. Should the Portraiture of that admirable Prince's make the Impression we wish, on the Heart of *Canute*, it will be easy to undeceive *Raoul* ; but if that Prince should remain insensible of her Perfections, there will be no need to controvert the Error of his Favourite.

THIS little Plot pleased the King so well, that he desired no Time might be lost ; and that nothing might be wanting, he gave him a little Picture of the Queen Dowager, which had been drawn by a most excellent Hand, and was her perfect Resemblance. *Aldric* thus furnished with the principal Material for his Design, went immediately about the Execution of it, in the same manner, as he had told the King.

WHILE *Edmund* and his Confidant were thus employ'd, Queen *Emma* finding herself much easier, since the Confession she had made to the King, and that the Subject of her Fear was, indeed, that of her Consolation, rendered an exact Account of all the Sentiments of her Soul to *Algitba*, thinking it a little unjust to deprive her of the Knowledge of a Secret she had imparted to her Husband.

THIS Mark of Friendship from the beautiful Dowager, persuaded the Queen of the Innocence of her Intentions ; and, as she protested she would omit nothing which might assist her to expel the Idea of *Canute* from her Breast, she was not without Hope, that her Endeavours would succeed. She strengthened her in this Resolve, by all the Arguments she was able to alledge, mingling with her Remonstrances, the most tender

tender Assurances of the Part she took in her Disquiets. King *Edmund* joined his own Efforts, with those of his Wife, to alleviate her Melancholy ; and she was too sensible of the daily Proofs they gave her, of the most disinterested Friendship, not to endeavour, at least, to seem more cheerful in their presence.

THE *Danish* Count no sooner received the Pacquet from Prince *Aldric*, than he went to the Tent of *Carmate*, in order to open it before him ; this being a Mark of Deference, which both the Favourites paid their Monarchs, to prevent all Suspicions, that any thing passed in this Intercourse of Letters, to the Prejudice of the State.

SOME Officers of the Army being with the King of *Denmark*, when *Raoul* entered, he was obliged to postpone the Satisfaction of his Curiosity, till their Departure ; but, as soon as they were alone together, the Count hastily broke the Seal, and found the Picture, and these Words.

Prince ALDRIC, to the Count D'ASTING.

“ I JOIN with you, that nothing testifies a rude un-
 “ polished Mind, so much as to be insensible of
 “ Beauty ; and am so much piqued at your believing
 “ me capable of it, that I have resolved to break thro’
 “ all Considerations to prove the contrary——Examine
 “ well the Picture I now send you, and judge if it be
 “ possible to retain an Indifference at the Sight of an
 “ Object so enchanting ——But tho’ the Painter has
 “ very much shewn his Skill, yet, were you to behold
 “ the Original, you wou’d perceive how infinitely Na-
 “ ture transcends Art——there are a thousand inex-
 “ pressible Graces in the Life, which Sculpture cannot
 “ figure out, nor Imagination, without seeing them,
 “ conceive ——Do me the Favour to let me know
 “ how you approve my Choice, when you return the
 “ Picture ; which, were I not assured your Heart was
 “ already prepossess’d, I should not have trusted to your
 “ Eyes, fearing to have made a Rival of the dearest of
 “ my Friends.”

ALDRIC.

THE

THE King of *Denmark* listened attentively to the Contents of this Letter, while his Eyes were busy in examining the beautiful Picture ; which, after *Raoul* had left off reading, he continued to gaze on, with such Tokens of Admiration in his Countenance, as made that Favourite judge, that Prince *Aldric* had created a Rival much more dangerous than himself ; and, by way of Prevention to what he looked upon as so great a Misfortune to his Friend, he told *Canute*, whom he knew violent in his Nature, and capable of enterprizing any thing for the Gratification of his Humour, that Prince *Aldric* was the most gay and whimsical Person in the World, and that he believed he had sent him the picture of some Lady, perhaps, of his own Family, long since dead ; or else, that it was only a Resemblance of something imprinted in the Painter's Imagination, rather than the real Likeness of any Woman, by which he imagined to baffle the Ridicule he had long made on his Insensibility.

THE King cou'd not forbear laughing at this Supposition of the Count's ; and after having paused a little, And why, said he, may it not as well be the true Resemblance of some Charmer in the *English* Court ?— You know, this Island has always been as famous for the Beauty of the Women, as for the Valour and Generosity of the Men—For my part, I am resolved to believe, because it pleases me to do so, that there is a Face in the World, Mistress of the same divine Attractions that this Painting promises ; and if you wou'd deserve the Confidence I have always placed in you, inform yourself of the Name and Quality of this enchanting Unknown : My Heart takes a more than ordinary Interest in her Fate, and I must know the Truth— Oblige your Friend, therefore, to satisfy my Curiosity, and let him know, you never will return the Picture, till my Demands are fully satisfied.

THE Count *D'Asling* was strangely perplexed how to behave in this Affair ; he thought it was the utmost Breach of Friendship, not to return Prince *Aldric* his Picture, without exacting a Price from him, which he, perhaps, might consider too dear. He communicated the

the Cause of his Disquiets to the King, and conjured him not to turn into Gallantry, what might possibly be an Affair of the greatest Importance to his Friend ; but *Canute*, who, with many good Qualities, had an adequate Share of Faults, and who imagined, that to the Name of Monarch every thing was permitted, answer'd him fiercely, that he was resolv'd to keep the Piece, that the Happiness of his future Life depended on the Knowledge of the Original, and that he expected to be gratified by his means. It was in vain, that the Count alledged a thousand Arguments to the contrary ; the impatient King was not to be prevailed upon : And all he cou'd obtain from him, was his leave to acquaint Prince *Aldric* with the true Reasons that his Picture was not sent back..

RAOUL was, however, obliged to content himself with this Condescension, and immediately wrote an Answer to the Prince, in these Terms.

RAOUL D'ASTING to Prince ALDRIC.

“ I Now with the Insensibility I have so often taken
 “ the liberty to reproach you with, were really true ;
 “ to the End you might support the Loss of your Picture
 “ with less Pain ; I say, the Loss of it, for I fear it is
 “ in hands whence it will not easily be recovered——
 “ The supreme Authority has made a Seizure of it,
 “ and testifies such an Impatience to know the beautiful
 “ Original, as convinces me, you are not the only Per-
 “ son on whom her Charms have made an Impression
 “ ——His Majesty has commanded me to use my ut-
 “ most Efforts, for the Discovery of the Name and
 “ Condition of this Object of his, and your Admiration
 “ —— Satisfy my enquiry, if your Heart will permit
 “ you to do so ; and pardon the enforced Necessity I
 “ am under of breaking thro' the Laws of Friendship,
 “ to fulfil those exacted by a Duty which is sacred to
 “ me.”

RAOUL D'ASTING.

ALDRIC

ALDRIC opening this Letter, as the former, in the presence of his Prince, that Monarch was extremely pleased at the Success of his Project, and made him write that Moment to the Count, in the following Manner.

Prince ALDRIC, to the Count D'ASTING.

" **S**INCE this Affair is become serious, my dear
 " Count, I must relinquish all the Pleasure I took
 " in deceiving you : If the Picture your Monarch de-
 " tains, were that of the real Object of my Passion, I
 " should not, perhaps, be so easily prevailed upon, to
 " discover her Name ; but you will easily believe, I
 " dare entertain no other for her, than that profound
 " Respect and Attachment which is owing from a Sub-
 " ject to his Sovereign, when I acquaint you, that it is
 " the admirable *Emma of Normandy*, Queen Dowager
 " of *England*, whose Resemblance I had the Presump-
 " tion to send you : But, as one ought never to make
 " Persons of her Rank the Subjects of our Diversion,
 " I beseech you, that ours may end here, and this Ad-
 " venture remain a Secret."

ALDRIC.

KING Edmund doubted not, but this Letter would have the Effect it was intended for, on the Heart of *Canute*, and was flattering himself with most pleasing Expectations, that this long and dreadful War might end, at last, in Harmony and Love, when he was attacked by a most terrible Indisposition, occasioned, as some say, by the Fatigues he had sustained in the Field ; but according to others, by the Malice and Treachery of *Edric Streon*, Duke of *Mercia*, and Son-in-law to *Ethelred*. It is certain, that he had secretly assisted the *Danes*, in the first Descent they made in *England*, and had ever since betrayed the Councils, both of *Ethelred* and *Edmund* ; but whether he contributed to the Fate of the latter, I will not pretend to determine, neither is it of any Consequence to the present History : So I shall only say, that the
 Symp-

Symptoms of this Disease no sooner appeared on the King, than he was judged, by his Physicians, to be past hope of Life.

THE second Day of his Sicknefs, which was the fourth before his Death, he sent for the Earl of *Kent*, his Prime Minister, and, in the Presence of Queen *Emma*, *Algitba*, and his Privy-Council, gave him necessary Instructions for carrying on the War, against the *Danes*, that as little as possible might be left to Chance; and afterwards desiring all to withdraw, but the two Queens, who were overwhelm'd in Tears, I die, Madam, said he, addressing himself to *Emma*, and at a Time when my Life would be more useful than ever, to Persons who are most dear to me: Heaven will not permit me to see the Execution of my Designs; and no more remains for me, than the Hope you will protect always, and even against *Canute* himself, the precious Relicks I put into your Hands. 'Tis this unhappy Princess, continued he, embracing *Algitba*, and my two Children; in spite of the Precautions I have taken, and the Orders you just now heard me give, I foresee the Destiny of *England*———Your Charms, fair Dowager, may soften your Enemy; but that Love which, perhaps, will oblige him to respect my Brothers, because they are your Sons, will not have the same Regard for mine———Forfake them not, Madam, but vouchsafe to repay the Children that inviolable Attachment you have found from the Father. And you, my dear Princess, said he to *Algitba*, remember you are a Mother, as well as a Wife; and let not Grief, for an irremediable Misfortune, render you unable to be serviceable to those who will have need of you———Preserve yourself for those sweet Pledges of our mutual Affection———I know how hard this Separation is———I judge your Agonies by my own; and that which now makes Death terrible to me, will, I fear, render Life insupportable to you———However, my dear *Algitba*, we must both endeavour to triumph over this Weakness———I must summon all my Stock of Courage, to enable me to leave you as I ought, and you

to defend our young Innocents from the Fury of our Enemies — Heaven commands you to do so, added he again, snatching her to his Arms; and I conjure you to do it, by all that perfect Love, that ardent Tenderness, by which we have been united.

It was in vain the desolate *Algitba* made many Endeavours to reply to this melancholy Discourse; Words were too mean, to express a Sorrow such as hers; Tears and Sighs were the only Language she could put in practice; and if she testified any thing like a Promise to do as he desired, it was only by the Force of her Embraces. Queen *Emma* seemed in a Condition not less pitiful; every one of these Noble Persons stood in the utmost need of Consolation, yet employed all the Faculties Grief had left them, to console each other. The four last Days of his life were passed in this Employment; but the Violence of his Distemper, at last, triumphing over his natural Strength, and the Greatness of his Courage, he resigned his Soul, in a deep Sigh, on the Bosom of his beloved *Algitba*.

THUS *England* lost the most amiable Prince it ever had; a Prince who possessed all the Beauties of his Mother, and the Virtues of his Father, without any of his Faults; Nature had assembled in him, all those great Qualities, which, singly, make other Men pass for Heroes: He was beloved by his Courtiers, adored by his People, feared by his Enemies, and respected by the one and the other.

IF it be true, that our Afflictions are softened by the Interest we see others take in them, those of the two Royal and unhappy Dowagers must have received great Consolation, by the publick Sorrow. There was a general Mourning throughout all the Kingdom, a Mourning of the Heart, as well as Habit: They looked not sad, or wore Black, because it was their Duty to do so, but because their Love and Esteem for the dead Monarch would not suffer them to do otherwise: And in their Sighs and unfeigned Melancholy, might be read, a better Panegyrick on his Virtues, than in the most eloquent Words.

THERE

THERE WAS scarce a Subject, who in losing this admirable Prince did not imagine he had lost a Father, a Protector, a Benefactor, and a Friend. The publick Misfortune was lamented as a particular one, by every particular Member of the Commonwealth : Nothing was to be seen but Tears, nothing to be heard but Groans. The present Situation of the State rendered the Calamity yet more dreadful ; and Hope, which, they say, is the last Passion that forsakes the Mind, had now no longer any Residence among the *English*.

THE Earl of *Kent*, Prime Minister to King *Edmund*, was the only Person among his Subjects, to whose Interest his Death seemed propitious. The King of *Denmark* no sooner heard the loss *England* had sustained, than he began to attempt the Fidelity of this Minister, by very advantageous Offers ; and as since the last Letter of Prince *Aldric* to the Count *D'Asting*, he had joined to his immeasurable Ambition, an equal Passion for Queen *Emma*, he spared neither Prayers nor Promises, to oblige the Earl to facilitate his Conquest of the Kingdom.

THE Earl, in whose Soul Avarice was the reigning Passion, accepted his Presents, and listned to the Proposals made him on this score ; and at length being wholly won over to his Party, he amused the two Queens and the whole Council by various Pretexts, while *Canute* arrived, without obstacle, even to that Port of the Kingdom which was nearest the Capital.

ON the first News of his Approach, Queen *Algitba* no longer doubting but they were betrayed, retired with her Family to *Sickfort*, having first advised *Emma* to send the two Sons she had by *Ethelred* into some Place of safety ; but carefully concealed all she knew of the Passion *Canute* had for her, fearing it might make her depend too much on the Power of her Charms, and neglect the Means of preserving those precious Remains of the Royal Family ; on the contrary, she described that Prince as cruel and ambitious, and one who, wherever he overcame, wou'd act rather as a Tyrant, than a generous Conqueror.

W H A T

WHAT Prepossession foever this Princefs had in favour of the Royal *Dane*, as she was intirely ignorant of his Sentiments, she thought it best to take the Counsel of *Algitba*, in case their Forces should not be able to repulse the Enemy ; which Hope, she, at first, flattered herself and People with, but a little Time shewed her the Vanity of it. She was informed of the seeret Correspondence the Earl held with him ; and, as that Minister had every thing at home in his power, she no longer hesitated in what manner to behave ; and, having disguised the Princes, her Sons, put them into the hands of Servants she could trust, who travelled with them thro' by and unsuspected Roads, till they got to a Ship, which carried them safe to *Normandy*, where Duke *Richard* received them with the same Generosity he had before shewed to King *Ethelred* their Father.

WHILE this was doing, the Earl of *Kent* being entirely won over to the *Danes*, no longer made a Shew of Obedience to the Remains of *Ethelred* and *Edmund* ; but having all Things in *London* in his power, as *Edric Sireon* had in the North of *England*, they jointly submitted the whole Kingdom to *Canute* ; for which Treason, they were both preferred to the greatest Employments under him, and the Earl of *Kent* married a natural Daughter of that Monarch's, called *Thiera*, Sister to Prince *Harold*.

MANY of the great Lords, who in their Hearts, were well affected to the Royal Family, yet perceiving there was no longer Hope of establishing them on the Throne, went with the Torrent, and seemed to approve what it was in vain for them to oppose.

ORDERS being issued out for the States of the Kingdom to assemble, *Canute* was acknowledged by them as lawful King of *England* ; after which, he made a magnificent Entry into the Capital, and was crowned with the same Ceremonies, as if the Crown had descended to him from his Ancestors.

THE Triumph of his Installation was no sooner over, than he began to think of that which touched his softer Inclination ; in spite of his Ambition, and natural Fierceness, the Charms of Queen *Emma* hung about

bout his Heart, and made him look upon himself as but half a Conqueror, till he had subdued her.

THIS Princess had quitted the Palace, before the Entry of the new King, and retired to a House she had built during the Life of *Ethelred*; the Disorders of the State, and those of her own Mind, involved her in the most heavy Melancholy; the Confusion of the Times had not diminished her Passion, and she reproached herself incessantly, for loving a Prince, whom she ought to have regarded as the most cruel of her Enemies. She was irresolute, whether she should go into *Normandy*, or wait in *England* to endeavour to form a Party, in favour of her Sons, in case any favourable Accident should happen, to make the People, who are always fond of Novelty, desirous of recalling them; when *Canute* sent, to desire Leave to visit her. Such a Message raised a Tumult in her Breast, which it is not very easy to express; and she had not Time to compose herself enough for a Reply, before she saw that Monarch enter, followed by the principal Lords of his Court, both *Danes* and *English*. But the Pomp with which he was environ'd, attracted not the Eyes of this fair Queen: It was his Person alone, that seem'd worthy her Regard. Nor was the Passion she was possess'd of for him, the only Advantage he had; for he was truly a graceful Prince, well made, had an Infinity of Wit, and Fire in his Eyes; and tho' he was exceeding affable, had a certain Air of Grandeur, which accompanied all his Words and Actions.

THESE exterior Perfections finished the Conquest of this Princess, and if she loved before, she now adored; but, how deep soever was the Impression she received, her Beauty made no less on the transported Monarch; and as the Flame they both confess'd, had been inspired only by lifeless Paintings, which, at best, cou'd be but the Shadows of their real Graces, to behold all that had enslaved them, accompanied by the Charms of Speech and Motion, now fasten'd the Chain, beyond the Power of human Art to loose.

BUT, as it is not the History of their Amours, I am about to recite, nor that any remarkable Incidents hap-

happened in the Course of their Courtship, I shall content myself with telling you, that only reciprocal Compliments were the Subject of this Conversation; and that, on the next Day, he sent the Earl of *Kent* to wait upon the Queen, with several magnificent Presents from him, and to entreat she would return to her Apartment in the Palace, where, he assured her, she should find the same Homage, and respectful Treatment, as when her Husband *Ethelred* was living, and King of *England*.

BUT *Emma*, who had the utmost Detestation for the Earl, on account of his Treasons, would receive nothing from his Hands, nor return any Answer to the Offers the King made her, through him: So that he was obliged to quit her, very ill satisfied, that he had not been able to obtain Forgiveness from a Princess who had been, and he easily saw would be again his Sovereign. He was no sooner gone, than the Queen, sensible of the Consideration *Canute* had testified for her, went to Court and thanked him, in Person, for the Favours he had offered. This second Interview increased the mutual Admiration they had of each other; and the King, who was naturally impatient, resolved not to delay giving her an Explanation of his Desires; But, perceiving the little Ear she was willing to give to any thing the Earl of *Kent* should say, would make no Proposals to her thro' his Mouth, but entreated she would allow him a particular Audience, having, as he told her, a Business to communicate, in which himself was the most proper Ambassador.

THE Queen, who, by this time, was a pretty good Judge what passed in the Heart of this enamour'd Prince, debated a little within herself, if she should grant what he desired. But Love soon got the better of that scrupulous Modesty, which would have refused him; and flattering herself, that it was more for the Interest of her Children, than to gratify her own Inclinations, that influenced her to consent to this Meeting, she suffered herself to yield to his Arguments, and an Hour was set apart for it.

THE Time, perhaps, by both Parties equally wish'd for, being arrived, *Canute* went to her Apartment; their Conversation was private, no Person on either side being permitted to enter the Room where they were; but there appeared such an Air of Contentment in both their Faces, after it, that those who saw them, believed the King had made some Proposals, which she had received without Disdain. 'Tis possible, some there were who guessed at the Truth; but none were ignorant of it any longer than the next Day, when *Canute* gave Orders, that every thing should be prepared for the Ceremony of their Marriage; and summoning his Council, spoke to them, to this effect:

MY Lords, said he, I am about to give you a Queen; I flatter myself, your Approbation will go hand in hand with my Desires, since the Princess I have made choice of, is one whom you are accustomed to obey — I believe, continued he, I need say no more, to make you know it is the incomparable *Enima*, of *Normandy*, Dowager of King *Ethelred*.

THIS Speech was answered by a general Applause; and, in a few Days after, the Nuptials were celebrated, in the Chapel of the Palace Royal, the Archbishop of *York* having the Honour to join their Hands.

NOTHING was now to be seen in the *English* Court but Feasting, Dancing, Tilts, Tournaments, and all imaginable Demonstrations of Joy, which lasted for six Weeks; in which Time, *Canute* having discovered to his Queen by what means he came to see her Picture, she doubted not, if she had owed her good Fortune to the Contrivance of King *Edmund*, and that he had secretly endeavoured to bring about this Union. The Truth of this Imagination being afterward confirmed to her by Prince *Aldric*, brought fresh into her Mind, the Virtues of that great King, and the Obligations she had to his Friendship; and she thought she could not better testify her Gratitude, than by sharing her Happiness with his illustrious Widow.

SHE wrote a Letter full of Tenderness to *Algithe*, conjuring her to come to Court, where she assured her,

her, she shou'd meet with the same Respect as herself; and to engage her to do so, she insinuated, that this Proof of Complaisance to her, wou'd be the means to bind *Canute* to the Interest of her Sons; and protesting, that she wou'd use her utmost Power with that Monarch, to oblige him to treat the young Princes as became their Birth.

BUT the prudent *Algitba*, who knew the Disposition of *Canute* much better than did the Queen his Spouse, and had reason to dread the Safety of her Sons, if in his power, returned her Thanks for this Civility; but excused herself from accepting it, by urging, that nothing either the new King or herself cou'd bestow, wou'd be able to compensate for the lively Grief she must be overwhelmed in, at the sight of Objects which cou'd only serve to remind her of her past Felicities and present sad Reverse—that it wou'd be impossible for her to live in a Court, where every thing was submitted to the Laws of a Stranger, who filled the Throne of her Husband, and where her Sons, born to Monarchy, must be look'd upon as private Persons; and concluded with wishing, she might long enjoy the Happiness she so justly merited.

QUEEN *Emma*, who believed the true Motive for her Refusal was her Apprehensions of the Fate of her Sons, and began also more and more to see into the Humour of the King, forbore pressing any farther, but begged, they might always hold a Correspondence by Letters; which the other consented to with the greatest Satisfaction. And there passed between these two beautiful Princesses, a great Number of Letters, worthy of the Hands who wrote them, and which, had they been transmitted to Posterity, might have been glorious Excitements to Virtue for succeeding Ages.

ENGLAND was now in perfect Tranquillity; the People pleased above measure, that *Canute* had seated *Emma* with him on the Throne, submitted chearfully to his Government: All the Forts, and Places of Importance, were garrison'd with his Forces, except that of *Sickfort*, and some other smaller Castles in the Possession of *Algitba*, which he had that Consideration
for

for her not to demand the Possession of, and which she had assured him, should never be withheld to his prejudice.

CANUTE was now the most formidable of all the Princes of *Europe*; he was possess'd of *England*, *Denmark*, and *Norway*; he had a great Army at Land, and no less powerful a Navy at Sea. Add to this, he was Master of immense Treasures, which are the Sinews of War; was very vigorous, and in the Prime of his Years. With all these Advantages, he fancied it easy for him to settle the Monarchy of these three Kingdoms, in a perpetual Succession, on his Posterity. He saw no Obstacles to this great Design, but the Life of the young Princes, Sons to *Emma* and *Algiha*; and, as often as he reflected there were such Persons in the World, it gave him a Regret, which had, perhaps, been fatal to those Royal Youths, could he have found convenient means to compass his Intent. He communicated his Sentiments to the Earl of *Kent*, a Man no less ambitious and cruel than himself, and who, by being Son-in-law to *Ethelred*, and Brother, by Marriage, to the present King, was not without Hopes of being, one Day, able to mount the Throne himself, if once these Princes were removed; *Canute* having, as yet, no legitimate Offspring. In this View, he hesitated not to advise the King to make away with all the Princes of the Blood Royal, and to begin with the Sons of King *Edmund*, and Prince *Edwin*, second Son of *Ethelred*, by his first Wife *Ethelgive*: Who, being now grown to Maturity, lived at Court, and to whom the Policy of *Canute* allowed a Pension sufficient to maintain him, according to the Grandeur of his Birth.

THIS Counsel was too obliging to the secret Wishes of the King, not to have it followed, provided there could be a possibility of it. The Fate of *Edwin* was easy to be brought about, but that of the two young Princes, Sons to *Edmund*, seemed much more difficult: *Algiha* had them continually under her own Eye, in the Castle of *Sickfort*; and, should they go about to take them from her by force, the whole Nation would rise in their Defence: It would only, therefore, be by

Strata-

Stratagem, that these illustrious Victims could be got into their Power.

To that end, the King omitted nothing which he thought might prevail on *Algitba*, to bring her Family to Court, and to hold the Rank there, which was her due, as Dowager to the late Monarch. He flattered her Ambition with the most magnificent Offers; and to give his Promises the Air of Reality, accompanied all the Letters he wrote to her with Presents of the greatest Value.

BUT this careful Mother suffered not herself to be dazzled by this specious Shew of Friendship and Respect; and to return his Disimulation in kind, would not absolutely refuse, or seem ungrateful to his Offers, but made such artful Pretences for remaining at *Sickfort*, that, without giving him reason to imagine she apprehended any Danger, either for herself or Sons, left him no room to press her farther.

CANUTE finding there was no hope of Success this way, grew extremely discontented at it; but his Confidant, the perfidious Earl, found means to dissipate his Vexation; he had an Intimacy with the Governour of the young Princes, and, for a great Sum of Money, worked on him to betray his Charge into the Hands of the King, by this means.

ALGITHA, whose martial Humour had been neither softened by the Delicacies of the Court, nor chilled by the Disappointments and Sorrows she had sustained, gave sometimes a Truce to her Grief by the Diversion of Hunting; but the two Princes being yet too young to accompany her in that Recreation, were always left at home, under the Care of their Governour; and it was in one of those Times, that this Betrayer of his Trust had promised to deliver them up; and having sent notice of it to the Earl, a Chariot was prepared, with thirty Gentlemen well armed and mounted to attend it, and these all placed in Ambuscade, in a Wood, behind the Park of *Sickfort*.

EVERY thing being thus in Readiness, for the Accomplishment of their Design; and the Princess being gone out with a great number of the neighbouring Nobles

Nobility, who usually accompanied her in this Diversion, the Governour led the Princes into the Park, under the pretence of taking the Air, and, having opened the Gate toward the Wood, made a Signal; on which the Horsemen advanced, and forced the Princes to mount into the Chariot, in spite of the Cries and Opposition of a Man of their Train, called *Delmack*; who not doubting but there was some treasonable Intent in hand, did his utmost to hinder the Princes from going into the Chariot; but the wicked Governour rewarding his Fidelity with a Stab, and, believing him dead, made the Chariot drive away, with the extremest Swiftnefs.

IN the mean time, the Officers belonging to the Princes, who had orders never to quit them, being told they were in the Park, went hastily after them, and being come to the Gate that led to the Wood, were terribly alarmed to find it wide open, and *Delmack* bleeding on the Grass; that faithful Servant, expiring as he was, lifted up his Eyes at their approach, and forced himself to cry out, Run to the assistance of the Princes whom their perfidious Governour has borne forcibly away—— This was all he could deliver; and the violence he did himself, in uttering those few Words, perhaps, hastned his Death some moments.

THE Officers, on hearing this, lost no time in considering what to do, but got immediately on horse-back, and rather flew than rode to the Forest, where their Princess was in pursuit of the Stag. *Algitba*, on the news of this Misfortune, shewed an incomparable Presence of Mind, and a Fortitude far above what is ordinarily found in her Sex: She neither lamented nor exclaimed against so sudden a turn of Fate, as other Mothers would, perhaps, have done; but turning to the Company she had with her, and entreating them to second her attempt, rode back, with all imaginable haste, to *Sickfort*; where, having armed herself, and taken fresh Horses for herself and the others, and followed by the Officers of the Castle, pursued full speed the Tracks the Ravishers had left behind.

THE endeavours of this noble Company were so successful, that they overtook the Chariot within some Miles of *London*. *Algitba*, whose courage at this sight was augmented by her Rage, stood not to examine the number of her Enemies, but flew upon them, Sword in hand, and, with the first Blow, laid the chief among them prostrate at her feet. The Governour who could expect no mercy, if overcome, quitted the Chariot, and having mounted the Horse of him that was fallen, put himself at the head of his Troop, and animated them by his Voice and Gesture. Then the valiant *Algitba*, who, in the Rapidity of her Pursuit, could be followed only by six Gentlemen, found herself, encompassed, on all sides, by the Ravishers; yet, without suffering her Spirit to be dejected by their Numbers, she not only defended herself, but attack'd them in such a manner, that she had laid several of them on the Earth, before the rest of her Followers arrived to her assistance.

As these were Men accustomed to the dangers of the Field, and the more invigorated by the example of this warlike Queen, things immediately changed face; the Ravishers were attack'd on all sides, and the greatest part having lost their Lives, the rest attempted to save themselves by flight; the treacherous Governour was among these last: But *Algitba*, whose fury was more against him than all the others of his Accomplices, pursued him so close, that it was impossible for him to escape; and the Villain, instead of imploring mercy, had the insolence to measure his Sword against that of his Queen. The Combat lasted not long; *Algitba* disabled his right Arm, with one Blow, and taking him by the Throat with one hand, while with the other she held her Sword at his Breast, obliged him to confess, that the Earl of *Kent* had influenced him to this horrid attempt. He then fell on his Knees, entreating her to spare his Life; but her Weapon had already pierced too far; the great quantity of Blood which issued from his Wounds, deprived him, first, of his Voice, and, soon after, of his Breath; a Fate, indeed, too honourable for a Wretch, who deserved to have expired in the extremest Tortures, under the hands of the Executioner.

THE

THE victorious *Algitba* returned to *Sickfort*, where all were in the utmost Grief and Confusion ; but when they saw her arrive at the head of her valiant Troops, in the midst of which was the Chariot with the two Princes, Cries and Acclamations succeeded in the place of Terror. The first thing she did, after having disarmed herself, thanked her Friends for the Assistance they had given her, and embraced her Children, was to write to King *Canute* and Queen *Emma*, an account of this Adventure, and to complain of the Injustice she had received. The Court and City were no sooner informed of it, than the loud Acclamations they made against the Treachery of the Earl of *Kent*, convinced *Canute*, that the Blood of their lawful Kings was yet extremely dear to them.

THIS Monarch knew, that as the Governour was killed, nothing could be proved against him, denying to have any part in this Action, and justified himself so well, that the whole Infamy fell on the Earl of *Kent*, who was already mortally hated. The cruel Inquietudes, however, that Queen *Algitba* was involved in, from that dreadful day, for the Life of her Sons, never suffering her to enjoy any true repose, threw her at length into a languishing Disease, and obliged her to have recourse to the Remedies Art sometimes affords, when Nature refuses her assistance.

IF any one step throughout the whole Conduct of this Princess could be termed imprudent, it was the little Examination she made of the Character of her Physicians ; her Soul was too much employed for the Safety of the young Princes, to have any leisure to attend to aught relating merely to herself ; and thinking her Fate could be of no consequence to *Canute*, imagined not he would ever enterprize any thing against her Person. But this tender Mother should have remembered, that if any of those Dangers she apprehended for her Sons were real, the same must also threaten herself, who, by her Vigilance over those precious Treasures, was an obstacle in the way to reach at them.

THE same means which had been made use of, to bribe the Governour of the Princes, was now put in

practice, to corrupt that Physician who attended the Queen in her Indisposition; and instead of Cordials, he administered to her a Poison of so subtle a Force, that it resisted all Antidotes. Her Death was necessary for the ambitious Designs of *Canute* and his Minister, and they accomplished it like *Barbarians*; and that great Princess, who by her Courage and her Virtue had stood the most cruel Reverse of Fortune, and the utmost Efforts of her publick Enemies, fell a Victim to the secret Cabals of her pretended Friends.

IN the first Agonies of the poisoned Draught, she doubted not of the occasion, and prepared herself for her approaching Fate, with a Patience and Resolution no less worthy of admiration, than her former Actions had been: The only Reflection which had power to shake her Constancy, was that of leaving her dear Sons a Prey to those who had destroyed her Life, in order to become Masters of theirs; and in the force of this Sentiment, she wrote, a little before her Death, these few Words to Queen *Emma*.

*The unfortunate Widow of King EDMUND, to
EMMA, Queen of England.*

“ MY Death, Madam, wou’d be of little signifi-
 “ cation, if it was not too sure a Presage of that
 “ of my Children: It was, it seems, found necessary
 “ to begin with mine, to arrive at theirs——Our E-
 “ nemies in part are satisfied; but that they may not
 “ be intirely so, permit me to put you in remembrance,
 “ of the Friendship you have always sworn to me, and
 “ that which you had for the late King my Husband,
 “ and to conjure you to testify it to the precious Re-
 “ mains of his Blood——Prevent my Death from
 “ becoming useful to the cruel Designs of their Perse-
 “ cutors——’Tis the last and only Request made you,
 “ by the dying.

ALGITHA.

THIS Letter was delivered to the Queen on the next day after the Death of her who wrote it. It touched

touched her in the most sensible manner ; she ran immediately to the King, and with Tears in her Eyes, conjured him to attempt nothing against the Life of *Edmund* and *Edward*, Sons to the late King and *Algitba* ; and to engage his Protection of those Princes, employed the most tender Caresses as well as Words. But, though *Canute* had a very great Love for the Queen, yet Ambition was the predominant Passion of his Soul ; he listened to her, but answered in a manner, which let her see, he was more truly devoted to empire than her Charms ; and when he gave her his Promise, that the Princes shou'd not die, he made her understand, that his Safety depended on having them in his Power, and out of a condition to undertake any thing against him. What have I not to apprehend, *said he*, from the Sons of *Edmund* and *Algitba* ? Certainly they must greatly degenerate from their Parents, if they do not one day become formidable enough, to make you repent the Compassion you have for them ——— Therefore if you truly love me, you will be content with the assurance I give you, not to take away their Lives, and not endeavour to oppose my taking such measures with them, as may secure my Throne ; which can never remain firm, while those who imagine themselves born to sit in it, are in the view of a People famous for their Love of Novelty.

THIS Discourse filled the generous *Emma* with a Disquiet, which she had much ado to conceal ; but perceiving it was impossible for her to obtain more, she retired, pierced to the Soul with deep concern and pity. Some days after, Prince *Edwin*, Son of *Ethelred* and *Ethelgiva*, and Brother to the late King *Edmund*, was arrested, on some pretence, and shut up in an inaccessible Castle ; and the two Children of *Algitba* were removed from *Sickfort*, and confined in a strong Fortress on the Borders of *Sweden* ; which cold and barbarous Climate, so different from the Delicacies of that they had been nourished in, joined to the Deprivation of all those Tendernesses they had been accustomed to, *Canute* imagined, wou'd in a short time put

an end to their days, without the help of Poison, or of a Dagger.

IN effect, Prince *Edmund*, who was the eldest, had not a Constitution to support so severe a change, and died in a short time after he was carried there : *Edwin*, his Uncle, survived him but three Months ; but *Edward*, the youngest Son of King *Edmund* and *Algitba*, who was endowed with all the Beauties and Perfections of his Royal Parents, so well knew how to gain the Affection of his Guards, by the sweetness of his Behaviour, and to win them to a Dependence on him, by the indifference he expressed for Liberty, that they accustom'd themselves insensibly to allow him much more than their Orders permitted them to do ; and this amiable Prince taking the advantage of their negligence, found means to make his Escape into *Germany*, where he was favourably received by the Emperor *Henry III.* and afterwards settled himself with more Tranquillity than he cou'd have expected,

As for *Canute*, having reigned twenty Years, exercising in that time a thousand Cruelties for security of his power, he died in the Year 1036, leaving only one Son by Queen *Emma*, whom he designed shou'd be Inheritor of all his Kingdoms. But Providence, which takes delight to frustrate human Projects, disposed otherwise of them : *Norway* revolted, and chose a King of their own : *Harold*, the Bastard of *Canute*, whose Sister the Earl of *Kent* had espoused, with the help of his Brother-in-law, seized on the Crown of *England* ; and the Son of *Canute* and *Emma*, who was named *Canute* after his Father, had no more to his share, than the Kingdom of *Denmark*.

"T WAS thus that the universal Monarchy, which this Prince had premeditated, was dissipated ; and that the Remains of *Ethelred* and *Edmund* were obliged to live under the Protection of Strangers ; *Alfred* and *Edward*, the Sons of *Ethelred*, in *Normandy* ; and the young *Edward*, Son of *Edmund*, in *Germany* ; and such was the Destiny of *Ethelgive* and *Algitba*, that they shou'd enjoy no more Happiness and Tranquillity than their virtuous Mothers.

ALL

ALL the Company thanked *Florinda*, in terms which made her sensible of the extreme Pleasure this Relation, and her Fashion of presenting them with it had bestowed, nor were the Praises they gave her more elegant than the Answers this agreeable Lady returned.

As for my part, said *Orsames*, I am particularly touched at the History the beautiful *Florinda* has given us; because it has revived in me, the Memory of a Prince, whose Character I always admired, and who, in my Opinion, merited many more Years and happy Days.

It must be confess'd, added *Julia*, that *Edmund* was a most accomplish'd Monarch; and I cannot hinder myself from being infinitely concerned his Thread of Life should be so unfortunately cut. But the Earl of *Kent*, cried *Arelise*, was certainly one of the most unworthy Wretches that ever lived. Ambition, said *Canute*, is a most terrible Passion, when it reigns not in a virtuous Mind; it instigates the wicked to all manner of Villanies; as, on the contrary, it inspires the noble Soul with a Desire of arriving at Glory, by good and great Actions.

THE Earl of *Kent*, reply'd *Alphonso*, and all such wicked Ministers, by the Contrast of their Actions, shew us, how much we ought to respect and love those who prove, by their Services, the good of their Prince and Nation is at their Heart. Both King and People should join in Thanksgivings, for their common Happiness, when they see, at the head of Affairs, Men guided by Prudence, Moderation, Disinterestedness, and Virtue.

YOUR Reflection, said *Thelamont*, is a Lesson for us, who enjoy this supreme Felicity; but Praises, such as are worthy those illustrious Persons, would carry us too far, without being able to do Justice to their Merit. — But let us, therefore, content ourselves to admire them in silence; and since we are fallen on the Subject of Statesmen faithfully devoted to the Interests of their Masters and Governments, I believe you will not be disobliged, if I give you an Instance of that kind, which, I believe, is not less singular, than any that History affords.

DARIUS, the Son of *Hidaspes*, while he was a private Man, contracted the most tender Friendship with *Zopirus*, General of the *Persian* Army; and, as it was founded merely on the Principles of Virtue, and a kind of Sympathy between their Souls, it could not but be lasting and solid. It was by the advice of *Zopirus*, that *Darius* had the good fortune to kill *Smerdis*, who had usurped the Empire, and governed it with *Tyranny*; and it was by the management of this faithful Friend, that he, afterwards, was exalted to the Throne: For, after the Death of the Tyrant, all the Princes and great Lords of *Persia*, convened in Council, made a Decree, to prevent all Censure of any ambitious Views among themselves, that whoever was master of the Horse that should neigh the first before Sun-rising, should be King. That of *Darius* raised him to the supreme Dignity; *Zopirus* having the Secret to compel the Animal to neigh before any of the rest. Such Obligations as these, when conferred on a generous Mind, could not but plant the Roots of Gratitude too deep to be ever torn from thence.

DARIUS, full of those Sentiments, should not have looked on his Happiness as compleat, without a Friend, such as *Zopirus*, to share it with him: However, the first Days of his Elevation to the Empire, bringing with them their Cares and Occupations, he had not the Opportunity to testify, as he wish'd, the Sense he had of what he had done for him.

As there is a Jealousy in Friendship, as well as Love, which construes every thing to its own prejudice, *Zopirus* presently imagined, the Lustre of a Crown had too much dazzled the Eyes of *Darius*, to permit him to look down on any thing beneath; and that in the Monarch, he lost the Friend; which Thought so afflicted him, that the Melancholy of his Heart diffusing itself thro' all his Air, rendered it immediately perceivable by *Darius*.

THIS Monarch, always too sensible of every thing that concerned his Friend, to be without Inquietude on this Occasion, testified to him the Impatience he had to know the Cause of his Sadness; conjuring him, in the
most

most pressing terms, to open his Heart to him with his usual Freedom ; But *Zopirus*, prejudiced by his own Ideas, could not be prevailed on to break silence on this Subject ; and every day became more melancholy, and more resolved to keep it secret.

DARIUS was extremely concerned, that he cou'd not penetrate into this unhappy Mystery ; he examined himself, if any thing in his one Conduct cou'd possibly have given cause for such a Discontent ; but finding his Heart clear and innocent, he began to fear, that Ambition had taken birth in that of *Zopirus* : If it be so, said he to himself, I will load him with such Honours, as he shall have nothing more to wish ; and accordingly sent him Presents of immense Value, and a Blank to be filled up with such Employments as he shou'd make choice of.

BUT *Zopirus*, whose Soul was of a different Mould, to what it now appeared to the King, was so far from being satisfied with these marks of his Esteem, that they served only to render him more pensive. As for the Employment offered him, he absolutely refused it, and received the Presents with respect, but not the least mark of gladness.

THIS Behaviour augmented the King's suspense ; he sent for him one day into his Closet, whence he was resolved not to suffer him to depart, till he had revealed the whole of a Grief, which seemed so unaccountable, not only to him, but all who saw it.

MY dear *Zopirus*, said he, I can no longer endure to see you thus——By the tender Friendship by which we are united, I conjure you to reveal the Cause, of what kind soever it be——I swear to you, that there is nothing in my whole Empire, nothing that is submitted to my Power, and nothing so valuable to my Heart, that I will not readily sacrifice for your relief——Speak then, nor persist in an obstinate silence, which kills all my Happiness, in persuading me I am no longer dear to you.

NOT dear to me, cried out *Zopirus*, quite transported at the King's goodness ! Ah ! my Lord, it is

because you are too dear to me, that I am in the state in which you see me; and since you command me to explain myself in terms too tender to be withstood, know, that the fear I do not retain the same place I held in your Heart before your Elevation, is the sole Motive of my Grief——I thought I perceived a change in you towards me——That Air of Majesty which accompanied your Benefits, robb'd them of their Value——'Tis the King now who confers them, not that Friend to whom I was once so dear, and whose Love and Confidence in me, made all my Happiness——'Tis a great Monarch, whom I shou'd tremble to approach, whom I shou'd adore, who, casting his Regards on me, distinguishes me, at present, from his other Courtiers, as I was once from all the *Persians*, by the choice *Darius* made of me for his Friend——In fine, it is no more *Darius* who loves me, but the King, who vouchsafes to honour me with his Bounties.

AH! my Lord, continued he, resume all your Gifts, and restore me your Heart——I will have nothing from the Sovereign of *Persia*, and I wou'd owe every thing to the Friendship of *Darius*——'Twere to fail in that profound respect a subject ought to pay his King, to call him Friend; yet is that Title a thousand times more precious to me, than all the Riches, and all the Honours you have heap'd upon me——Your Friendship, your Confidence, and your first Familiarity, are the only Treasures which can satisfy my Ambition; and if you think the Royal Dignity will be impaired by this Conduct, suffer me, my Lord, to send you back your Presents, and let me die.

DURING all this Discourse *Darius* felt the most refined Pleasure, to find himself loved merely for himself alone; and that all that can attract Affection in other Hearts, had no effect on that of *Zopirus*, seemed so worthy of his Admiration, that for some time he was wholly taken up in silent Wonder, and had no Words to form an Answer.

How

How few Kings are there that taste this Satisfaction ! Exterior Homage and Obedience elate the Mind, and feed Ambition ; but afford none of those sweet Transports, Tenderness bestows ——— To see the Heart uncovered, and find no Emotions there, but Love and Duty warmly actuated by Zeal, and ever watchful to do good Offices ; when this, I say, happens, as in the case of *Darius*, a Monarch must think himself richer in such a Friend, than in the Treasures of the *Indies*.

My dear *Zopirus*, said he, at last recovering himself enough to speak, and at the same time embracing him with the utmost Tenderness, I should be unworthy of the Throne, to which you have rais'd me, if I were capable of changing, even for one moment of my Life, from that fix'd Regard, I owe so worthy a Friend.

——— Your Suspicions have deceived you, and injur'd me ——— I protest, that I shall never be a King to you.

——— Never shall you find me any other than your Friend *Darius* ——— for know, that I prefer your Friendship to all my Crowns ——— Far from imagining, I should demean the Royal Dignity, in living familiarly with you, I should think I did it Honour ——— Nothing is more glorious to a Monarch, than to have it in his power to boast a faithful Friend ; nor can he prove he has one but by the Tokens of his Gratitude.

——— Let us live then, continued he, taking him in his Arms a second time ; let us live as we were accustomed before this Change in my Fortune ——— I shall always be *Darius* to you, be you always my dear *Zopirus* ——— Retain the Presents I have sent you, and accept of those I shall hereafter send ——— they are not the Marks of my Generosity, but of my perfect Friendship : And if I sometimes put you in mind, that I am King, it will only be by the Joy of seeing myself in a Condition to make known my Love and Confidence.

THESE tender Assurances fail'd not to calm all the Disquiets, which so lately reign'd in the Bosom of *Zopirus*. He blush'd to have entertained Thoughts so little conformable to the great Sentiments of *Darius*. The Delicacy of his Friendship made him fear he had offended,

fended by judging him capable of changing ; he ask'd his pardon for it, and thanked him for the Continuation of his Bounties, and this Conversation cemented more than ever the Bond of Amity which was between them.

ZOPIRUS now resumed his ordinary Vivacity, and *Darius* his former Familiarity ; and as he cou'd not doubt, if he were sincerely beloved by *Zopirus*, he listened to all the Remonstrances that worthy Favourite made him, whenever he found him fail in Acts of Justice or of Virtue ; and it was by his Advice, that the *Jews* obtained Permission of this Monarch to finish the Building of the Temple of *Jerusalem*.

BUT the Zeal of *Zopirus* for his Master did not stop here, he soon after had an Occasion of making it appear, in a manner so very extraordinary, that I question, if ever any Act of Friendship arrived to that consummate Height.

THE *Babylonians* having resolved to throw off the *Persian* Yoke, forced all out of their Gates, who refused to join with them in this Revolt. *Darius* was no sooner informed of what had happened, then he marched at the head of a puissant Army, and sat down before that magnificent City ; but finding Difficulties, and a much greater Resistance than he expected, made to his Attacks, he began to fear, that after a long and painful Siege, he should be obliged to withdraw his Forces, without being able to reduce it.

THIS he look'd upon as so shameful to him, that, perhaps, no Vexation ever surpassed that of his. However, he made no Confidant of it but *Zopirus* ; who, finding indeed there were no Hopes of succeeding in his Enterprize, by the ways ordinarily practised in Sieges, presently conceived a Stratagem, which was without all Precedent ; and, I dare believe, will always remain unimitated. After he had considered a little while, and firmly resolved himself in his Design, which he concealed with care from him, and the whole Army, he cut off his Nose and Ears, and in this dreadful Spectacle, all bleeding as he was, presented himself at the Gates of *Babylon* ; whence he was immediately

diately conducted to an Assembly of the Principal of the City, by whom he was no sooner seen than known. Then declaiming against the Ingratitude of *Darius*, who, he pretended, had rendered him in this Condition, merely for having given him good Advice ; he told them, he desired nothing more than to revenge the Affront he had received ; and to that end, came to offer his Service to them in the next Sally they made : Adding, that no Action cou'd so well become the Remainder of his Days as to assist them in chasing so barbarous a Prince from their Walls.

THE *Babylonians* knowing that he was the best General among the *Persians* ; and that with his great Wisdom and Experience, he had also a prodigious Valour, received him with the extremest Joy, paid him all imaginable Honours, and with an unanimous Voice gave into his Hands the Government of the Guard of their City. The use he made of his Power, in the Orders he gave, and the well disposing the Troops, made known his Skill so well, that these poor deluded People believed themselves in the utmost Security under him.

THE Report, however, of this great Man's Desertion being spread through the *Persian* Army, filled them with a Consternation not to be expressed ; and every one imagined, they had now no more to do, but raise the Siege ; since a Person so necessary, by his Advice and Courage, had gone over to the Enemy.

DARIUS alone was tranquil, and tho' he could not penetrate into the true Motive of this Action ; yet judging the Sentiments of his Friend by his own, he hesitated not a moment, if he should believe there was some Mystery in this Behaviour of *Zopirus*, intended for his Glory. In this Thought, instead of raising the Siege he redoubled his Attacks, in which he was always repulsed by the Valour of *Zopirus*. Yet did not even this excite his Doubts, he shut his Ears against all that was said to convince him that faithful Friend could ever be an Enemy ; and still advancing his Works, fortify'd himself with a full Assurance, that, thro' the means of *Zopirus*, he should

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at last carry his point. Thus did Friendship struggle against the greatest Probabilities, and surmount what to all others appeared Conviction.

IN fine, this glorious Man seeing the Works of *Darius* in the State he desired, found means to give him notice, that if he advanced to one of the Gates of the City, which he described, he should find it without defence. He sent Directions also in what manner he should make the Breach, and what number of Troops might enter. The King of *Persia* followed this Advice in every Particular, and without communicating it to any Person, and without any other Assurance than that in his own Breast, of the Fidelity of *Zopirus*, he approached the Gate mark'd out to him. He found it in the Situation he expected, and with the number of Troops his Friend had prescribed, entered the City without diffidence——The Alarm was presently given——the Citizens were in the utmost Confusion, and *Zopirus* had so well taken his Measures, that all who opposed the *Persians* were cut in pieces, and the City entirely submitted to *Darius*; who, at the Entreaty of *Zopirus*, forbore any Act of Cruelty to the Inhabitants, contenting himself only with exacting their Obedience to the same Laws formerly imposed on them.

BUT what became of that Monarch? How terrible were the first Shocks of his Grief, when he found to what the Reduction of *Babylon* had been owing? ——Tears, and the Swellings of his Heart would not permit him to speak for a long time: And when *Zopirus* related to him the whole Affair, with an Unconcern, which denoted the Hero even more than the voluntary Maims he had given himself; at last the imprisoned Sorrows of the Royal Mind burst out in these few Words, which, with the glorious Action that occasioned them, are transmitted to Posterity: Ah! who, said he, would not have given a hundred *Babylons* to see so faithful a Friend exempt from such a Deformity?

JUSTLY have you said, cry'd *Silviana*, perceiving *Thelamont* had done speaking, that History affords no Proof like this of Zeal and Friendship. I am
astonished

astonished at it, added *Camilla*; and my Admiration is accompanied with certain Emotions of Terror, which make me shudder. I was before acquainted with this great Action, interrupted *Erasmus*; but being ignorant of some of the Particulars that led to it, this Recital has had all the Charms of Novelty. It must be confessed, said *Alphonso*, that this Proof of *Zopirus's* Attachment to the King, or rather to his Friend, is of the most singular kind that ever was: But it must also be confessed, that the Confidence of *Darius* had something in it very grand; and that the Friendship in his Soul was no less heroick, than the dreadful Proofs the other gave of his.

FOR my part, said *Hortensia*, I find nothing in either of them to reproach: If *Zopirus* disfigured himself to deceive the rebellious *Babylonians*, and to reduce them to their Obedience; *Darius* exposed himself to Accidents equally dreadful, by an intire Dependance on his Faith. And this Security he testified in him, without knowing any thing more of his Design, than that he had quitted his Service, seems to me a Proof of Friendship equal to that of *Zopirus*.

'TIS certain, replied *Orsames*, that without this Stratagem the King of *Persia* had been compelled to raise the Siege, and to leave the Rebels unpunished. We know, said *Orophanes*, they are often of great use, when Force is unavailing; but there are a thousand Instances of Stratagems very different from that of *Zopirus*, and yet not less beneficial.

HIMERA was the richest and most populous City in *Sicily*; its great Commerce occasioned the Envy of the neighbouring Commonwealths, particularly of *Carthage*, who were resolved to destroy it, if possible.

FOR this purpose, *Amikar*, their General, with an Army of two hundred thousand Men, and five hundred Gallies, came to besiege it both by Land and Sea. The Inhabitants of *Himera*, justly alarmed, implored the Assistance of *Gelon*, King of *Syracuse*, a Monarch of Wisdom, Honour, and Courage, and never slow in assisting his Allies. But knowing his Forces
unable

unable to cope with those of the *Carthaginians*, in a pitched Battle, contented himself with posting them in strong Places; whence issuing out sometimes, they did much mischief to the Enemy, by destroying the Provisions round about, and attacking those who went to forrage, whom they often destroyed, leaving not a Man alive. But these Favours of Fortune were too inconsiderable to provoke the *Carthaginians* to raise the Siege; and *Gelon* was in the extremest Dilemma in what manner to proceed, that he might be serviceable to his Friends; when Chance put something in his power, which all his Valour cou'd never have made him hope.

AMILCAR sent two Deputies with Dispatches to *Selucia*, ordering the People of that City to send him a Reinforcement of Cavalry, to the number of 10,000, in a time by him prescribed. These Men falling into the hands of *Gelon*, put a Stratagem into his head, which he executed in this manner: He made the Deputies of *Amilcar* be shut up, and so carefully guarded, that it was impossible for them to inform the *Carthaginians* what had befallen them; and at the Time appointed by their General, equipped the Number he had ordered, of his best Cavalry, in the Arms and Livrey of the *Selucians*; and having given them secret Orders what to do, sent them to the Camp of the *Carthaginians*, accompanied by two pretended Deputies from the *Selucians*, with Letters testifying how ready those People were to obey the Commands of *Amilcar*.

THESE Deputies no sooner arrived at the head of their Cavalry, than they were conducted to *Amilcar*, who received them with open Arms, made them magnificent Presents, assigned the most convenient Quarters for the Troops they brought, and gave Orders they shou'd be furnished with all things necessary.

THUS did the best part of *Gelon's* Forces enter the *Carthaginian* Camp as Allies and Friends: The next Day after their Arrival, *Amilcar* erected an Altar near the Sea-side, and commanded a Sacrifice and solemn

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Thanksgivings to *Neptune* for the safe Arrival of this seeming Aid. As he performed the Office of High Priest himself, the *Syracusans* taking the advantage of that moment, when the whole Army was disarmed, and at their Devotion, seized on the General, and put all the principal Officers who assisted at the Sacrifice to the Sword. While one party were on this Expedition, the other set the Ships on fire; the Flame and Smoak of which was the Signal for *Gelon* to advance, who, pouring with his Forces on the other side of the Camp, made a most terrible Slaughter among them. The People of *Himera* perceiving this Disorder, and the Colours and Ensigns of the King of *Syracuse* displayed in the midst of their Enemies, sallied out, and joined that Prince; who, wherever he passed, spread Desolation round him. It was impossible for the *Carthaginians* in this Confusion, and not only encompassed, but also mingled with their Enemies, to put themselves in any posture of Defence, the boldest among them now betook themselves to flight; but they were too closely pursued for many to escape. While these things were doing at Land, the Fleet of *Gelon* destroyed all that the Flames had spared: Never was there a more terrible Spectacle; never had the *Carthaginians* sustained so great a Loss, since the Establishment of their Republick. No less than an hundred and fifty thousand Men were cut to pieces, and vast Quantities of Ammunition and rich Baggage, became the Prey of the Victors. Thus did the City of *Carthage*, so accustomed to the Smiles of Fortune, prove how little that fickle Goddess is to be depended upon: And thus did *Gelon* deliver the People of *Himera* from that imminent Danger which at that time threatned them.

Tho' this Action, said *Felicia*, has something barbarous in it, I cannot be sorry for the Punishment of the *Carthaginians*. I detest those powerful proud People, who would have none happy but themselves; and whose Jealousy and Ambition are incessantly finding Pretence to disturb the Peace of their Neighbours.

I AM of your Opinion, reply'd *Florinda*; methinks there is something very tyrannick in the Nature of those People, who having many Advantages over their Neighbours, cannot content themselves without aiming at more, tho' it be the utter Ruin of those who only desire to enjoy peaceably their own.

IF all the Rulers of the Earth thought in this manner, said *Alphonso* smiling, Mankind would insensibly degenerate into Cowardice and Indolence. 'Tis the Desire of aggrandizing their Dominions, or preventing others from extending theirs too far, that excites a Love of Glory in the Heart, and gives Men an Opportunity of signalizing themselves.

THAT is very true, said *Julia*; but it seems strange to me, that reasonable Creatures, to whom Pity is inherent, can perform such Actions, as have just now been related, in cold Blood. When Anger, indeed, inflames the Mind, I wonder not at any thing so violent a Passion may transport them to.

NOTHING is more blameable, charming *Julia*, interrupted *Urania*, than those Actions which are instigated by Anger; of all the Emotions by which the Breast is agitated, I know none so dangerous as that: It violates Truth, triumphs over Justice, and destroys Reason: It breathes nothing but Hatred and Revenge, and inspires only inhuman Projects. It was the saying of a great Philosopher, that the Man who abandoned himself to Anger, would never execute any thing, of which he would not have cause to repent.

THE Emperor *Theodosius*, continued she, whose Merit and Valour raised him to the Throne, by the Adoption of *Gratian*, in the Year of *Jesus Christ* 378, was a Prince justly esteemed, wise and virtuous, a great General, victorious in War, amiable in Peace, and happy in both. However, this great Prince, of whom the Historians make such fine Eulogiums, had the Misfortune to suffer himself to be overcome by this Passion of Anger. But this Vice, for the most part the Author of Shame to those that harbour it, served but to encrease his Glory.

HE was returned in Triumph from his Victory over the Tyrant *Maximin*, and from the establishing *Valentinian*, the Brother of *Gratian*, on the *Western* Throne, when he received News, that the *Thessalonians* had rebelled against the Magistrates he had set over them, that they had spoken contemptuously of his supreme Authority, and stoned to death some of his inferior Officers.

AN Insolence such as this was indeed sufficient to exasperate the mildest Nature ; but this Emperor suffered himself to be so far transported by it, as to make a solemn Vow for the general Destruction of the whole City. To perform which, he went at the Head of his Army to this happy Place : The Inhabitants repenting of their Fault, sent Deputies to meet him, and implore Forgiveness ; but the enraged Prince refused to hear them, and entered the City without suffering them to pay him those Honours, which were his due ; and the sixth Day after his Arrival, having ordained publick Shows to be exhibited in the great Theatre, a vast Concourse of People assembled themselves to be Spectators. Then the Emperor looking round, and finding this a proper time to execute his Vow, suddenly left the Place, and ordered his Soldiers to put them all to the Sword, which was immediately performed, without the least Distinction either of Sex or Age.

HIS Rage thus satiated, he passed thro' *Milan* in his Return to *Italy* ; and going to the Church of *St. Basil*, to pay his Devotion to that Saint, was met by *St. Ambrose*, Bishop of that City, who ordered the Doors to be shut against him, and reproached him for the Barbarity he had used against one of the first Christian Cities in the World ; telling him, his Crime was too great for him to hope ever to be admitted into the Temple of God, till he had done publick Penance.

THE Emperor was at first surprized at the Boldness of *St. Ambrose* ; but it opened his Eyes at the same time, and obliged him to reflect on the Action he had been guilty of ; and he then acknowledged his Fault, made a publick Confession of it at the foot of the Altar, and submitted to the Penance imposed on him

him by the Bishop. What could be more truly great than this Humility? Mean Souls persist in the Defence of Injuries; but those that are truly heroick, whenever they have failed, through the Weakness of Humanity, make it their greatest Glory to acknowledge, and do all in their Power to repair it.

I HAVE always, said *Orophanes*, considered this Action as the most noble Part of *Theodosius's* Life, and that it merits everlasting Praises. He seems to me more great after his Fault, than in his Innocence, because it gave him an Opportunity of triumphing over that Vanity so common to all Men, but particularly to those in Authority.

ST. *Ambrose*, resumed *Urania*, who was perfectly acquainted with the Humour of that Prince, to prevent his falling into the like Error, obliged him to make a Law, whereby the Execution of Death should be deferred till thirty Days after the Sentence was given, to the end the Emperor might have time for Reflection, and to make Rage submit to Clemency.

THIS Law was some Years after the Preservation of the City and Inhabitants of *Antioch*; for they having rebelled against the Authority of the Emperor, and in the Insolence of their Rage massacred all his Officers, and dragged through the Streets the Statue of the Empress *Placilla*, whom he tenderly loved, he swore to punish them in the most unheard of manner; to invent new kinds of Tortures for the People, and to lay their City in Ashes; and for this purpose, went in person at the head of a puissant Army towards the Gates of this devoted City.

BUT being arrived within a few Hours Journey, an holy *Hermit*, called *Macedonius*, presented himself before him, and having set forth the Mercies of God, whose Vicegerent he was on Earth, he told him, that his Clemency ought to be no less to those beneath him. The Emperor listened to him, and remembering the Law St. *Ambrose* had prevailed on him to make; he suspended his March, and said, It is indeed true, that it would be prophane and unjust in me to destroy the Images of God, for that of a Woman. And fortifying himself
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in this Sentiment, within thirty Days of his Judgment, he retracted it, was appeased, and spared both the Citizens and Inhabitants of *Antioch*.

I PERCEIVE, said *Felicia*, that when a Person is greatly addicted to Anger or Rage, call it by which Name you please, he ought to have the same Degree of Goodness with this Emperor, to be enabled to moderate it. Not but I must confess, the People both of *Thessalonica* and *Antioch* merited very severe Punishments.

THE greater was their Offence, reply'd *Julia*, the greater Opportunity had *Theodosius* to exercise that heavenly Attribute of forgiving: And if one may judge of this Emperor's Sentiments, when not overswayed by Passion, I believe he often wished, he had shewn no more Rigour to *Thessalonica*, than he afterwards did, through the Admonition of the *Hermit*, to the City of *Antioch*.

As *Julia* had pronounced these Words, the News that Supper waited, obliged this agreeable Society to repair to the Hall, where they passed the Remainder of the Evening in Conversation something more gay than the Entertainments of the Day had been.—Love and Joy were now the Subject of their Discourse; and the Hours for Repose being arrived, they separated, in the Hopes of passing the next Day in the same manner they had done the preceding ones.





T H E
SEVENTEENTH DAY.



THE Hour for going into the Ladies Apartment was no sooner arrived, than *Erasmus* went into that of *Urania*, to entreat that she wou'd engage the Company to pass that Day with *Florinda*, who had been indisposed that Night, and was not in a Condition to quit her Chamber. This News alarmed *Urania*, and she told *Erasmus*, that she was extremely sorry that he had not sent to wake her, to the end she might have contributed, as much as was in her power, for the Ease of that dear Friend. But *Erasmus* reply'd, that her Indisposition was not considerable enough to give her that Disturbance; and that it was only his own Tendernefs, which making him fear the Air might be prejudicial to her, had exacted a Promise from her not to go out of her Chamber that Day.

URANIA highly approved the Care of this tender Husband, and giving him her hand to pass to *Celemena's* Apartment, they met that Lady with the rest of the Company coming towards them.

As soon as this charming Society were informed of the Motive which with-held *Florinda*, they ran to her with an Impatience, that testified the Love and Esteem

Esteem they had for that deserving Lady. *Felicia* being attach'd to her, not only by Inclination, but by the nearest Alliance, *Erasmus* being Brother to her dear *Orophanes*, had already prevented the Company; who found her with *Florinda*, accompanied by *Thelamont*, *Orophanes*, and *Alphonso*.

WHEN *Florinda* saw them enter she wou'd have rose from the Sofa, on which she lay half reclined; but *Urania* obliging her to continue in the Posture she was in. We come here, said she, only to engage you to take that Repose which is necessary for you; and to desire your Apartment may serve us this Day instead of the Library, the Hall and the Garden.

How great soever the Pleasure is I feel, said *Florinda*, in having you always near me, I protest, I am very much ashamed, that *Erasmus* has exacted his Proof of your Complaisance. Give Truce to your Apologies and Compliments, interrupted *Orophanes*, and since your Indisposition is not violent enough to render our Presence incommodious; and as we can follow here, as well as any where else, the Law we have established, let us begin a Conversation more improving, and more conformable to the Friendship among us.

WITH these Words, he took upon him to place the Company, as he knew wou'd be agreeable to their Inclinations, every Husband by his Wife; and when they were seated, began, by a gay Turn of Wit, to oblige them to banish that Sadness their Apprehensions for *Florinda* had seized them with.

WHEN he had done speaking, *Celemena* willing to improve upon his Humour of Gallantry, after looking smiling round the Room, I find, said she, *Orophanes* takes the same Consideration for the absent, as for the present, and has suffered none of the Company to take up the Places of the Lovers of *Arelise* and *Silviana*. This Reflection, answered *Thelamont*, wou'd be a fine Criticism, if we were not persuaded, that whatever you say, you secretly approve the Order in which *Orophanes* has ranged us.

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WITHOUT doubt I do, cry'd she, and wish that *Alcippe* and *Lisimond* were here, to be Witnesses of the charming Union that reigns here, and to follow so rare an Example. There is no need of that, said *Florinda*; their own Honour and Love, and the Perfections of their beautiful Ladies, will oblige them to conform to it. But, continued she, *Alcippe* is unknown to us; and tho' I read in the Eyes of all the Company, that they believe with me, he is perfectly worthy of being dear to the beautiful *Arelife*; methinks, we ought to be better acquainted with him. *Florinda* is in the right, added *Julia*; and since *Arelife* has recounted to us the Adventures of *Silviana*, it belongs to *Silviana* to make us know those of *Arelife*.

FOR my part, said *Camilla*, with her accustomed Vivacity, I shall not easily excuse being deprived of so much Pleasure; and that I may enjoy it fully, must make a kind of Contract with *Silviana*, that there may be no Abridgements in a History which I fancy must be entertaining in all its Particulars. They all laugh'd at this expression of the amiable *Camilla*; and *Arelife*, willing to turn the Conversation, said, there is nothing in my Life sufficiently interesting to be worthy of reciting: All my Adventures being bounded in confessing, that *Alcippe* is the Name of him made choice on by my Family, to be my Husband.

MY dear *Arelife*, cry'd *Silviana*, you ought not to expect I should be more discreet than yourself; and tho' I know, that in the Recital desired of me, there is nothing considerable enough to form a History, such as the beautiful *Camilla* wishes to hear; yet I will not deny, but there are Passages, which, for their Singularity, are worthy of being recounted. And since I have an Opportunity of revenging myself for the Repetition you made of my Weakness to this Company, you must not imagine I shall neglect it. Know then, continued she, without giving the other time to reply, that,

THE Father of *Arelife* is called *Armond*; he is of the ancient Nobility, very rich, and every way
worthy

worthy of his Birth and Treasures. He had no other Child than *Arelife*, by a Marriage which he contracted with a Maid of Quality, who died soon after the Birth of her Daughter. *Armond*, who wou'd never enter into a second Engagement, gave all his Cares to the Education of this young Beauty ; following the Custom of those of his Condition. He put her into a Convent for the first Years of her Life ; not but he had a Sister in whom he might have confided, *Merina*, being a Lady of unspotted Virtue, and distinguish'd Merit ; but she was at that time at a great Distance from *Paris*, and he could not resolve to send this Darling of his Heart so far from him.

SHE was no sooner arrived at those Years, in which Reason begins to shew itself, than her Inclination began to turn entirely on the Study of the Sciences ; in which she made a Progress very surprizing for one of her Sex. We all are sensible, Knowledge is not to be acquired amidst the Noise and Hurry of the World ; and the great Desire *Arelife* had to become a perfect Mistress of all she had, what they call, a smattering of, made her extremely pleased with a Retirement, which so much favour'd her Acquisition. Her Father made her the Offer of removing several Times, but in vain ; and he began to fear, she was too much in love with Solitude to be prevail'd with to quit it at all. *Merina* was now return'd to *Paris*, was a Widow, and entirely Mistress of herself. She desired nothing more than to have the young *Arelife* with her ; but she still preferr'd her darling Cloister, to all the Enjoyments of Life. This made all her Friends imagine that she was one of those, who we may call Enthusiasts ; and who suppose there is no Security for a better Life, but by going through the most severe Mortification and Self-denial in this.

BUT *Arelife* being in her fifteenth Year, and assuring them, she had no Inclination for a religious Life, and only desired to stay in the Convent till she had attained a more perfect Knowledge of what she had been learning, they consented to it.

MERINA visited her often, and I accompanied her wherever she went, having been bred under the care of that Lady from the Death of my Mother, which happened in my Infancy. *Arelife* was pleased to think, I had something in me worthy of her Friendship, and I conceived the most tender one for her; which, far from diminishing by any of those little piques, that often happen between Persons of our Age and Sex, grew the more confirmed, the longer we were acquainted; and I regretted nothing, but that her Passion for Study would not permit me to enjoy, so often as I desired, the Happiness of her Company.

ARMOND looked upon her with the extremest Pleasure——She was his only Child, young, rich, beautiful, and learned, and in every thing such as might make him hope, she would add Honour to his Family, by an illustrious Match.

THESE Sentiments made him resolve to chuse a Husband for her. There were already many who seemed ambitious of that Title; her Birth, Beauty, Wealth, and the Fame of her Perfections, attracted every Day some new Pretender. *Armond* listened to their Offers; but the ancient Friendship between him and a Gentleman named *Celion*, influenced him beyond all that could be said to him in favour of any other.

CELION was of a Condition equal to his own, and had only one Son, who, after having received such Education, as young Noblemen ordinarily have, was gone on his Travels. *Armond* knew, that the young *Celion* had in his Person and Mind, all the Requisites to please; he therefore hesitated not long, but without any Ceremony, discovered his Design to his old Friend; who, charmed with the Thought of uniting his Family with that of a Person so dear to him, accepted his Proposal with an Infinity of Joy; and that moment wrote to his Son, to put an end to his Travels, and hasten home to receive a Wife from his hand, who had all the Perfections of her Sex.

THE Affair was no sooner agreed between them, than *Armond* went to the Convent, and declared to *Arelife*

Arclife what he had done for her, and withal told her, she must now leave the Convent to accustom herself a little to the Air and Behaviour of the great World.

ARELISE, who, tho' she wanted not Vivacity, had from her most tender Years an incomparable Solidity of Judgment, cou'd not think, without pain, on being married to a Man, whose Person and Character were unknown to her. She looked on a *Hymen*, who presented himself to her in that fashion, only as the Fore-runner of innumerable Ills: And after having paused a while, told her Father, that she was ready to obey his Commands, in quitting the Convent, or any thing else in her power; but intreated, he wou'd not be too hasty in disposing of her for ever——She said, it was necessary to know, if the Person he had made choice of, might think her worthy his Affections, and that she might be able to guess, whether there was any thing of that Sympathy between them, which can only unite Hearts: And then painted out to him, in the most lively Colours, the unhappy State of two Persons whose Hands are joined only by the Will of their Parents, and have for each other no more than a cold Indifference.

ARMOND was charm'd with her good Reasoning; but as he thought young *Celion* was worthy of every thing, he did not seem much to relish the Scruples she rais'd concerning him; and having told her, that his Word was pass'd, and that she must expect he wou'd perform it, as soon as *Celion* shou'd arrive, quitted her, with a Command to prepare for her Departure from the Convent the next Day.

IN fine, *Merina*, to whom *Armond* had communicated his Intentions, went the following day to the Convent, and brought her to her own House, where she was to remain till her Marriage.

I WILL not go about to express the pleasure we had in being together, nor the Praises her Wit and Beauty exacted from as many as saw her; the Knowledge you have of the perfect Friendship between us will sufficiently inform you of the one, and I will spare her Modesty on

the other Article ; designing to be more free with it in things of greater Importance. Old *Celion* was enchanted with her Person and Behaviour, and made love for his Son, in so agreeable a manner, that I, a thousand times, have been surprized at the ill Humour *Arelife* always appeared in, when he entertained her on that Subject : But she had taken so strong an Aversion to this Engagement, that it threw her into a Melancholy, which made us tremble for her Health.

MERINA, who had never seen the young *Celion*, cou'd not intirely blame the Fears of *Arelife* for finding him not amiable. However, she laboured all she cou'd to conquer this Repugnance in her, but in vain. *Arelife* discovered to me all her Sentiments, and incessantly entertained me with the Grief she was in, on reflecting that she must pass all at once from a Life happy and tranquil, into the Arms of a Man she knew not, cou'd never love, and, perhaps, might be as little beloved by.

WHILE she was taken up with these perplexing Ideas, old *Celion* received an Answer from his Son ; in which he told him, he wou'd prepare to obey him ; but that the Marriage he had mentioned, in his Opinion, demanded more serious Reflections — and that he hoped, he wou'd not make use of his Authority, to inforce his Inclinations in a Matter of such moment.

THIS Letter was not communicated but to the Father of *Arelife* and *Merina* ; the latter, however, thinking it wou'd alleviate her Afflictions to hear the Marriage might not be soon solemnized, as she had feared, by reason young *Celion* testified as little Impatience for it as herself, made no Secret of it to her.

ARELISE was, indeed, extremely pleased at this News ; but at the same time conceived a greater Aversion then ever for her intended Spouse : She imagined, that he had somewhere seen her, before he went to travel, and that it was his dislike of her Person, rather than this Indifference for Marriage in general, that had made him express himself in that manner ; and this thought gave so poignant an Alarm to her Pride, that she

she resolved to make use of her utmost Efforts to break this Engagement before his Arrival.

SOME Days after this Letter, an Affair of very great Importance, relating to *Merina's* Estate, obliged her to go twenty Leagues from *Paris*. As she cou'd not dispense with this Journey, she desired *Armond* to permit his Daughter to accompany her, as *Celion* cou'd not be expected till after the time she proposed to stay in the Country; telling him, she hoped, the Diversions she wou'd find in that Place, wou'd restore her Health, alleviate her Sadness, and perhaps render her more submissive to his Will at her Return.

ARMOND, to whom the Melancholy of his Daughter began to be a little displeasing, and who was resolved not to change his Resolution as to her Marriage, consented to the Request of his Sister; and we all three left *Paris* in a Situation of Mind perfectly agreeable: *Arelise*, because she shou'd now be eased of the Vexation it gave her to hear the Name of *Celion*; myself, because the Change of Place, and Variety of Company was conformable to my Humour; and *Merina*, because of the Pleasure she procured us.

THE News of her Arrival at her Country-Seat was no sooner spread abroad, than all the neighbouring Nobility and Country came to visit her: Among the Number of the latter, was a Gentleman, whom she had known a long time, and greatly esteemed. He had a Son lately returned from the Army, whom he presented to us, and a Friend of his, named *Alcippe*, of whom he gave the highest Character.

BUT there needed not much Eloquence to persuade us of his Merit; *Alcippe* is one of those Persons, who at first sight prejudice the Heart with a secret Esteem: There is somewhat in his Face, his Shape, and Air, which is not to be described; and tho' he has the finest Features, the best-turn'd Limbs, and most graceful Mien, that out of this Assembly was ever seen, yet his Behaviour is more striking than them all. With all this, he is extremely learned, without affecting to appear so——has a sparkling Genius, and a manner of

Address, which engages your Attention to what he is about to say, before he utters it.

THIS *Alcippe*, such as I have painted him, attracted all our Eyes——I was charmed with him——As for *Arelife*, she was unable, while he was in the Room, to look on any other Object——her Heart at once confess'd his Power of pleasing, and grew more rebellious than ever against the Inclination her Father wish'd she shou'd be inspired with. But if the beautiful *Arelife* was so sensible of the Merit of *Alcippe*, *Alcippe* was no less struck with the Charms of *Arelife*.——Her Beauty surprized him, her Wit turned him all to Admiration; and three Hours Conversation served to fix in his mind the most violent Passion that ever was. As I was intirely free from any Agitations of my own at that time, I had leisure to observe theirs, and was immediately Mistress of the Secrets of both their Hearts.

THIS Visit was followed by several others on the part of *Alcippe*, who having been once introduced, did not always wait for his Friend, to give himself the Satisfaction of coming to our House. *Merina*, as well for his own Merit, as for having been recommended by the old Gentleman, always received him with the greatest Marks of Civility and Esteem. However, tho' the Passion of *Alcippe* was as great as cou'd be conceived by any Heart, he forbore giving any Testimonies of it but by his Eyes: And when I press'd *Arelife* to let me know her Sentiments concerning this charming Stranger, she only said, I wish the Person they wou'd have me marry had the same Merit. Nor cou'd I ever draw any farther Confession from her Mouth.

MERINA's Affairs detained her longer than she had expected; we had already pass'd a Month there, and they were not terminated. *Arelife* rejoiced at this Delay; and the Diversion I took in beholding these Lovers, who, in spite of themselves, discovered every moment a mutual Flame, hindered me from being sorry.

THEY

THEY were now become intimate Acquaintance, not a day pass'd without his entertaining us either at home, or in a fine Walk near the House; they found every moment some new Charm to encrease the Passion they had for each other; and yet all this without speaking one Word, but such as Persons the least interest'd wou'd have uttered.

As *Arelife* has since confess'd, she was not a little perplexed, that she knew no more of this Charmer of her Soul, than that he was a Man of Condition; and wondered, that in all the Discourse he entertained her with, he never mention'd one Word of his Family. But my Curiosity was more alert, tho' my Concern was less; and one day being alone with the old Gentleman, who had first brought him acquainted with us, I entreated him to inform me of all he knew of *Alcippe*.

MADAM, answered he, the Secrets of our Friends are no part of our Property: Nor can we dispose of them without a Crime. Forgive me therefore, that I declare not that of *Alcippe*——all that is permitted me to reveal is, that he is a Man of Quality, that he is with me, unknown to his Family, who imagine him at a much greater distance——An Affair of the utmost Importance to him, compels him to behave in this manner; and as I am intimate with his Father, I shall very shortly take a Journey to *Paris*, in order to prepare the way for the good Reception of *Alcippe*.

THIS Discourse, instead of satisfying, made me yet more unquiet; I cou'd not imagine what Intrigue, disagreeable to the Family of *Alcippe*, shou'd make him stand in need of a Mediator, and cou'd think on nothing, but that he was privately married to a Person he cou'd not hope they wou'd approve——I trembled now for *Arelife*, yet cou'd not avoid communicating my Suspicions to her. She was greatly astonish'd, and a visible Trouble over-spread her Face, while I was talking to her; I know not, how far this might have oblig'd her to own her secret Inclinations to me, had not an Accident, then undream'd of, render'd that Confidence unnecessary.

THE next day after we had this Conversation, *Alcippe* came to visit us as usual, and finding nobody in the Parlour, but *Arelise* and myself, he threw himself, the moment of his Entrance, at the Feet of *Arelise*; and looking on her with an Air of mingled Tenderness and Despair, *Merina*, said he, has just now told me News, which is the Sentence of my Death——They wou'd marry you, Oh beautiful *Arelise*! and the unfortunate *Alcippe* must never see you in the finest City in the World, but in the Arms of a Husband.

FOR, in fine, continued he, without giving her time to interrupt him, I can no longer conceal from you, that I adore you; and since in losing you, I am assured I lose my Life, I cannot leave the World without letting you know the Passion you have inspired me with.

ARELISE was so much surprized at this Declaration, that she had not power to reply to it for a considerable time; but at length recollecting herself, Since, said she, you have been told of the Engagements I am under, you ought to have spar'd a Confession, which I can look on as no other than as a double Affront——My Virgin-state demands a Behaviour more respectful and less presuming; and the State, which you say I am about to enter into, shou'd, methinks, have obliged you to an eternal Silence.

I EXPECTED a no less cruel Answer, resumed *Alcippe*, with an Agony which no false Love cou'd counterfeit: I came not hither in the Hope you wou'd approve my Flame, which, but for the dreadful Shock it has just now received from the Mouth of *Merina*, should not have been reveal'd to you, but by those who have the Power of disposing you——but in the certainty of losing you, nothing is left for me to wish or fear; and the only Favour I implore, is Permission to die at your Feet.

LOVE, Grief, and Confusion, were so truly imprinted on his Face, and he appeared so full of Charms in this pity-moving State, that *Arelise* must have been much less prepossessed than she was in his favour, not
to

to be touch'd with what he said. Alas ! said she, you are not unhappy alone, I follow not the dictates of my Duty, but with the most painful Reluctance—— I know not him who is destin'd to be my Husband, I have never seen him, and Love has not the least part in my Engagement.

OH Heaven ! cry'd *Alcippe*, what a Conformity there is between our Fates ! I am not here, but to avoid entering into an Engagement my Father has formed for me, without consulting my Heart——I never saw the Lady they wou'd have me marry ; I have not yet so much as heard her Name——nor was it the Impression of any other Charms, which rendered this Union disagreeable——I lived without any Attachment till I saw your Beauties, but the sole Regret I found in my self, to pass my whole Life with a Person wholly unknown to me, till the moment I was to give my Hand——But now, continued he, now judge how odious must be those Apprehensions, when I have seen, convers'd, and fill'd my Heart with the most adorable Object in the World——No, added he with Transport, no *Celion*, never hope, that your Son, unable to possess the incomparable *Arelise*, will ever give himself to another.

GOOD God ! cry'd we both out at the same time, What say you, *Alcippe* ? What ! added *Arelise*, with an Astonishment which nothing cou'd equal, is *Alcippe* the Son of *Celion* ?

YES Madam, reply'd he, with a trembling Voice, not knowing to what Cause to attribute our Surprise, is *Celion* of your Acquaintance ? Ah ! my dear *Alcippe*, resumed she, giving him her Hand, I can now, without a Crime, confess 'tis only you I can be made to love.

THESE Words, so little expected, and so full of Tenderness, made the transported *Alcippe* immediately conceive the Truth : And kissing a thousand times the Hand she had stretch'd out to him, Can it be possible, my charming *Arelise*, said he, that you are the Object, I believed so injurious to my Wishes ? And

am I the happy Man, to whom they wou'd sacrifice you ?

ARELISE was too much taken up with Joy and Wonder to be able to speak ; and I was obliged to inform *Alcippe* of all I have been recounting to you. He afterwards told us, that he had no sooner received the Letter from his Father, than he took Post, and came directly to the House of that Gentleman, with whom we saw him first, in hope that old Friend might prevail on *Celion* not to precipitate a Marriage, for which he had not the least Inclination, and to permit him to live without any Engagement of that kind, till Love, and the Character of the Person he shou'd marry, had given the necessary Preparations to his Heart.

ALCIPPE finish'd his Recital just as *Merina* entered the Room with the Gentleman he had been speaking of. The Situation they found us in, extremely surprized them ; *Arelise*, who at this Accident cou'd not restrain Tears of Joy and Tenderness from falling from her Eyes, had a Handkerchief before her Face. *Alcippe* was embracing her Knees, and kissing her Hands, with all the Demonstrations of an unutterable and immoderate Extasy ; myself, with the Remains of a pleased Astonishment on my Face, a silent Witness of their mutual Transports. This Scene altogether appeared so strange to both the Spectators, that they stood for some Moments contemplating it without speaking ; at last, *Silviana* ! said *Merina* to me, what has happened ? The most unexpected and most charming of all the Adventures in the World, Madam, answer'd I. These Words making *Alcippe* and *Arelise* turn their Eyes that way, they both rose suddenly from the posture they were in. *Alcippe* ran like a Man quite beside himself to his Friend, and caught him in his Arms, where he held him in the most strenuous Embrace, without having the power of uttering one Word ; tho' none that ever liv'd expressed himself with more ease, or a better Grace, on any other Occasion. And *Arelise* withdrew to the Closet, to conceal the Emotions with which she was agitated : So that
there

there remained only myself to explain to *Merina* the Motives of what she saw.

I GAVE her as exact an Account as was possible in a few Words, being willing to put an end to the Pain an unsatisfy'd Curiosity must give her; and also to leave to the Lovers the Pleasure of acquainting her with the Particulars. Never was a Joy more perfect and sincere, than what this virtuous Lady felt at being informed of this Adventure. She embraced *Alcippe* a thousand Times, and as often blessed the Moment in which she came into the Country. The old Gentleman was no less charmed, and congratulated his Friend in Terms, which testified how dear his Happiness was to him: After this, we ran all together to the Cabinet of *Arelise*, who cou'd not see us without being covered with Blushes; but the worthy *Merina* having convinced her of the Contentment this Discovery had given her, nothing now was talked of, but the unforeseen ways by which Providence conducts to Happiness, those whom it vouchsafes to favour.

MERINA wrote immediately to her Brother, and inclosed a Letter *Alcippe* wrote to him, and another to *Celion*: And you may judge of the Satisfaction these two Friends felt, in having every thing fall out so much to their wish. *Merina*, who wou'd not be the Cause of delaying Nuptials so much long'd for by all Parties, left the care of her Affairs to a Friend, and set out with us for *Paris*, where we arrived with Sentiments very different from those with which we had left it.

OUR Lovers, equally charmed one with the other, and growing every day more dear, waited for the Celebration of those Rites, which should unite them for ever, with a visible Impatience on one side, and perhaps a secret Propensity on the other; when the Father of *Arelise* was seiz'd with a violent Fever, which deprived her of him in three Days. His Death gave a sad Interval to their Delights and Expectations: Not all the Passion *Arelise* was possessed of, cou'd transport her to violate the Decorum she owed to the Memory of so dear a Parent; and she told *Alcippe*, he

must not hope, she wou'd fulfil her Engagement with him, till the full time of her Mourning was expired : And tho' he looked on this Delay as the severest Mortification cou'd have befallen him, he was too submissive not to conform to it. This Year has served to make them know each other yet better ; and to cement their Hearts more firmly by the Constancy, the Assiduity and the Tenderness of both their Behaviours. It has now been expired three Weeks ; but *Merina* being absent, *Acippe* and *Lisimond* are gone to her, in order to entreat her Return, and to prevail on her, that both the Nuptials may be celebrated the same Day.

SILVIANA having ceased speaking, all the Company manifested the pleasure they took in the Recital she had given them. *Urania*, and her Friends, tenderly embraced *Areise*, and congratulated her on her approaching Felicity ; and that beautiful Lady, in returning their Caresses, lost the Confusion she had been in during the Discourse of *Silviana*. We shou'd have been extremely sorry, said *Thelamont*, to have been deprived of the Pleasure this little History has afforded us ; and the Interest *Urania* and all of us take in what concerns you, deserves this Mark of your Confidence.

I ASSURE you, answer'd she smiling, I intended to have desired *Celemena* to inform you of all this after my Departure ; tho' I cou'd not resolve to consent to it, while I was present ; and *Silviana* has been guilty of a kind of Treason to me in doing it, which I shall not very easily forgive.

WE must all take her part against you, said *Orsames*, having only done it in compliance with our Request, and to augment that perfect Esteem you have inspired us with. The Discovery of *Alcippe*, interrupted *Camilla*, is very singular and delightful ; and I cou'd not help wishing it might happen so, all the time *Silviana* was speaking.

YOURS, with your dear *Alphoncina*, answer'd *Florinda*, was not less interesting ; and I am persuaded, that of *Alcippe* brought it into your Mind more than once. No-
thing

thing is more certain, added *Erasmus*, the Looks they cast on one another, while *Silviana* was relating that part of the Story, leave us no room to doubt it.

THIS Raillery was for some time the Subject of their Conversation, till being told Dinner was ready, *Urania* ordered it shou'd be brought into *Florinda's* Apartment. As this amiable Society never entertained each other with any Discourse, but on general Matters before the Servants, the Table was no sooner taken away, than *Celemena* began to speak in this manner.

THO' I were enjoined Silence as a Penance, said she, I cou'd not keep myself from praising the fashion in which we live here, nor from remarking to *Silviana* and *Arelise* one thing, which is to me the most agreeable of all. It is, continued she, that every thing recited here is accompanied with the Charms of Novelty; and tho' one has heard the same Stories never so often, they are told in such a manner, as to persuade one that one knew nothing of them before.

NOTHING can be a greater Compliment to us than this Remark, reply'd *Urania*; and we ought to think ourselves very happy, if in the time you have honoured us with your Presence, you have found no reason to repent your Goodness.

As for my part, said *Camilla* with the most charming Sprightliness, I am not among the number of those to whom this praise is addressed. I listen with pleasure to all I hear said, and endeavour to improve by it; but freely confess, I have not a Fund of Reading sufficient to enable me to be one of the Speakers.

GREAT Reading, answered *Alphonso*, does not always furnish out Discourses, such as *Celemena* means. I believe, a Man who contents himself with reporting Facts just as he has found them, will give but a dull Entertainment to his Hearers; and if they swell to any length, rather fatigue than please.

THIS is a Truth, which every day gives us some experience of, said *Thelamont*; it is not by the much Reading, but the good use of it, that we can render it either profitable to ourselves, or agreeable to others.

ALL

All Men, who apply themselves to Study, and hope to draw any advantage from their Labours, shou'd make choice of the best Authors, read them with Attention, and many times over; then reflect and meditate on what they have read; and when they have made themselves Masters of the whole, range each different Subject apart in the Memory, to avoid the Confusion of mingled Ideas. This Method, with the help of a good Genius, for without that nothing can succeed, will without all question, render every thing they say, or write, capable of doing Service to the World, and Honour to themselves.

A good Painter fetches his Colours from every Quarter of the World; he grinds them fine; he first separates, then mingles them; gives them the Shadows proper to express the subject he has form'd in his Idea; and then takes his Pencil, and falls to work. Art is so well seconded by his happy Genins, that he paints the very Mind and Sentiments, as well as Features; gives a Soul to every Figure; and makes the Piece so lively and so perfect, that it becomes the Admiration of all Ages.

'Tis thus a Man of Wit shou'd do with Matters on which he wou'd speak, or write. Reading shou'd furnish him with Subject, Education with Words, and Invention with an agreeable Variety; and even the Passions must not be left out, because they serve to illustrate and give a force and energy to his Discourse.

SOME People imagine, that to repeat what has been well said by another, is sufficient to please; and so it is to those unacquainted with it before; but to others, he will appear no better than a Plagiary——It is the Art of giving a different Turn to the same Story, adding such Particulars, as may reasonably be supposed to have happened, and diminishing such as serve neither to amuse, nor instruct——and diversifying the Manner, tho' still adhering strictly to the Truth, that must make one listen with any pleasure or attention, to an Adventure one has already been acquainted with.

EVERY thing has been treated on, but the different ways of treating the same subject are exhaustless. A Man, who makes the right use of his Reading, will improve on every thing; form new Maxims and Precepts on the Maxims and Precepts of others; and by ingrafting his own Cions on the Trees of the Ancients, give the Field of Learning a new and more beautiful Prospect; whence he, at any time, may gather Ornaments for his Discourse.

THIS Instruction, said *Orfames*, is as useful as agreeable, especially from the Mouth of a Person whose own Conversation is a Proof of what he says. 'Tis true, added *Erasmus*, that if every one read in the manner *Thelamont* directs, the Mind wou'd be more embellished, the Memory less charged, and the Productions more agreeable. 'Tis easy to see, interrupted *Julia*, that *Thelamont* has practised himself, this admirable Lesson he gives to others.

OROPHANES finding they were preparing to make the Modesty of his Friend suffer by their Praises, hindered *Julia* from proceeding, by telling the Company, that since they cou'd not walk, they ought at least not to deny themselves the Prospect of the Terras, since that Apartment had the full Command of it; and *Florenda* had assured them, it wou'd be no way incommodious to her. On which they opened the Doors of a large Balcony that overlook'd the Gardens and the River beyond them: At the sight of this last Object, *Camilla* cry'd out with a more than ordinary Vivacity, I cannot comprehend, why that Element, that is so vast, so rich, and so formidable, has not its Monarchs as well as the Land; and why Men have not endeavoured to appropriate the Seas, as they do the Kingdoms and Sovereignties.

THIS Reflection of *Camilla's* made all the Company laugh, but *Alphonso*, who very well knew, that his amiable Spouse had not made it without design. The Sea, answered he, is common to all Men; the Art of Navigation having given birth to Commerce, by the Means of which several Kingdoms and Republicks,

Republicks, the least considerable in their Origins, have become, in process of time, strong enough to cope with the most opulent Monarchs, and often to overcome them. In fine, my dear *Camilla*, to answer to your Question, one must say, the Empire of the Sea always appertains to the most powerful on that Element.

It is true, said *Thelamont*, that maritime Forces are the best Security of a State ; and whoever is Master of the Sea may, without much difficulty, become so of the Land. It is therefore necessary for Sovereign Princes to keep up a naval Strength, sufficient to deter their Enemies from a too near Approach. Ambition too, as well as Safety, methinks, shou'd prompt all Monarchs to propagate their Power this way : What great things may be brought about by a powerful Fleet, very early Experience informs us. We need but look back, and see to what a height of Grandeur the *Greeks* arrived, merely by the help of their Marines.

BEFORE them, added *Orophanes*, the *Affyrians*, the *Indians*, the *Persians*, and the *Egyptians* attributed to themselves the Empire of the Sea ; and since, the *Carthaginians*, the *Romans*, and several lesser States.

YES, resumed *Thelamont*, all these People have pretended to appropriate this Sovereignty, according as they found themselves more strong by Sea than their Neighbours. But I think the *Greeks* boast of a Title more authentick, tho' less essential, which is the Right of Inheritance and Eldership. They say that *Neptune*, a *Grecian*, first invented the Art of Navigation ; and that King *Saturn*, his Father, gave him the Command of his naval Forces, in which Post he acquitted himself with such Glory, that Posterity built Temples to his Name, erected Alters, and sacrificed to him, regarding him as the God of the Sea ; and that *Minos*, his Nephew, the Son of *Jupiter*, who was the Brother of *Neptune*, by right of Succession, as well as by the great things he did, after him was in possession of the Sovereignty.

HOWEVER that be, it is certain, that the *Syrians*, the *Egyptians*, the *Rhodians*, those of *Cyprus*, and
of

of *Phœnicia*, have passed for the most valiant, and most experienced in the Art of Navigation; they extended their Commerce into the farthest Parts of *Asia*, and into *Africk* and *Europe*, where they established Colonies, and founded great Cities; some of which are remaining to this day. As to what regards the *Greeks*, it is proved by *Thucydides* and *Libanius*, that the *Corinthians* were the first among them that had Vessels fit for War; that *Aminocles* of *Corinth* built four for the *Samians*, and that the first Naval Fight in the *Grecian* Seas, was betwixt those of *Samos* and the *Corcyrians*. But that which may convince us, how weak they were on the Sea, in their beginning to cultivate the Art of Navigation, is, that when the *Athenians* gave battle to the *Æginetes*, they cou'd send out no more than fifty Gallies, of three Oars a-piece; and that this Republick had then no other Port but that of *Phalerum*, which was very small, and every way incommodious for the coming in or out of Ships.

It was perhaps from this little Port, interrupted *Erasmus*, that *Theseus* went to *Crete*, in order to satisfy the Revenge that *Minos* had vowed for the Death of his Son *Androgeus*.

AND it was here also, resumed *Thelamont*, that *Menesthenes* spread his Sails to conduct the *Grecian* Army against *Troy*, that famous War so much boasted of and illustrated by the Poets. But in fine, the Forces of the *Athenians* by Sea, their Ports, their Arsenals, were then of little consideration; nor become of much more till the time of *Themistocles*, who, expecting the Return of the *Persians*, their implacable Enemies, persuaded them to destroy the *Pirea*; which was a Place of no other use than for the Publick Council to assemble in, and convert it into a large Port, which might contain a great number of Vessels, with Arsenals at hand, furnished with every thing necessary to equip them for an Expedition. This Proposal being readily assented to, this great *Themistocles*, for the better Success of his Design, engaged the *Athenians* to make all Strangers free, and to give the same Privileges

villeges the ancient Inhabitants enjoyed, to all those who aided the Republick with their Labour or their Substance, for the advancing and bringing to perfection this useful Undertaking.

THIS Decree was no sooner made publick, than a vast Concourse of People flock'd to *Athens* from all Parts; some of which contributed their Money, and many more their Labour: So that what with the great number of Hands, and the Encouragement given to the Workmen, the Affair went on so well, that in spite of the Jealousy which the Prosperity of *Athens* inspired her Neighbours with, and the Enemies of *Themistocles* in particular; he obtained, much sooner than cou'd have been expected, the compleating what he had projected: He also converted a waste Place into another Port, which he called *Munichæa*, and put every thing into such a Condition, that the Republick of *Athens* encreased every day in Power and Reputation. The number of her Inhabitants were enlarged; her Cities aggrandized; her Treasury filled; and a continual Flow of Wealth poured in upon her by her Commerce; for the Convenience of which, she had now three fine Ports, the *Phalerum*, the *Piræa*, and the *Munichæa*.

THEMISTOCLES also propos'd to purchase an hundred Gallies, to join those already in the Harbours, and to build twenty more every Year, to the end the naval Forces of the Republick might be insensibly augmented, and to oblige the *Athenian* Youth to learn the Exercise of the Sea; which, he said, was the only certain means to render a State rich and powerful by Commerce. In fine, he rais'd this City to such a pitch of Fame, that it was enough to be born in *Athens*, to be imagin'd possessed of every shining or useful Quality. The *Lacedemonians* gave an Instance of this, when having lost the Empire of the Sea, they chose *Aristides*, a banish'd *Athenian* for their General, in the great Enterprize of giving Freedom to all *Greece*, and subjecting *Persia*, and some Part of *Asiack* and *Europe*. But that which most surprizingly proved the sudden Grandeur of the *Athenians*, was, that

that when by the divine Eloquence of *Gorgias* the *Sicilian* Ambassador, they were prevailed upon to send Succours against the *Syracusians*, they covered the Sea with two hundred and fifty large Gallies, all stoutly mann'd; and named for their Admirals *Erymedon* and *Sophocles*.

IN fine, the Republick having given Commission to *Lycurgus*, the Son of *Lycophon*, to raise a powerful naval Armament, he equipp'd near four hundred Gallies; and then by the Advice of *Themistocles*, *Pericles*, and this same *Lycurgus*, they enlarged the Port and Arsenal of *Pireæ*, and had Workmen continually employ'd in building new Vessels, and refitting up the old. Besides those three Arsenals I have mentioned, they also erected another, of a much greater Circumference; and it served, as it were, for the general Storehouse, whence all the others were supplied: But I need say no more, to give you an Idea of this sumptuous Edifice, than what is agreed by most Authors, that the magnificent Arsenal of *Venice* was formed on the Plan of that of the *Athenians*.

WHEN arrived at this high Degree of Power, they established two Magistrates; the one had the Care of equipping the Navy, and furnishing what number of Vessels the Republick shou'd have need of; the other, that of sending them out of the Harbour to the Place of the general Rendezvous: Where they were received by the Admiral, whom the *Greeks* called *Thalassiarcha*. Every Galley had also a particular Captain, whom they named *Triarchus*: These were all eminent Men, great Sailors, and took a pride in outvying each other in embellishing their Ships.

By these prudent Steps, and honest Diligence among the superior and subaltern Officers, did the *Athenians* carry their Commerce to almost all the Parts of the then known World ———— Wherever they spread their Banners, Respect and Fear attended them ———— their Ships had Privileges, denied to those of all other Nations ———— They seemed to monopolize Traffick ———— and came loaded with immense Riches to their Ports ———— the publick Treasure augmented ———— particula

ticular Persons grew every day more opulent——But alas! this Opulence, this Prodigality, of Good-fortune, as I may call it, proved fatal to them in the end; it introduced Luxury and Debauchery among them; and they sunk into an unhappy Indolence, which destroyed all the Advantages Industry had gained——In fine, they neglected their maritime Forces, by which alone they rose to Greatness——lost the Empire of the Sea, suffered their Vessels to be plundered even in their fight, and themselves to be insulted by those very People, who so lately had paid them Homage; and from being regarded with Admiration, fell into the utmost Contempt and Derision.

In this decay of their State, added *Orsames*, they also ran into Acts of Injustice, no less extravagant than cruel; witness the Death of *Socrates*, of which they indeed repented, but too late.

WHEN the Manners of a People are once degenerated, said *Alphonso*, Crimes grow upon them faster than their Days; and 'tis not to be wondered at, that when Virtue is abolished, they shou'd arrive at a Complication of Vice. But what seems most strange to me among the *Athenians*, is their excessive Superstition, in spite of the great Number of learned Men born and educated in that City. They preserved in their Ports, thro' a motive of Religion, two Gallies; one called *Delia*, in which they say *Theseus* sailed to *Crete*; and the other *Paralus*, after a Hero, whose Memory was held in veneration by them. These Vessels were kept in continual Repair, and every Year adorned with the most valuable things in the Republick, or that were brought from foreign Coasts. Painters, Statuaries, and those who were ingenious in setting precious Stones, contributed the utmost of their Art for the Embellishment of the sacred Vessels. That called *Delia*, was carried in a sumptuous manner to *Delos*, to a solemn Sacrifice they made there; and from the time of its sailing forth to its return, the *Athenians* were forbid, by an exprefs Law, to punish any Man with Death, for what Crime soever. Those who mann'd it, were called *Deliates*;

liates; they had double Salaries, were exempt from all Taxes, and treated with the highest Respect. The *Paratus*, which they also named *Salamine*, had the same Privileges, and those who served in it were called *Paralli*. This Superstition reigned among them till the time of *Demetrius Phalareus*, which was indeed that of their total Ruin. And when I consider it, I am ashamed to reflect how little human Nature is capable of being brought to Perfection; since Men, whose profound Knowledge serves as an Example for all the Nations in the World, cou'd devote themselves to such gross Fooleries.

I AM not so much surprized at their Superstition, said *Florinda*, as I am that all their Knowledge, their Wisdom and their Philosophy cou'd not defend them from that Luxury, that Pride, and that Ambition, which occasioned their Destruction.

I RATHER wonder, resumed *Thelamont*, that Vices so known, and acknowledged to be such, cou'd have any Prevalence where Superstition (which is only the too great Excess of Devotion) had so much Power; but where a State is destin'd to Ruin, even the greatest Opposites unite, for bringing about the Work of Fate. — But to return to Navigation; the *Phœnicians*, and those of *Tyre* and *Sidon*, carried this Art above all the People of their Time. They acquired the Superiority of the Seas in *Asia*, *Africk* and *Europe*. They had powerful Succours to afford to their Allies, whenever they stood in need of them; and had so great a number of trading Vessels, that they carried their Manufactures to Countries most remote: They had also the Honour of exploring many Tracts of Land, which before were altogether unknown.

THEY laid the Foundation of many great and beautiful Cities, viz. *Utica*, *Hippone*, *Lempta* in *Africk*, *Thebes* in *Greece*, *Thebes* in *Egypt*, *Cadiz*, and *Carthage* in *Spain*; but the most famous of their Establishments, and what did them the most Honour, was that of *Carthage* in *Africk*; which, from a small beginning, and little other Advantage than a happy Situation, became afterwards so considerable by its Victories and
Com-

Commerce. The Form of Government was so wise, and so well constituted, that the Senate of this Republic acquired a high Reputation. These People had no sooner made themselves Masters of the Coasts of *Africk*, from *Egypt* to the *Straits* between the two Mountains, which, they say, were divided by *Hercules*, and therefore called his Pillars, than they undertook the Conquest of *Spain*. The Success they met with in that Enterprize surpassed their hopes; and seeing Fortune continued still favourable to their Endeavours, they built a City there, called *New Carthage*; where they established a Senate, a Governor, and other Magistrates, and left a powerful Army to maintain their Conquest, and to compleat that of the whole Kingdom.

As the Senate of *Carthage* had no Views but those of aggrandizing their Commonwealth, they gave Orders to the Admiral, who commanded their Fleet in *Spain*, to pass the *Straits*, and discover all the Coasts of *Africk* on the side of the Ocean. This great Man, who was called *Hanno*, had the honour to double both the Capes; an Enterprize which our modern Navigators think very difficult. He passed the *Arabian Sea* with all his Fleet; and at last arrived at *Suez*, a City on the Borders of the *Red Sea*; from whence he dispatched young *Asdrubal* his Nephew, with an Account to the Senate of the Discoveries he had made, and a full Description of all the Coasts of *Africk*, both East and West, and the Advantages might accrue to the *Carthaginians* by the Knowledge of these Places.

AFTER the Destruction of *Carthage* by the *Romans*, this Writing was found in the *Archives*, carefully preserved; whence it was taken, and by Order of the Senate of *Rome*, translated from the *Punic* Language into *Latin*, as an authentic Monument of their Victory, and the Slavery of the *Carthaginians*. These precious Memoirs, as those of *Himite*, another Admiral of the *Carthaginians*, who had discovered the greatest part of *Europe*, even to the Extremity of the North, were placed among the many precious things the *Romans* had acquired by their Arms. It appeared like-

likewise, by many other Writings, taken at the same time, that the *Carthaginians* had established a regular Commerce with those who inhabited the Coasts of *Africk*; whence they brought a prodigious Quantity of the finest Gold in the World. But the *Romans*, who (tho' excellent Soldiers on Land) were neither so intrepid by Sea, nor such good Sailors as the *Carthaginians*, profited but little by these Discoveries.

THE Republick of *Carthage*, said *Erasmus*, cou'd not be expected to remain long in the Situation it once was: The Fame of her Conquests, and her immense Riches, having excited the Jealousy and Envy of all the Potentates of that time.

'Tis true, reply'd *Orophanes*, the Reputation of the *Carthaginians*, and the daily Encrease of their Power, coming to the Ears of *Alexander* the Great, as he returned from his Conquest in the *Indies*, gave such a pique to the Pride of that ambitious Monarch, that he resolved to deprive them of all the Advantages they had procured, by their Industry and Courage; but this was a Glory, Fortune reserved for the *Romans*.

ALEXANDER, interrupted *Silviana*, might not, perhaps, have been so successful in that Enterprize as he was in others. The Conquest of *Carthage* cost the *Romans* so very dear, that one may judge, without wronging the Memory of *Alexander*, that it wou'd not have been easy to him.

By all that has been said, added *Alphonso*, we may infer, that a Kingdom or Commonwealth, which has been blest'd with the Title of Master of the Sea, cannot lose it without falling into manifest Decay and Contempt——But if an Island chances to quit that Sovereignty, it is a sure Token of its approaching Ruin.——Those of the Continent may defend themselves by powerful Land Forces; but 'tis the naval Strength alone that can secure a Place environ'd by the Sea; because in case of an Invasion, how great an Army soever they may be able to raise, their Country must infallibly become the Seat of War; and how dreadful that is, it is needless to mention. Besides,
the

the Life of an Island consists in Commerce, which must of consequence be put a stop to, while their Ports are crouded with a foreign Fleet. How much then does it behove the Prime Ministers of all such States, to neglect nothing that may maintain the Empire of the Sea ? For if tempted by Ambition, they apply the Sums set apart for that purpose to their own use ; or by Partiality to their Friends and Creatures, put those at the head of Affairs, who want Abilities to manage them, or by Avarice receive Bribes from foreign Powers, to become remiss in this important, this all-necessary Care ; all the Trading Part of the People must expect an immediate and inevitable Destruction ; and those most enobled by Birth and Title, have no other Privilege than to fall the last, and their Posterity, Slaves in a Country where they were born to command.

I CANNOT forbear, said *Camilla*, with the most becoming Smile, being highly pleased with my own Curiosity ; and, I think, the whole Company ought to thank me for it, since it has given occasion to a Conversation so instructive.

NOTHING can be more true, reply'd *Celestina* ; and if I had not been present, I cou'd never have believed so circumstantial a Detail of Ships, Commerce, Navigation, and Armaments, cou'd have been given in a fashion, such as to render it agreeable to our Sex.

As *Celestina* had spoke these Words, she was told that one of her People desired to speak with her. *Urania* and all the Company entreated, she wou'd order the Person to come in : But she chose the contrary, so rose and went out of the Room. When she was gone, *Arelise*, who sat next *Urania*, said to her in a low Voice, and blushing while she spoke, Either my Heart is a very ill Diviner, or we shall soon hear that *Alcippe* and *Lisimond* are at *Celestina's* Castle.

I WISH, reply'd *Urania*, in the same Tone, that your Prefage may be true ; since there is nothing I desire more, than to be acquainted with Persons so dear

dear to you and *Silviana*, and to testify the Esteem your Choice has made me conceive for them.

THELAMONT heard what they said, and seeing *Celemena* return with a smiling Countenance, ran to her, and giving her his Hand to seat her in her Place, We all conjure you, Madam, said he, to use the most perfect freedom in this House ; and if any of your Friends are arrived in this Part of the Country, let them be brought here, to the end we may not be so soon deprived of your Presence.

I AM so well persuaded of your Politeness and Generosity, reply'd she, that I waited not for this Invitation. There are indeed two Gentlemen, for whom I have an infinite Esteem, come down to visit me, and I have ordered my Servant to shew them hither, and to assure them of a Reception worthy of their Merit.

A FANCY is now come into my Head, cry'd *Camilla*, which I cannot help communicating to the Company ; I saw the beautiful *Arelise* blush just now, when she whisper'd to *Urania*, *Silviana* is grown on the sudden more pensive than usual ; yet, with an air of Contentment, such as Persons always have, when delighted with their own Thoughts ; all this put together makes me apprehend, the Ladies hope to find *Alcippe* and *Lisimond* in the Strangers who are approaching.

I WISH ardently it may be so, said *Felicia* ; and I am far from doubting it, added *Julia* ; nor I believe any of us, cry'd out *Florinda* and *Hortensia*.

SINCE you are all so penetrating, reply'd *Celemena*, I will confess to you, they are no other than the Gentlemen you have named. They have conducted *Merina* to *Paris*, and impatient to see those they have so long and tenderly loved, took a Journey to this Country——They were informed at my Castle, where we now are, but the Respect they have for the Character of *Urania*, would not permit them to interrupt her Retirement, and therefore sent to desire I wou'd return ; but as I have already said, being assured of the pleasure their Company wou'd give this agreeable Society,

cjety, I made them an Invitation hither in *Thelamont's* Name.

YOU are so accustomed to confer Favours, Madam, said *Thelamont*, with a low Bow, that I will not thank you for this by any other ways than my Reception of your Friends, and best Endeavours to make them mine also.

SOME little Time elapsing in these sort of Compliments, There is something particular, said *Orophanes*, in the Change of these two Ladies Countenances : The charming *Silviana*, who is little less gay than *Camilla*, is fallen into so deep a Musing, as tho' nothing but her own Contemplations were worthy her Attention ; and the amiable *Arelise*, who comes pretty near *Florinda*, in the serious and reserved, has now an Air all Sprightliness and Joy.

I DO not deny, reply'd *Silviana*, that when I heard there were Company arrived at *Celemena's*, *Alcippe* and *Lisimond* came into my head, but without daring to hope we should have the Happiness of seeing them so soon.

FOR my part, added *Arelise*, I ingenuously confess, that from the moment I heard there was a Message to *Celemena*, I guessed from whence it came, and communicated my Sentiments to *Urania*. That agreeable Lady was about to make some Answer to what the other had said, when they heard the Noise of a great Equipage in the Court-yard. On which, *Thelamont*, *Orophanes*, *Erasmus*, *Alphonso*, *Orsames*, and *Melintus* quitted their Seats, and ran down Stairs, where they found the Persons they expected. *Alcippe* and *Lisimond*, being immediately informed which was *Thelamont*, paid him the Honours due to the Master of the House.

THE Husband of *Urania* was not inferior to them in the Politeness of his Address, and having testified the pleasure their presence gave him, presented his Friends to them, who received them with no less Marks of Friendship and Esteem.

HE then conducted them to the Apartment of *Florinda*, where they were no sooner entered, than *Cele-*

Celestina advanced to them, and taking each by the Hand, led them to *Urania*: Behold, said she, the Spouse of *Thelamont*, and Chief of that charming Society, of whom you have heard me so often speak, and who desire nothing more, than that you and your amiable Brides may be added to the Number.

THE Answers *Alcippe* and *Lisimond* made to this Discourse, were full of Wit and Spirit; but *Urania*, who read in their Eyes the Impatience they had to finish their Compliments, that they might entertain *Silviana* and *Arelise*, after they had saluted all the Ladies in general, addressed herself to *Alcippe*, and with an amiable Smile, Give truce to your Ceremonies, said she, all this Company are perfectly acquainted with the Sentiments of you both, and have put you in the Rank of our Friends, before we had the pleasure of seeing you—therefore follow, without reserve, the Emotions of your Hearts, in giving Testimonies of the Joy you conceive in the sight of those you love.

THIS is a Command, cried *Alcippe*, that has in it too many Charms not to be obey'd; and since it is permitted me, continued he, drawing near *Arelise*, to entertain you for a moment in the behalf of that Love you have inspired me with, be not you, my dear *Arelise*, disobliged, that I avow it before all this admirable Assembly. *Lisimond* spoke in much the same manner to *Silviana*, who was about to answer him with that freedom which was natural to her; when *Arelise* giving her Hand to *Alcippe*, You are both the one and the other of you persuaded, said she, of the pleasure we take in seeing you. This charming Society is acquainted with our Sentiments and yours; but we ought not to abuse the Complaisance of *Urania*; and as I know we have but a small Time to remain with her, we ought not to lose one moment of the Improvement we may make here. Then taking notice to *Alcippe* and *Lisimond*, that all the Company were standing, the Civilities common on such occasions passed between them; after which, every one resumed their former Seats, and the two

Strangers placing themselves by *Silviana* and *Arelife*, *Orophanes* broke silence in these terms.

You see, said he to *Celemena*, that I had some Pre-sage of the Arrival of these Gentlemen, by not placing any of us next *Silviana* and *Arelife*. I know not, reply'd *Urania*, what you thought, but I am very certain. the Heart of the beautiful *Arelife* gave her true Warnings of the Truth.

I CANNOT help believing, said *Florinda*, that Love and Nature give us Predictions, which are generally just. They seldom fail, indeed, added *Camilla*; but Nature is, I think, the most to be depended upon. I firmly believe, that a Father, who had never seen his Son, wou'd know him from a multitude of others, only by the Emotion of his own Heart.

THERE are so many Instances of the secret Workings of Nature in such Cases, answered *Felicia*, that the Truth of what you say is not to be doubted: But I am not so well convinced that Love, how sincere soever it be, produces the same Effects. The Ideas given us by that Passion strike strongly on the Mind, and render the beloved Object always present to us, but under a thousand different Forms, as sometimes kind, at others the reverse, now faithful, now changing and inconstant; and all this without any real Foundation. Love deceives us with the most contradictory Imaginations, and we deceive ourselves, by yielding our Faith to one thing to-day, and another to-morrow. But the Emotions of Nature are of a different kind. It is our own Blood that runs in the Veins of our Children, and there cannot but be a Sympathy between us. If a Father by some Accident loses his Son in his Infancy, and after many Years sees him again, under a different Name, and in a different Station, to what he might expect, I dare answer he wou'd be inclined to love him, by a secret Impulse, which he was ignorant of the meaning of. But if this does not always happen, if Nature seems in some to lie dormant, nor is the least alarmed in such a case, yet, I may boldly say, that when she is, it is
not

not without foundation ; and that we are not imposed upon by the Emotion she inspires.

THIS is indeed a charming Definition, said *Celestina*, and I think unanswerable. Neither does it stand in need of any thing to be added to it, cry'd *Urania*.

I AM not of your opinion in that point, beautiful *Urania*, interrupted *Silviana* briskly ; to give an agreeable Proof of the Solidity of *Felicia's* Argument, *Arelise* must oblige the Company with a History taken from the famous *Michael Cervantes Saavedra*, which she has translated in a Style worthy your Attention.

THIS is an Attack which I did not expect, reply'd that amiable Lady ; and I should be not a little perplexed, at being obliged to make a Repetition of Productions, much too mean for the Entertainment of Persons such as compose this Assembly. But that which consoles me, added she, smiling, is the Certainty, that *Alcippe* and *Lisimond* are here for no other reason, than to carry us to *Paris* ; and that we ought to think on nothing but taking our leave.

IF that be all, reply'd *Alcippe* hastily, that wou'd deprive us of the pleasure of hearing you speak, I assure you, my dear *Arelise*, that you have yet a whole Day to remain here, and that we shall not begin our Journey till the Morning after to-morrow.

I AM glad to hear it, cry'd *Camilla*, for now the charming *Arelise* cannot dispense with giving us the Satisfaction of this History.

ALL the Company joining *Silviana* to engage her amiable Friend to do what was desired of her ; she no longer resisted their Entreaties, and began her Recital in these terms.



The FORCE OF BLOOD. A Spanish
HISTORY.

IN the Reign of *Ferdinand* and *Isabella* of *Spain*, lived *Don Lewis* of *Zagreda*, one of the most ancient and noble Families in the Kingdom: This Gentleman having passed the Prime of his Years in the Service of his King and Country, retired himself to *Toledo*, a City of *New Castile*, situated on the Borders of the *Tagus*, having now no other Care, than the Education of an only Daughter, whose Wit, Beauty and early Wisdom made him conceive the greatest Hopes of forming an illustrious Alliance for her.

LEOCADIA, for that was the Name of this lovely Person, had passed her first Years under the Tuition of the best of Mothers, who had made such Beginnings in the forming her Mind, as left no room to doubt, if she wou'd one day be the most accomplish'd Lady in all *Spain*. It was the Loss of that dear Wife, that determined *Don Lewis* to quit the Court, not being able to continue in a Place where every thing served to remind him of what was now impossible to be regained.

WOMEN, especially those of Condition, live in so great a Solitude, and observe a Conduct so austere, that the beautiful *Leocadia*, tho' brought up at *Toledo*, was known to very few Persons there. But *Don Lewis*, who had spent some part of his Days in Climates more happy for our Sex, endeavoured to soften the Retirement of his Daughter, by all the Diversions he could give her, without breaking thro' the Customs of his Country.

To this end, he embellished a Country-Seat he had on the Banks of the *Tagus*, at a little distance from *Toledo*, and there procured for her all the Amusements proper

proper for her Age and Condition. Under the presence of that Liberty, which is more allowable in the Country than in great Cities, he permitted Dancing-Masters, and Musick-Masters to assemble and make Concerts, and other Entertainments, to divert this young Beauty and the Women that were with her; and serve as a Relaxation from the study of those more difficult and severer Sciences, which he would have her instructed in; and which, in a small space of time, she grew a perfect Mistress in.

THE Recreations bestowed on her by this indulgent Parent, did not hinder him from keeping the strictest Guard over all her Words and Actions; he looked on her as a Treasure he cou'd never be too jealous of; and whether at *Toledo*, or at his Country-house, he was always with her; and she now being arrived at the Age of fifteen, and as fully accomplished as the best Masters, an unwearied Application, and the finest Genius in the World cou'd make her, he began to look about him for a Husband for her, worthy, by his Birth and Merit, to be possess'd of so inestimable a Jewel; when his Designs were suddenly defeated by the most shocking and terrible of all Misfortunes.

THEY had been some time in the Country, when Don *Lewis* was obliged to return to *Toledo* on extraordinary Business. As it was in the hottest Season of the Year, they did not come out of Doors till the Sun was in his Decline, that *Leocadia* might have the pleasure of walking the little way there was between the City and Country-house.

THE Journey, if it may be so called, when the Extent is not above half a League, was the more delightful, as they never quitted the Banks of the *Tagus*, and had their Eyes agreeably diverted between the Prospect of that fine River on the one side, and the great Diversity of Gardens on the other. They had sent their Equipage before, and reserv'd only one of the Women that attended *Leocadia*, who supported her under one Arm, as her Father did under the other. The Evening was the most pleasant that cou'd

be, they moved slowly on to enjoy the Sweets of it ; and as there was none but themselves on the Road, *Leocadia* threw back her Veil, that she might have the greater Benefit of the Air.

THEY were about the middle of the Way between these two Houses, when they were met by four Gentlemen, well mounted, and magnificently dress'd, who seemed coming from *Toledo*. They no sooner came within reach of distinguishing Objects, than *Leocadia* pulled down her Veil, to prevent them from seeing her Face ; but all the haste she made, was not sufficient to hinder the Lustre of her Charms from striking the Eyes of him, who was the principal of these Travelers. They rode so fast, as they approached *Leocadia* and her Father, that any one, who had seen them, must have imagined they were agitated by the utmost Impatience to be at the Place to which they were going ; but the moment they were pass'd them, he that had cast his Eyes on *Leocadia*, on a sudden relinquished his speed, which obliging his Companions to do so also, this young Man following the Dictates of his impetuous and fiery Disposition, without the least regard to Reason or Honour, spoke to them in this manner.

I KNOW not, said he, if you had time to remark those Persons we just now pass'd ; but for my part, the Beauty of the youngest of the Women has given me a Wound, which I am resolved to cure ——— therefore instead of diverting ourselves, as we designed, in the Country, let us turn back, and second me in bearing off that beautiful Maid ; whose Charms I promise you, you shall share with me, as soon as you have made me Master of them.

THIS Proposal being made to Persons no more discreet nor scrupulous than the Contriver of it, pleased them so well, that they all turned their Horses and rode full speed back after Don *Lewis* ; who little suspecting the Affront, that was going to be offer'd to him, kept on in an equal Pace, not to fatigue *Leocadia* nor incommode himself, whose great Age permitted him not to walk very fast.





I. Basire sculp.

THE Cavaliers overtook their Prey; and having concealed one part of their Faces with their Cloaks, surrounded Don *Lewis*, his Daughter, and her Woman, each with a Sword in one Hand, and a Pistol in the other. Three of them dismounted, while one seized *Leocadia*, and gave her into the Arms of the Chief of the Ravishers, another held Don *Lewis*, and the third, with a Pistol at the Throat of the Woman, prevented her from opposing their Design, by her Cries or Resistance.

RODOLPHO, for that was the Name of their Chief, no sooner had *Leocadia* in his power, than he clapp'd Spurs to his Horse, and was immediately out of sight with his fair Prize, leaving the rest to the Management of his Associates. The unhappy Don *Lewis*, who, in the Fury of his Passion, lost all Remembrance of his Age and Weakness, drew his Sword; but his Forces little answering his Courage, he was presently disarmed and thrown on the Earth, in which state the Ravishers left him with the Woman, who was half dead with fear; and remounting their Horses, went with all speed to *Toledo*, where they did not doubt, but *Rodolpho* was gone before them.

In effect, this daring young Man having made several Tours, in order to evade the Pursuit of any who might follow him, re-enter'd the Town just at the Close of Day, and passing thro' the most unfrequented Streets, arrived at a House where he was but too much Master, and went in by a private Door, of which he had the Key. All this was not done without some time elapsing; but it might have taken up yet more, without any danger of *Leocadia's* being able to do any thing which might put a stop to his Designs. That beautiful Maid having fallen into a Swoon the moment she was seized, had not since recovered the Knowledge of any thing, in spite of the impetuous Course of her Ravisher. But he, who had no Intention to bring her to herself, dismounted softly with her in his Arms, carried her into his Apartment; where shutting himself up with her, he perpetrated in the dark that unwor-

thy Project, her innocent Beauty had inspired him with.

THIS cruel Deed was no sooner committed, than Reflection followed it; the long Swoon *Leocadia* continued in, gave him Opportunity both for the one and the other. Her Reason was not yet returned; but his now freed from those Mists of Passion, which had obscured it, made him see the Deformity of his Crime, and gave birth to a Remorse not less violent than had been the Flame which had made him guilty of it.

To what a degree soever the Manners may be depraved, Virtue will again resume her Empire in those of an illustrious Race, and who have received their first Principles in a generous Education. *Rodolpho* was of a Family, which by its Rank, its Dignities, and Riches, saw nothing above itself, but the Blood Royal. He possessed all the personal Qualities that can render a Man amiable; he was perfectly handsome; had the most graceful Air in the World, and an Infinity of Wit and Spirit; every thing requisite to gain the Heart, seemed to be assembled in him; but these Perfections, which ought to have contributed to his Glory, served only to plunge him into Vice. He was the only Son of Parents, who were but too tender of him; and no sooner perceived, that he had those Qualifications necessary to constitute Merit, than they suffered him to become his own Master, at an Age, when he stood more than ever in need of being governed. Thus, delivered up to himself, and at liberty to live in the great World before he knew it, the Wantonness of Youth shut his Eyes to every thing but Pleasure; and having no other regard in the choice of his Friends, than merely their being well born, he kept little Company except such whose only Recommendation was, indeed, the Blood from which they sprung. Their Faults and their Vices became immediately his: The more debauched, the more unjust and violent their Pleasures were, the more eagerly they pursued them; and imagining their Rank gave them a Privilege for every

every thing, they despised Censure, and committed the most shameful Disorders without fear.

RODOLPHO, who, by the blind Indulgence of his Parents, was left at an entire Liberty, went out and came in at all Hours of the Day or Night; and his Apartment being at some Distance from the rest of the House, gave him a full Scope of doing whatever he pleased in it without Interruption; all his People having Orders not to come near him till he called: And this put him in a Condition to act in the manner I have already describ'd with *Leocadia*, without any fear of being surprized.

BUT, as I was saying, there were still the Seeds of Honour in his Soul, tho' they too frequently lay dormant and unactive. These, now reviving, made him consider on what he had done with Shame and Horror, and the most bitter Reproaches on himself, for the Promise he had made his Friends. He thought, that since he cou'd not restore to *Leocadia* the Honour he had robb'd her of, he ought not to expose her yet more; and seeing, that she had not recovered her Senses, he drew near, and threw some sweet Water on her Face, which making her begin to move a little, he went softly out of the Chamber, and having carefully locked it, hastened to find his Companions; to whom he said, that at the Corner of a certain Street, which he named to them, the Maid had sent forth such piercing Cries, that in the fear of being surprized and known, he had set her down, and made his Escape from her with all the speed he was able.

He recounted this with such an Air of Truth, that they doubted it not in the least; and as their desire was pretty well abated by attending so long, praised him for having left her thus unviolated.

IN the mean time, this unhappy Beauty coming out of her Swoon, and finding herself on a Bed, and in the dark, hesitated not a moment, if she shou'd believe the worst of Misfortunes had befallen her. Tears, and the most rending Sighs, followed this dreadful Knowledge, and the Silence which reigned in that Place, assuring her she was alone, made her give way

to the most vehement Despair. She rose from the Bed, and searched all about the Room for a Window, with a Design to throw herself out, and put an end to a Life she thought she cou'd not pass without Shame; but having opened the Shutters, the great Iron Bars, which reached from the bottom to the top, opposed this cruel Resolution; and the Light of the Moon then coming in, making her perceive the Door, she ran to that, hoping to push back the Lock, and fly from that detested Place before her Ravisher shou'd return.

ALL her Endeavours here being likewise unsuccessful, her Tears again began to flow with their former Violence; but at last, reflecting on every thing that had pass'd, and that Crimes are only worthy of that Name by the Consent which is given to them, that unerring Judge, which Providence has placed in the Breast of every human Being, absolved her from all Guilt; and made her begin to consider she ought less to think of punishing herself, than on the means of being revenged on him, who had committed this Outrage on her Innocence.

THE more she reasoned with herself, the more she was confirmed in this Opinion, and that made her with the utmost Exactness examine every part of the Chamber. She returned to the Windows, and opened them again, that she might have as much Light as possible to distinguish Objects. She found she was in a Place magnificently furnished; the Hangings were of the richest Silk Tapestry, as was also the Carpet on the Floor; the Covering of the Easy-Chairs and Cushions were emboss'd with Gold and Silver. She counted exactly the number of the Chairs, and approaching the Bed, found it was of the rich Embroidery with the rest of the Furniture, with a deep Gold Fringe round the Valens. On the farther side of the Room stood a Cabinet, which shone with Mother of Pearl and other precious Stones; the Key was in it, and venturing to open it, she found in one of the Drawers a Cross, enrich'd with Diamonds, which appeared to be of the Order of *Calatrava*, and was of a prodigious Value. This she put into her Pocket, hoping it might be

be the Instrument of her Revenge. As she was continuing her Examination, she heard a little Noise upon the Stairs, which making her judge some Person was about to enter, she shut the Windows, and sat down in a Chair, fully resolved to make the House echo with her Cries, should any new Insult be offered to her Honour.

It was *Rodolpho*, who having quitted his Companions, was returned with Sentiments and Inclinations very different from those *Leocadia* was apprehensive of. He was no sooner entered than this beautiful Unfortunate, perceiving he came towards her, put him back with one of her Hands, the trembling of which made him know the Terror she was in. Whoever you are, said she, if there is in you the least Shadow of Virtue, content yourself with a Triumph you owe only to my unhappy Swoon; nor aggravate your Crime by an unworthy Repetition of it. And since Night and Silence have been the only Witnesses of my Shame, repair in some sort the Outrage you have done me, by burying all that has pass'd in a profound Oblivion. You know me not, endeavour not to know me; but suffer me to go out of a Place, which cannot but be odious to me, since you have render'd it the Grave of my Innocence ——— This, if you refuse, I will send forth such Cries, as shall bring hither those, whom Sleep or Distance has hitherto prevented from hearing me.

THE Voice of *Leocadia* had something so very sweet in the Sound of it, and the Fright she was in, rendering it yet more touching, every Word she uttered sunk into the very Soul of her Ravisher, and kindled something there he never felt before ——— 'Twas Love indeed, but such a Love as he had not been accustomed to ——— those furious Desires, which render'd him capable of undertaking any thing for their Gratification, were now extinguished in him, and Grief, Respect, and the tenderest Regret succeeded in their place. He stood for some Moments entirely motionless, and had the power of replying no otherwise than by a deep Sigh.

At last, I come not, Madam, said he, with an Intention to give you any new Offence, which wou'd indeed be a thousand times more unpardonable than the Crime I have committed——I wish to Heaven, there were a Possibility of repairing the Injury I have done you, tho' it were at the expence of the best part of my Blood; but you are sufficiently revenged by my Remorse, and the horrible Disorders with which my Soul is agitated——It is not that I fear your Cries wou'd draw hither any Witnesses of my Behaviour, all your Efforts that way, alas! wou'd be unavailing. If I had yet remaining any Inclinations of the same Nature with those, which compell'd me to the Act I have been guilty of, I am absolute Master here, and none dare offer to intrude without my Permission——'Tis to my own Conversion alone, you are indebted for a Defence against any future Insults——and such a Defence as you may assure yourself will not deceive you——Be comforted then, as much as the Situation you are in will permit, and leave to the guilty Wretch the Pangs of a too late Repentance——To convince you of my Sincerity, I am ready this moment to conduct you wherever you shall command, without making any Attempt directly or indirectly, to know either who, or what you are; but in return, you must permit me to put a Bandage over your Eyes, to prevent your having any guess at him, who can be no other than the Object of your Hate——You must hate me, I am sensible; I can expect no other, continued he, with a Sigh, which seemed to burst the Bosom it issued from: But I wou'd have the Consolation to conceal from you the Author of your Misfortune, as it will be a Gratification of your Revenge, to leave me in ignorance of her Name and Condition, whose Charms will never quit my Memory.

THESE Words made *Leocadia* think it was best for her not to delay accepting his Offer; and impatient to quit that House, I take you at your Word, said she, and wou'd consent you shou'd shut my Eyes for ever, rather than detain me here a Moment. Then *Rodolpho*, having ty'd a Handkerchief before her Eyes, and
 wrapp'd

wrapp'd himself in his Cloak, opened the Door, and taking her under the Arm, led her down as softly as he had brought her in. *Leocadia* telling him, she desired, he wou'd leave her in the great Street of *Toledo*, he conducted her there, after having made several Turns, to the end that she might not know from what part of the Town she came.

BUT if these Precautions hindered her from being able to guess where he lived; the particulars she had remarked in his Apartment, never went out of her Memory; she also counted the number of Stairs as she descended, and all this, with the Cross she had taken, gave her so strong a hope of discovering the Man on whom her Vengeance ought to fall, that she attempted not to loosen the Handkerchief before her Eyes, nor oppose any of the Measures he took for the Concealment of himself.

WHEN they were come into the Street *Leocadia* had mentioned, You may now, said *Rodolpho*, letting go her Arm, direct your Steps wherever you desire, without fear of being followed; no indiscreet Regard shall trouble your Retreat. Adieu, continued he, and if my punctual Observance of the Promise I have made you, may be looked upon as a Proof of my Regret for having offended you, you will make no Efforts to know who I am.

WITH these Words he turned from her, and ran down a Street which was behind that in which she was, leaving her at liberty to pluck the Bandage from her Eyes, and return to her House. But tho' he wou'd not forfeit his Honour in following her, he went not so far, but that he might with ease have heard her Cries, in case any Person seeing her alone at that time of night, had attempted to do her wrong, being resolved to defend her at the hazard of his Life; but after having listned a long time, and hearing nothing that might make him think there was any Danger for her, he went home with a Soul full of Remorse, Shame and Grief.

As for *Leocadia*, she no sooner found she was alone than she took the Handkerchief from her Face,
and

and without daring even to turn her Head, ran directly to a Church which was in that Street, where having waited in the Porch some time, and looked round her on all sides, persuaded that no Person had followed her, she resumed the way to the House of her Father, whom she found in a Consternation, which is hardly to be equal'd, but can never be describ'd.

THIS unhappy old Gentleman, whom the Ravishers had left disarmed on the Ground, having raised himself, and seeing none near him, but the Woman who had attended his Daughter, and who from the moment of her Lady's being carried off, had been deprived of Speech, he went to her, and contributed all in his power for her Recovery: She at length came to herself, and they went together to *Toledo*, and into his House, without either the one or the other, the whole way they walked, being able to give any Cessation to the Torrents of their Tears. Don *Lewis* sent his People to all Parts, in hopes they might bring some Discovery, which way the Ravishers had taken; but they all returning without being able to hear any thing of the Persons he described, he abandoned himself to the most violent despair, not knowing what Course to take in this Extremity. He was waiting with Impatience for the Day, that he might advise with his Friends, what was best for him to do; when about three a clock in the Morning *Leocadia*, by her Arrival, calmed a great part of the Agitations he had been in.

ALL the Family were up, when she came, none daring to take any Repose, at a time when their Master was in Agonies which would not suffer him to think of Rest. She no sooner knocked at the Door, than it was opened, and most of the Servants being in the Hall, every one was eager to run to Don *Lewis*, and give the first Intelligence of her Return. This tender Father, who never hoped to see her more, received her with Transports of joy, such as were near depriving him of the small Stock of Breath he had left. But had he marked her Tears, the great abundance which fell from her fair Eyes, while he held her in

his Arms in the most strict Embrace, he would not have needed the help of Words to inform him what had befallen her. At first, she answered his Endearments, but with Sighs; and he regarding not those Testimonies of her Grief, in the present Hurry of his Spirits, she cry'd out, Oh, my Father! moderate those precious Proofs of your Tendernefs and Affection, I am no longer worthy of them; and if I come to throw myself once more at your Feet, 'tis but to expire there with Shame and Grief.

THESE cruel Words put a sudden Check to the Satisfaction of Don *Lewis*; but he was prepared for all before he saw her; he imagined nothing less than the worst Calamity had happened to her, and now he did see her, he cou'd not be totally discomfited. Willing, however, to know the whole Truth, he order'd all his People to leave the Room, and having shut himself up with her, commanded her to explain what had obliged her to speak in that manner to him, and not to conceal the least tittle from his Knowledge.

ALL modest and timid as Innocence is, it becomes bold, when it has nothing wherewith to reproach itself; and tho' *Leocadia* wou'd have blush'd to death, if any other had recited such an Adventure before her, she made no scruple of relating her own to Don *Lewis*, with that Simplicity which is always the Companion of Truth, but cou'd not do it without manifesting a Horror at the Remembrance of what had been done; which made her Father tremble, lest she shou'd not be able to overcome it.

HE cou'd not avoid being seiz'd with the most poignant Concern and Rage, at so cruel an Affront; but the Condition she was in, made him dissemble it all he cou'd, and endeavour to console the beautiful Afflicted, by the most undeniable Proofs of paternal Affection.

LEOCADIA, said he, Faults are personal, and Guilt belongs to those who commit Crimes. The Misfortune that has happened to you, has not robb'd you of your Wisdom or Purity of Mind——You are no less worthy than before of the Blood whence you sprung, nor of the tender Care I ever shall have for
you

you——As to the Revenge you seem so ardently to desire, we must wait an Opportunity for it in a profound Silence.——According to your Report, and the Cross which you shew me, your Ravisher is of a Rank superior to mine : If we make a noise of this Affair, and, demanding Justice, produce that which may make him known, his Authority may perhaps render our Complainings vain ; and irritated by our Pursuit, he may attempt to vindicate his own Honour, by alledging things against you, which may cast an everlasting Blemish on yours ; and we must then remain without either Glory or Revenge. —— Your Shame is now without Witnesses, let us not call any ——if he, who has done you this Outrage, truly repents him of it, he will dread some Punishment from that unerring Judge, from whom no Crimes are hid, and whom he dare not contradict——Thus, not knowing you, nor seeking to know you, and fearing himself, that so base an Action should come to light, it will rest in the same Darkness in which it was committed——But, if, on the contrary, by any indiscreet Words, he has the Boldness to make known the Adventure, then discovering who he is, without his being able to guess at us, you may depend on me to contrive means for your Revenge, without obliging your Honour to be called in question.

THEREFORE, my dear *Leocadia*, continued he, embracing her, be careful of this dreadful Secret——forget your Misfortune in the Caresses of a Father, who will never cease to love you, and remit the rest to the omnipotent Supporter and Protector of Innocence.

A Discourse so wise and so judicious, worked the Effect it merited and expected. *Leocadia* found herself less unhappy in finding her Father become her Consoler. Her Disaster lost great part of its former Horror, now this dear Parent vouchsafed to be her Confidant and her Revenger ; and therefore, in obedience to his Will, endeavour'd nothing more than to banish from his Memory all Thoughts of this Adventure, and to seem forgetful of it herself.

BUT

BUT this Interval of Tranquillity lasted not long; a little time after convinced her, that she bore about her apparent Consequences of that unhappy Accident; then did her Complaints and Lamentations begin again, with greater force than ever. Her Father, to whom she discovered the State in which she was, had now not power to calm the Excess of her Grief. However, as there was an absolute Necessity of confiding in some one or other in this Extremity, *Leocadia* by the Consent of Don *Lewis*, chose from among her Women, she who had been present when she was carried off; and whose Fidelity and true Attachment to the Family was well known to her.

THIS Maid, who had been brought up in Don *Lewis*'s House, had taken so tender an Affection for *Leocadia*, that nothing that concerned that Lady cou'd escape her Penetration. The profound Melancholy she had been in since that Accident; the Sighs which every Moment issued from her; the Tears she frequently found her bathed in, had made her suspect part of the Truth: But the Respect she had for her, obliged her to conceal her Sentiments, and had always hindered her from letting fall one Word, which shou'd make the other imagine, she was more discerning than she wou'd have her. And when *Leocadia*, with Don *Lewis*, had taken a Resolution to trust their Secret with her, she was much less surprized at the Knowledge of it, than sensible of this Mark of their Confidence.

LUCIA, for that was her Name, assured her Mistress of an inviolable Fidelity, and promised to serve her on this Occasion with so much Zeal and Exactness, that no Person in the World should be able to discover the State she was in, nor that she must submit to in a small time.

THIS new Confidante was a great Consolation to *Leocadia*; the Modesty of her Sex not suffering her to disburden her Heart intirely to Don *Lewis*, she found an Infinity of Ease in speaking without reserve to her Friend. *Lucia* had that Title more than any of her Domesticks, being descended of a noble Family,
but

but poor, and that had obliged her Parents to put her to the Mother of *Leocadia*; and being educated under her, was inspired with the same Sentiments of Virtue and Honour. She was some Years older than *Leocadia*, which rendered her less scrupulous of speaking freely her Thoughts to her young Lady, than that timid Innocence, which looks on every little Liberty as a Crime.

WHEN *Lucia* was intirely initiated into this Mystery, she often made it the Subject of her Conversation with *Leocadia*; and this Lady, by being accustomed to be entertained by her in this Affair, grew at last bold enough to speak of it herself, and confess to her, tho' not without an Extremity of blushing, that the Respect, and the Repentance that her Ravisher had testified in his last Action, had touched her Heart; and that, in spite of the Horror this cruel Adventure had given her, she had not for the Author of it that Hate she ought to have; and that since she knew she shou'd be a Mother, it was not possible for her to maintain those Desires of Revenge against a Man, who was the Father of the Infant she was going to bring into the World.

THESE Sentiments, which tho' they cou'd not be called the Effects of Love, proceeded from something nearly approaching to that Passion, and seemed so natural to *Lucia*, that finding but weak Reasons to combat against them, she made use of only such, as might keep *Leocadia* from indulging a fruitless Flame for a Person, whom, in all probability, she wou'd never see, or seeing, never know: And this prudent Girl knew so well how to infuse into her Mind the Principles which she thought wou'd be of most service to her, that by degrees she divided her Ideas, and preserved all the Tendernefs for the Child, while she estranged from her Heart all vain Regards for the Father. 'Twas thus the time passed on, till the time arrived, when *Leocadia* presented her Father with a Grandson, whose Birth was celebrated only by a Torrent of Tears.

HOWEVER,

HOWEVER, Don *Lewis de Zagreda*, assisted by the industrious *Lucia*, took such Precautions, that all the rest of the Family were intirely ignorant of *Leocadia's* Distemper. *Lucia* had provided a Nurse long before the time, to whom she said, that a Person of her Acquaintance, who lived in the Country, was to come and lie-in at *Toledo*, and that she wou'd bring her to her as soon as the Child was born; but that being the least of her Intentions, *Leocadia* was no sooner delivered, than she took the Babe, and having carefully wrapp'd it up, put it into a little Basket, and carried it out of the House, in the sight of every body, who little suspected what Burden it was, she had under her Arm. She then gave it into the Charge of the Nurse, telling her, that the Mother expired in bringing it into the World, and that it would be wholly insignificant for her to go into a House which was all in Confusion. These Words being accompanied with a large Purse of Gold, prevented the Nurse from concerning herself about the Truth of what was said to her. Thus they parted; the one with an Assurance, that she wou'd be frequent in her Visits, and the other protesting, she wou'd take all possible Care of the Charge committed to her.

NEITHER of them failed in the Promise made each other; the Tenderness of the Nurse appeared in the Countenance of the Child; and *Lucia*, who went there three or four times every Week, had the Satisfaction to acquaint *Leocadia*, she had not been deceived in the Choice she had made.

THIS beautiful Lady regain'd her Health in a short time, and all her Charms seem'd to shine with greater Lustre than before her Indisposition; but she pass'd her Days in so close a Solitude, and so shut up from the World, that her own Family were the only Witnesses of the Progress of her Perfections.

DON *Lewis* perceiving that she grew now to an advanced Age, for so they call it after fifteen, and that there was now no Appearance of ever being able to discover the Author of her Misfortune, was continually persuading her to think on Marriage, telling her, if
she

she wou'd once resolve to enter into that State, he wou'd take care to provide a Husband for her, such as she cou'd not but approve: But she entreated and conjured him, in such pressing Terms, not to constrain her Inclinations, which, she assured him, were wholly averse to any Engagements of that nature, that he at length gave over, and permitted her to live according to her own Humour.

LUCIA still continued her Visits to the Infant, whom they named *Carlos*, and the Affair was too beneficial to the Nurse, for her not to do all the Offices of her Function with the greatest Assiduity; but he was no sooner arrived at that Age, wherein Children are ordinarily taken from Nurse, than Don *Lewis* made him be brought to his House, as the Son of a Brother he had in *Valencia*, who had been sent to *Toledo*, to be brought up under his Care.

IN the Title of his Nephew, he was allowed such Education, as befitted a Child of his Age and Condition; *Leocadia*, who, to the Eyes of the World, appeared but as his Cousin, took the extremest Care of him; and her Tendernefs for him was the greater, as having no Husband to claim a part, he was the sole Object of that Love her Heart abounded with. The Beauty of the young Don *Carlos*, the Vivacity of his Wit, which he made known even in the first Words he spoke, and the extreme Fondness he testified for *Leocadia* and Don *Lewis*, rendered him so dear to them, that they were some Moments in which they hesitated, if they shou'd be sorry for the Accident, which occasioned the Birth of so promising a young Charmer.

HIS Reason and good Understanding advanced so fast above his Years, that Don *Lewis* found himself obliged to provide Masters for him long before he attained to that Age, in which Boys are generally taken from the Tuition of the Women; and this early beginning rendered him, at seven Years old, the Prodigy of the Time he lived in. It was then he began to make appear part of those Graces, which might be expected in Maturity—— Besides the Beauty of his Face,
and

and the admirable Proportion of his Limbs, he had a certain Air of Greatness which distinguish'd him above all those of his Age, who were admitted to partake of his innocent Pleasures, a Wit solid and penetrating, accompanied with the most charming Sprightliness, and something so undescribably attractive in his Person and Actions, as made it absolutely impossible to see him without loving.

HE had no other Likeness of his Mother, than somewhat of the Air of the Family ; and his Beauty being entirely different from hers, destroyed all the Ideas that might be formed of a more near Proximity : But this difference made *Leocadia* judge, that he resembled his Father, and strengthened insensibly in her Soul the Inclination she had for the Father, without ever having seen him.

IF my Ravisher, said she to her Confidante, has given me his Picture in this amiable Child, how unhappy am I, my dear *Lucia*, to have been able to inspire him with no more than a blind, lawless, and transient Passion ; and how blest might I have been, cou'd I have made him burn with a Flame more worthy of me !—— Oh ! how shou'd I have loved him, continued she, with a deep Sigh, and how greatly is my Fate to be deplored !

SEVEN Years being now entirely passed over in these Reflections and Regrets, and neither *Leocadia* or Don *Lewis* her Father, yet able to discover any thing concerning her Rape, they began to lose all hope of it ; and to suffer themselves to be taken up with no other care than that of the Education of Don *Carlos*, who was now their only Consolation, when a new Misfortune arrived to disturb the Tranquillity they expected to enjoy.

THIS beloved Child was one Day diverting himself with some of his young Companions, in a Place pretty distant from Don *Lewis's* House, having with him only one *Valet de Chambre*, who had Orders never to be out of his sight. The Vivacity of his Nature making him run too precipitately along the side of a Road, he happened to fall down in the Instant
that

that a Chariot, drawn with eight Mules, who seem'd rather to fly than march, was coming that way, and in its rapid Course went over his Body, leaving him, in all appearance, dead. At this Accident, the Cries of the People, and of those who were in the Chariot, obliged him that drove it, to put a stop to his Career. Then the Count *de Ribeiros*, a Grandee of *Spain*, and the Countess his Spouse, to whom that Equipage belong'd, descended hastily from the Chariot, and excited by Compassion and Generosity, ran to the young *Carlos*, and took him in their Arms. His excellent Beauty, in spite of the Blood that discolour'd his Face, so struck their Eyes, and Grief for so sad a Chance, had penetrated their Hearts with such a Tendernefs for him, that they wou'd permit no body to touch him, but themselves; and finding he had yet Life in him, remounted with him, laying him across their Knees, and, in that Posture, carried him to their Palace, where they made him be put into a Bed; and the best Surgeons were immediately sent for, to take care of the Hurts he had received.

THIS amiable Child, who had regain'd his Spirits, by the tender Caresses given him by the Count and Countess, remembred what had happened to him; and finding himself between the Arms of Persons unknown to him, and in a magnificent Bed and Apartment, seem'd neither abashed nor disconcerted at it; but returned the Embraces they gave him with so charming a Grace, as perfectly astonish'd Don *Fernand de Ribeiros*, and *Stephanie* his Spouse; who confessed they had never seen any thing so worthy their Admiration. But giving Truce to their tender Civilities, that he might have his Wounds dress'd, they heard with an inexpressible Joy, that he had none mortal, having only some light Contusions on his Body, and one Cut in his Head, which, thro' care, wou'd be no way dangerous, and was the only Place, whence the Blood issued, which had given them so much Terror for him. The Surgeons, however, after having applied proper things to him, order'd he shou'd not be oblig'd to speak much.

THE

THE Countess *de Ribeiros* sat on the side of the Bed, nor wou'd be separated from him; and as the Habit he had on, was rich enough to make her think he was of an elevated Condition, she prayed him, kissing him at the same time with the utmost Tenderness, to tell her his Name, and that of his Family: On which, without the least hesitation, and with an Air that charmed her more than ever, I am called *Carlos*, said he, and am Nephew to Don *Lewis de Zagreda*, who loves me as his Son, and who, without doubt, wou'd have been already here, if he had been informed of this Accident. While he was speaking, the Eyes of the Count and Countess swam in Tears in spite of them; and they felt the same Emotions of Love, Admiration and Compassion for this charming Boy, as they wou'd have done for one of their own Blood.

HE had no sooner named Don *Lewis de Zagreda*, than the Count *de Ribeiros*, who knew him perfectly, ordered a Chariot to be made ready to fetch him to his Palace.

IN the mean time, the Valet, who had been witness of the Misfortune of Don *Carlos*, not doubting but he was dead, and almost out of himself with Despair, ran home, and in the most frantick manner related the dreadful Tidings to Don *Lewis*. *Leocadia* was present when he came in, and forgetting all the Reasons she had to conceal how nearly she was interested in his Fate, flew directly to the Place where the Servant told her he had left him. A great Number of People having assembled themselves there, she was told by them, without Order or Congruity, the Accident of the Child, and the generous Behaviour of the Count and Countess, every one relating it after a different Fashion; but *Leocadia* finding, in the end, that he was in their Palace, wou'd have run thither on foot, tho' it was at a considerable distance, if Don *Lewis* had not come that Moment with his Equipage, and they went together.

THEY entered just as the Count had given orders for the Chariot to fetch Don *Lewis*; and News was

no sooner brought him of their Arrival, than both he and the Countess came to receive them.

I AM extremely troubled, said the Count to Don *Lewis*, that to so unhappy an Occasion I owe the Honour of seeing you here ; but, Signior Don *Lewis*, be comforted, I assure you, there is nothing to fear for your admirable Nephew ; with whom the Countess and myself are so much charmed, that he is no less dear to us than to yourself.

WHILE they held this Discourse, and Don *Lewis* was replying with all the Respect due to the great Quality of Don *Fernand de Ribeiros* ; the Countess embraced *Leocadia*, who having lifted up her Veil, discovered so perfect a Beauty, that the other retreated some Steps, to satisfy the Astonishment the Sight of so many Charms had inspired her with. Ah ! cry'd she, renewing her Caresses, has Don *Lewis* all this time concealed an Angel in his House ? ——— Has he been in possession of such a Treasure as this, and wou'd suffer none of his Friends to congratulate him upon it ? ——— *Leocadia* reply'd to these Words, with a Wisdom and Modesty, which compleated the gaining of *Stephania's* Heart, who, taking her by the Hand, conducted her to the Apartment where they had put Don *Carlos*, while the Count did the same by Don *Lewis*.

WHEN this beautiful Child perceived them coming into the Room, he raised himself upon his Pillow, and stretching out his Arms, Signior, said he, addressing himself to Don *Lewis*, the Hurts I have sustained are nothing in comparison with the Honours I have received from the Generosity of these noble Persons. Don *Lewis* embraced him with Tears of Joy ; and judging of *Leocadia's* Impatience, withdrew to give her place. The Caresses she gave her Son, and those she received from him, were so lively and touching, that Don *Lewis* fearing they would appear extraordinary to the Count and Countess, who never had their Eyes off Don *Carlos*, endeavoured to divert their Attention by speaking in this manner :

MY Daughter, said he, has taken upon herself the care of bringing up this Child ; she loves him with the
same

same Tendernefs as if he were her Brother ; therefore the Transports ſhe is in, at finding him in a Condition ſo much lefs to be feared than ſhe expected, cannot be wondered at.

I BELIEVE there are none that can avoid loving him, reply'd *Stephania* ; the firſt moment I beheld him, I felt for him, Sentiments equal to thoſe I muſt have been inſpired with at the ſight of my own Son, in ſo dreadful a Situation.—Alas ! continued ſhe, obliging them to fit, every Look of his brings to my mind the firſt Years of a Son ſo dear to me, that his long Abſence ſpreads a Night of Sadnefs over all my Happinefs.—It is now, purſued ſhe, burſting into Tears, near ſeven Years ſince he has quitted us in ſo cruel and ſo ſtrange a manner as never will go out of my Memory——We were four Years without knowing to what Part of the World his Travels were directed, or if he were yet living,——and ſince we have been informed he is in *Flanders*, we are not leſs afflicted by his obſtinate refuſing to return. Pardon me, Don *Lewis*, added ſhe, that I entertain you with things in which you can have no Concern ; but Don *Carlos* is the Cauſe. All his Perſon and his Behaviour are accompanied with thoſe Graces I found in my Son, when of his Age ; and tho' he was twenty three Years old when he departed, yet had he not loſt that Delicacy in his Features and Complexion, which I now ſee in this amiable Child——In ſine, there is ſo perfect a Reſemblance between them, as ſurprizes me, pleaſes me, and at the ſame time pains me.

DURING this Diſcourſe, *Leocadia* being a little recovered from the Trouble and Confuſion the Miſfortune of Don *Carlos* had involved her in, began to be more attentive to the Objects that offered themſelves to her View. The Magnificence of the Apartment attracted her Eyes, and put her in mind of that where her Unhappinefs had commenced. She ſaw a Cabinet exactly reſembling that whence ſhe had taken the Croſs : She ſaw the Windows of the Room defended by great Iron Bars from top to bottom, juſt as ſhe had found thoſe ſhe had endeavoured to make her Eſcape from,

from, the Night of her Ravishment. The Form of the Chamber was also the same with that; the Door, the Bed, and all the moveables were alike placed; and the more she looked about her, the more her Heart was agitated: But continuing to examine every thing, she remembred the Tapistry, the Gold Fringe, the emboss'd Work of the Chairs, which were of the same number with those she had counted that fatal Night; and all conforming with a Place so ever present to her Thoughts, an universal Shivering seized on every Part, and the last Words of *Stephania* compleating the Assurance of what she cou'd not but before imagine, she fell in a Swoon, in the Arms of that Lady near whom she was sitting.

The End of the first Part.





VOL. IV. PART II.

 SEQUEL of the
SEVENTEENTH DAY.


O unexpected an Accident filled every one with Surprize and Grief: Don *Lewis* supposing it only to proceed from the Remains of that Terror she had been in for Don *Carlos*, intreated the Countess, that she might be conducted into another Room, for the Benefit of the Air, that being kept extremely close on account of the Child. *Stephania*, who had the same Imagination, made one of her Women take *Leocadia* under one Arm, while she supported her under the other, and so led her into her own Apartment, where was a large Balcony open to a magnificent Garden.

THERE the Countess, assisted by her Women, unfastned her Garments, doing all they cou'd for her Recovery; but perceiving, that the more of her was unveil'd, the more Graces she discovered, they cou'd not help

giving her such Praises, one to the other, as had she been capable of hearing, would have made her almost die with Shame. The sweet Water, however, that they threw on her Face, and the Air at length restored her Spirits; and finding herself half naked among so many People, a modest Crimson covered all her Face, at the same instant that a Torrent of Tears, too long restrain'd, burst, with the utmost violence, from her eyes. The Countess was pierced to the Heart, to see her in this Pity-moving Posture, and tenderly kissing her; Beautiful *Leocadia*, said she, recollect yourself, and calm these Transports of a Grief, for which there is no Cause; I do assure you, there is nothing to fear for *Don Carlos*; disturb not then, the Joy we have to find him in so good a State, by putting us into new Apprehensions for you.

LEOCADIA could no otherwise reply to these obliging Words, than by kissing the hands of her who spoke them, and bathing them with her Tears; while, at the same time, her Bosom sent forth Sighs so deep, and in such swift Succession, as gave the other sufficient room to imagine, something of greater Consequence to her, than the Indisposition of *Don Carlos*, was the Subject of so extraordinary an Affection. In this Conjecture, having made all her Women withdraw, she took the disconsolate Beauty in her Arms, and embracing her with all the Marks of an unfeigned Affection, Charming *Leocadia*, said she, if the Agitations I see you in, are occasioned by any Misfortune more considerable than the Accident that has happened to your Cousin; and if you think I love, and am capable of serving you, I entreat, I conjure you to declare it to me. I am resolved, that neither you nor *Don Carlos* shall depart from my House, till his Cure is fully perfected——therefore, look on me as your Friend——as your Mother; in fine, as a Woman who feels both for you and him, the most tender Emotions.

How happy wou'd it be for me, Madam, answered *Leocadia*, and how much more happy than it is now miserable, wou'd my Condition be, if I were sure you wou'd always retain the same Sentiments! But,

con-

continued she, I must make a Proof of it,—my Fate obliges me to do it, whatever shall be the Consequence. —I have a surprizing Story, Madam, to acquaint you with—I risque every thing in discovering it, but your Goodness, and those interior Motions you speak of, in favour of Don *Carlos*, makes me think I should risque yet more in keeping silence —But, Madam, added she, permit my Father may come into this Room, and that he alone may be witness of the Secret I am about to confide in you —You may afterwards make what use you please of it, and are at liberty to communicate it to the Count your Spouse.

STEPHANIA, whose Curiosity, as well as Tenderness, was greatly heightened by these Words, sent for Don *Lewis*, to come into her Apartment, and desired the Count to remain in that of Don *Carlos*, for Reasons which she bid her Woman tell him he should after be informed of. Her Will was punctually observ'd; and as soon as Don *Lewis* entered, Signior, said *Leocadia* to him, it is now time to break that silence we have so long preserved; but before I begin the Account I am to give, if you have about you the Jewel I committed to your Charge, I beg you will shew it to Madam the Countess, perhaps she may have some Knowledge of the Owner.

Don *Lewis* was in the utmost Confirmation at this Discourse of his Daughter; but knowing her Modesty and Prudence, judged she must have strong Convictions to enable her to take such a Resolution; and immediately took a Box out of his Pocket, which he always carried about him, and having opened it, presented to the Countess that Diamond Cross, *Leocadia* had taken from the Cabinet of her Ravisher. I never, said he, go without this, in hope the Justice of Heaven will, in some lucky Hour, discover to me the Master.

STEPHANIA had no sooner cast her Eyes upon it, than, without regarding the last Words of Don *Lewis*, —Have I, cry'd she, some Knowledge of the Owner of this Cross! who can doubt it, since it belongs to my *Rodolpho*! that dear Son of whom you heard me speak —it was a Present to him from the Queen,

that Day that their Majesties honoured him with the Order of *Calatrava*:—I thought he had taken it with him, and cannot comprehend by what Chance it fell into your Hands.

It was by an Adventure, replied *Leocadia*, so cruel to me, that I cannot remember it without Horror: Then, with a Voice frequently interrupted with Sighs, she recounted all that passed between her and her Ravisher, not forgetting any Circumstance which might prove the Truth of her Words, and the Manner by which she came by the Cross. The exact Resemblance, continued she, between the Chamber whence I took this Jewel, and that wherein I found my Son, and that which you say is between the Features of your Son and this Child, and the time you tell me *Rodolpho* has been gone, all serve to confirm me, I have no where else to seek the Undoer of my Honour. Fear, Hope and Grief, on the first Surprise, threw me into the Condition you have seen: All that perplexes me, is, that I passed that fatal Night thro' a great Court, which at my Entrance to day I did not, and that little expecting the Discovery I now have made, I did not count the Number of the Stairs; but well I remember, those my Ravisher made me descend were fifteen.

'Tis enough, cried the Countess, throwing herself, all in Tears, on the Neck of *Leocadia*; there needs no more to prove, it is my own Blood that runs in the Veins of *Don Carlos*——my immediate Inclinations for him, the Agonies I felt at seeing him hurt, the Pleasure it gave me to embrace him, and the exact Similitude between him and *Rodolpho*, are greater Assurances to me than all your Observations——My dear *Leocadia*, added she, henceforward I shall regard you as my Daughter; and as those things which we call Misfortunes, are sometimes our greatest Blessings, let us all join in Thanks to Heaven for this——*Rodolpho*, who, no doubt, has suffered for his Crime, will find the Reward of his Sufferings, in being united forever to a Person the most worthy in the World of him——and you, my lovely Daughter, will taste the Sweets
of

of Happiness in a more elevated Degree, than if you had never known a contrary State.

THEN, impatient that the Count *de Rebeiros* was so long ignorant of the Subject of their Entertainment, she made him be called; and without giving him time to speak to Don *Lewis* or his Daughter, recited to him all that she had learned from *Leocadia*.

THIS Nobleman, to whom Honour was ever sacred, and who look'd on Justice as a Virtue most becoming the Dignity of Man, had the same Sentiments on this Affair as his illustrious Spouse; and as Nature had work'd no less strongly in him at the Sight of Don *Carlos*, he was as strongly convinced of the Truths told him. He embraced Don *Lewis*, and conjured him to forget the Crime of *Rodolpho*, since he wou'd make him repair it so gloriously to *Leocadia*, that nothing shou'd be wanting to her Satisfaction——Then turning to *Leocadia*, he gave her Caresses not inferior in Tenderness to those she had received from *Stephania*. But the Soul of this beautiful Lady was wholly dissolved in Joy and Gratitude; she threw herself at his Feet, in spite of the Efforts he made to hinder her, and not being able to find Words expressive enough to make known what passed in her Heart, she embraced his Knees, then those of the Countess, kiss'd their Hands; and in this dumb Rhetorick, testified, better than her Tongue cou'd have done, the Excess of her Contentment.

At last, Don *Fernand* rais'd her from the Ground, and taking her in his Arms, and calling her a thousand times his dearest Daughter, entreated her to give over her Tears, and her too great Respects; told her, he look'd on her Alliance as honourable, and that if there was some difference between his Estate and that of Don *Lewis*, he thought himself happy in the Advantage, only because it gave him power to render her one of the richest Women in all *Spain*. These generous Expressions cou'd not be unanswered in the most thankful manner by Don *Lewis*, who, in spite of the Nobility of his Blood, had never hoped to give his Daughter a Husband of the Rank of the Count *de Ribeiros*.

WHEN the first Transports of Joy and Gratitude were a little over, *Stephania* told *Leocadia*, that she had not been deceived in any thing she had remarked in her Palace; that the Door by which *Rodolpho* used ordinarily to enter his Apartment, was in another Court, which had an Entry at the foot of the Stairs, the Number of which was as she had said. And I am no longer astonished, pursued she, at the strange Fashion in which he quitted us, nor the obscure Meaning contain'd in that Letter we found in his Chamber, after his Departure, address'd to his Father: According to the Date of that Letter, and the time of *Leocadia's* being carry'd off, it must be wrote the next day after. We had been many days without seeing him, and our blind Affection having given him too great a Liberty, we were beginning to repent ourselves of it; and being greatly disquieted to hear he had made choice of Persons for his Companions and Friends, who were irregular in their Conduct, and dangerous in their Principles, we were consulting on measures to draw him off from such Society, when one of his People brought us a Letter which he had left on his Table.

IN speaking this, the Countess opened a little fillagrene Trunk, that stood upon her Toilet, and having taken out a Paper, read it to Don *Lewis* and *Leocadia*; it contained these Words.

To the Count DE RIBEIROS.

“ My Lord,

“ **T**HE Folly and Wantonneſs of Youth have made
 “ me act in a manner ſo little worthy of my
 “ Birth, or that noble Education you have given me,
 “ that I cannot, without ſhame, appear before your
 “ Eyes, or remain any longer in *Toledo*——The Re-
 “ membrance of my Faults fills me with ſuch an abun-
 “ dant Horror, that I ſhou'd think it happy for me, if
 “ this laſt Night were the laſt of my Life——I therefore
 “ go to ſearch in other Countries thoſe glorious Princi-
 “ ples of Honour and Virtue you have endeavour'd to
 “ inſpire

“ inspire me with ; ——— where, if my Remorse for
 “ what I have done does not quit me, at least, my Vi-
 “ ces will not follow me, and you will have no further
 “ Cause to blush for having given to the World,

“ The unfortunate RODOLPHO.

THIS Letter, said Don *Fernand*, involved us in the utmost Perplexity ; we cou'd not guess of what Fault, or what Misfortune it was he spoke ; but being too well assur'd his Conduct had been irregular, I was not sorry he had taken a Resolution to travel : As we cou'd not, on the most diligent Enquiry, hear to what place he was gone, we concluded he went *incognito*, and by a fictitious Name. ——— You must believe, however, the Trouble it gave us both, especially *Stephania*, when a long Course of time roll'd on, without either seeing him return, or being able to learn the least News concerning him ——— It is not yet three Months since an Accident discovered to us that he was in *Flanders* ; since which we have wrote several Letters to him, filled with Persuasions to return, but altogether in vain. He gave us for Answer, that Death would be less terrible to him, than the sight of *Toledo* ——— But, continued the Count, he shall no longer be Master of himself, I will send one of my Gentlemen post to him, who shall not quit him, till he has brought him to me.

THIS Resolution of the Count *de Ribeiros* was immediately put in practice ; the Gentleman was dispatched, with Letters the most pressing that could be, and the most positive Command to *Rodolpho* to return without delay. While Don *Fernand* and *Stephania* were thus employ'd, *Leocadia* passed the time with Don *Carlos*, now giving a Loose to all her Tenderness, and indulging herself for the first time in calling him her Son, and accompanying her Words with Millions of Kisses, all which the Child returned with the same Ardency ; but not being accustomed to the tender Title she gave him, and not daring to call her Mother, was demanding the Reason ; when the Countess, having done writing, came into the Chamber,
 and

and hearing the witty manner in which he questioned *Leocadia*, drew near to him, and taking him by the Hand, Yes, don *Carlos*, said she, the incomparable *Leocadia* is no longer your Cousin, but your Mother, nor must you call her by any other Name henceforth.

THIS amiable Child, far from being astonished at so unexpected a Piece of News, stretched out his Arms to *Leocadia*, and repaid with Usury all the Caresses she had given him: I am charm'd, cried he, I am charm'd to find I have such a Mother; ——— but who then is my Father? Will you not give me a Father also? Yes, I promise you, replied *Stephania*, who took an extreme Pleasure in hearing him speak, and you shall know him very soon.

THE greatest part of the Day was taken up in these Endearments; and the Count and Countess being absolutely resolved not to part with *Leocadia*, obliged her to consent to remain in their Palace, where they allotted her a magnificent Apartment adjoining to their own; and as Don *Carlos* seemed too far from them in that of *Rodolpho*, they made him be removed to a fine Pavillion at the end of a Gallery, which led to the Countess's Antichamber. In fine, nothing could be added to what the Count *de Ribeiros* and *Stephania* did, on this Occasion, to express the real Affection they had both for the Mother and the Son; and Don *Lewis*, who wou'd not be prevailed on to stay, returned to his House, more overwhelmed with Joy and Gratitude, than he had left it with Concern and Grief.

THE beautiful *Leocadia* wou'd have none of her own Women to attend her in this Palace, but the faithful *Lucia*; not only because she wou'd not be too incommo-
dious to her generous Hostess, but also because she wou'd have none but that Confidant witness of what passed. — The Hurts of the young Don *Carlos* were cured in eight Days, and his Health perfectly re-established. During this time, the Countess and her noble Spouse having gained a more perfect Knowledge of *Leocadia*, regarded her as a Miracle of Wit and Virtue: Her Sweetness and Complaisance made her Mistress of all the Hearts in that Palace, and equally charming by
her

her Beauty, Character, and Accomplishments, had no fewer Conquests than there were Persons to behold her. Don *Lewis* came there every day, and not one passed over without his receiving Millions of Blessings from the Count and Countess, for being the Author of a Person so every way compleat and perfect.

As she play'd to admiration on several Sorts of musical Instruments, and had the finest Voice in the World, all the Evenings were devoted to that Amusement ; and tho', according to the Custom of *Spain*, no Strangers were admitted to those Entertainments, yet *Leocadia* did not want a great number of Admirers, among those who were of the Blood of the Count or Countess *de Ribeiros*, and for that reason, had the Privilege of seeing and hearing her.

It was thus that they found means to beguile the length of time, which must needs elapse before they cou'd hear News of *Rodolpho*, which they all expected with a sufficient Impatience, but *Leocadia* with the most. This lovely Creature now seeing herself at liberty to pursue her Inclination, without any Shame, delivered herself up intirely to it ; but in the midst of her hopes of her being in a short time the Wife of *Rodolpho*, the Fears of not being loved by him, mingled with those other more agreeable Ideas ; and as she concealed nothing from her dear *Lucia*, she often entertained her on this Theme : A vicious and ungovernable Wantonness, said she to her, enflam'd him once with a desire of possessing me, without having scarce seen me ; and, perhaps, after the first Transports, detesting his Deportment, cou'd not see the occasion of it without Pain ; and my feeble Attractions, far from giving birth to a laudable Passion in his Heart, have excited only Indifference, and it may be, added she with a Sigh, Contempt.

LUCIA, who was of a gay, sprightly Disposition, wou'd not suffer her to continue in an Apprehension, which seemed to her to have so weak a Foundation ; and seeing every thing succeed so much beyond their Hopes, gave herself a greater Liberty of Speech than was usual with her on this occasion. I judge quite other-

otherwise, Madam, said she, of the Sentiments of *Rodolpho*: If the sight of you but for half a Moment inspired him with a Passion he was unable to resist, what shall become of him, to behold those thousand Charms which he had not time then to examine? I rather apprehend, continued she, laughing, that after what he has been compelled to do by an imperfect sight of you, he will entirely lose his Reason, when he shall view the whole Lustre of your Beauty.

By such like discourses, she dissipated all the Disquiets of her Mistress. But while every one in the Palace seem'd to vie with the other in manifesting their Zeal and Attachment to the amiable *Leocadia*, the Gentleman who was sent to *Rodolpho*, found him at *Gaunt*, where the Archduke then kept his Court: He was held there in an Esteem and Consideration which might have satisfied the utmost wishes of a vain Heart, and cou'd not but have been pleasing to his, if that which passed in his Mind had left any Remains of Self-love. But all the Honours he received from the Prince, the Friendships he had made with the Courtiers, and the Amusements with which that Palace abounded, had not the power to erase the Memory of that last Night he had passed at *Toledo*: His injured *Unknown* pursued him every where; the Sound of her Voice was perpetually in his Ears, and, in spite of the Diversity of Places thro' which his Curiosity had carried him, the Rarities of *Italy*, and the Beauties of *France*, he was always possess'd by the Object of his Remorse, and of his Love; and tho' his Love took rise from that very Offence which ordinarily destroys it in other Men, it the more firmly rooted it in him; and all the Circumstances of that Adventure, which were never one moment from his Thoughts, making him appear hateful to himself, at the same time rendered the beautiful Occasion more adorable; and, in the whole Course of his seven Years absence, he neither found any Cessation to his Grief, nor Abatement in his Love.

BUT that which greatly added to his Trouble, was the Assurance, that it was the Unknown who had taken the Cross out of his Cabinet, and, by that means,
wou'd

wou'd discover the Author of her Rape. He had laid it in the Drawer of that Cabinet, when he left his Apartment, in order to go into the Country with his Friends, as he never took those Marks of Distinction when he went upon a Party of Pleasure; and having the Key of that Chamber in his Pocket, no Person cou'd have been in; it must therefore be the Unknown who had committed the Robbery, in hope of revenging what she had suffered by him. Neither could he flatter himself with being conceal'd, if she expos'd that Cross; for tho' there were many of the Order, his was adorn'd in a peculiar manner, and much richer than any of the others; and being a Present to him from the Queen, wou'd be known to the whole Court.

WHEN he reflected on this, and that the Woman for whom he burned with the extremest Passion, shou'd know that it was *Rodolpho de Ribeiros* from whom she had received so unpardonable an Outrage, he was ready to die with Shame and Rage.

THE Agitations of his Soul were the more violent, in that he had resolv'd never to confide so far in any Person, as to trust them with the Secret of his Love and Grief. The strongest Passions find some Ease in being communicated; and as he refused that only Relief, he suffered himself to be continually torn with such Emotions, as it wou'd be very difficult to describe.

IT was in this cruel Situation the Gentleman from his Father found him, and presented to him his Dispatches. It is so natural for those whose Minds are wholly taken up with any one thing, to imagine every thing they hear or see has a tendency to that, that it is not to be wonder'd at, that *Rodolpho* imagining his Secret was discover'd, opened the Letters with a Terror equal to his Impatience. That from the Count was in these Terms:

TO RODOLPHO DE RIBEIROS.

“ AN Affair of the most pressing nature, and of
 “ near concern to both our Honours, obliges
 “ me to command your immediate return; hesitate
 “ not

“ not to obey me, if either my Glory or your own have
 “ any share in your Consideration.

FERNAND DE RIBEIROS.

In that of *Stephania*, he found these Words :

To RODOLPHO DE RIBEIROS.

“ **T**HE Moment you receive these, my Son, quit
 “ the Place you are in ; the most cruel Affront in
 “ nature demands your Presence at *Toledo* : And, since
 “ we have only you to support the Glory of your Blood,
 “ shew yourself worthy of it, by your Eagerness to re-
 “ turn, if you wou’d still find the same tender Mother
 “ you hitherto have done in.

STEPHANIA DE RIBEIROS.

THE Words *Affront*, *Honour*, and *Glory*, worked on *Rodolpho* all the Effect they were intended for : He presently imagin’d his Father had received some Outrage, and that he was called to wash off the Affront in the Blood of his Enemy. In this Thought, an Ardency for Vengeance took up all his Breast : Let us go, cry’d he, and shew Don *Fernand*, that *Rodolpho* is his Son. But, *Lecnard*, said he, to the Gentleman that brought the Letters, can you tell me nothing of this Affair ? Have you no farther Instructions for me than what is here contain’d ? But he, who had orders to discover nothing to him, reply’d, That his Commission extended no farther, and that all he knew of the Matter was, that both the Count and Countess appeared greatly agitated when they put these Letters into his hand, and had expressly charged him, not to return without effecting the Business he was sent upon. There needed no more to oblige *Rodolpho* to depart ; full of Courage, of Respect and Love to his Parents, he hastened to give them Proofs of it : And it was in this only Moment, that the Memory of his Unknown abandon’d him.

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He immediately put his Affairs in order, took leave of the Archduke, and the other Nobility, with whom he had been intimate, and came post with *Leonard*, who quitted him at a little distance from *Toledo*, to advertise the Count and Countess of his Approach.

Two Months were elapsed since the Departure of *Leonard*, and *Stephania* was expecting every Moment, when he appeared with the joyful Tidings. The Transports of so tender a Mother, at hearing her dear and only Son was so near at hand, after an Absence of seven Years, might well be expected to engross her whole Soul, at least for some time ; but they had already resolved in what manner they shou'd conduct the Plan they had laid, that her Emotions did not hinder her in the least from putting every thing in the order they had projected.

SHE made *Leocadia* and the young *Don Carlos* retire into an Apartment on the other side of the Palace, whence they were not to stir till the time they had concluded ; and enjoined all the Servants to Secrecy, on every thing that had passed : Which, every one hoping to have a share in the Pleasure this Accident wou'd at last create, was observed with the utmost Punctuality.

In fine, *Rodolpho* arrived, and tho' the Equipage of a Man that rides post cou'd not have much Decorum, he wou'd not change it, that he might the better testify to the Count and Countess, the Haste he made to obey their Commands. This Interview drew Tears of Joy and Tenderness from all Parties ; and tho' *Don Fernand* did his utmost to maintain his Gravity, he cou'd not restrain his Eyes from overflowing, when he beheld his Son at his Feet.

STEPHANIA embraced him a thousand times : And this seven Years Absence had made so advantageous an Alteration in his Person, that she cou'd not help regarding him with admiration ; the Regularity of his Features, the uncommon Lustre of his Eyes, the Exactness of his Shape, noble Stature, and that Air of Grandeur which accompanied the least of his Actions, made him appear

no

no less accomplished a Man, than *Leocadia* was a Woman. But that which attracted the Eyes of both the Count and Countess, was, in spite of the difference between Maturity and Childhood, the perfect Resemblance the young *Don Carlos* had of him; and had they not been before confirmed by a thousand Circumstances of the Truths *Leocadia* had told them, this of itself had been enough.

THE first Transports of their meeting were no sooner over, than *Rodolpho* entreated his Father to let him know by what manner he cou'd prove himself worthy to be his Son, and repair the first Faults of his Youth. My Son, reply'd *Don Fernand*, I am satisfied with your Obedience, and charmed with the laudable Impatience you testify to answer the Demands of Duty and of Honour; but the Affair, I wrote to you upon, is accommodated, I was not offended in such a manner, as cou'd admit no other Satisfaction than the Blood of the Offender; it was my first Emotions that dictated the Letter you received, but I have now more calm Reflections. However, I am not sorry, I have acted in that fashion, since by it you are restored to your Family——Go, and take that Repose which is necessary after the fatigue of your Journey——To-morrow I will acquaint you with every thing you desire to know.

RODOLPHO, who perceived his Father had no Inclination to speak farther at present, forbore to press him on that Article, and desired he wou'd permit him only to change his Habit, and enjoy the Satisfaction of passing the Remainder of the Day with his Mother. At these Words, he was conducted to his own Apartment, where all the sad Ideas, which had so long tormented him, and, but in the hurry of his Father's Commands, had known Cessation, returned with double Force into his Mind, on entering a Place which had been the Scene of that Crime, to which they owed their Birth. He cou'd not see again that Chamber and that Bed, without being agitated with the most cruel Reflections——His former Melancholy came now accompanied with Horror, to which abandoning himself, he fell into such

a Condition, that had Don *Fernand* or *Stephania* seen him that moment, it wou'd scarce have been possible for them to have known him.

THE Countess, in the mean time, judging of the Sufferance *Leocadia* must be in, had no sooner quitted her Son, than she went to her Apartment, where she found her all in Tears, holding Don *Carlos* in her Arms, and begging of Heaven to inspire *Rodolpho de Ribeiros* with the Sentiments of a Father for that amiable Child. *Stephania* entreated she wou'd not doubt it, and that she wou'd use her utmost Efforts to compose herself, for the better Accomplishment of the Design they had formed. That beautiful Lady had been so struck with the Cries of Joy, which resounded thro' the Palace on the Arrival of *Rodolpho*, and with the mixed and tumultuous Emotions of Hope and Fear, at the knowledge he was so near her, and that the Crisis of her Happiness or Misery for ever was now at hand, that her very Soul seemed all dissolved, and streaming at her Eyes. The illustrious *Stephania* was a long time before she cou'd dissipate these Perturbations; but at last her Endeavours succeeded, *Leocadia* grew more assured, and promised to bring herself into a Condition to execute her Pleasure, with all the Resolution that was necessary for it.

THE Countess not being willing to give any Suspicion to her Son by a too long Absence, retired to her own Apartment, as soon as she had a little settled the mind of *Leocadia*; and *Rodolpho*, to whom the sight of his Lodgings was a perfect Hell, was coming into the excellent *Stephania's* Antichamber the Moment she entered. Don *Fernand* well knowing his Presence inspired too great a Respect and Awe in his Son, to suffer him to express himself before him with that liberty he wished, was already withdrawn, leaving his Wife to act in what manner she thought fit, for the better Explication of *Rodolpho's* Sentiments. The Tenderness with which she loved him, made her readily undertake this Task; and, in order to oblige him to speak freely to her, omitted no Caresses that the fondest Mother cou'd bestow; but taking notice of his
 profound

profound Melancholy, *Rodolpho*, said she, the Joy I have to see you is far from being perfect, since I perceive you do not share it with me.——That gloomy Pensiveness and Languor, that sits upon your Brow, makes me think the House of your Father has no longer any Charms for you, and that you have left at *Gaunt*, or some other Place, Objects more agreeable to your Mind than any you can find at *Toledo*.

THIS Remark of *Stephania's* made *Rodolpho* sigh, he had not Command enough over himself to conceal so violent a Grief as he was now assailed with ; but constraining it as much as possible, I swear to you, Madam, answered he, that *Toledo* contains all that is dear to me in the World ; and that in all my Travels, I have never seen an Object capable of making me forget, even for a moment, what I left behind.

THE Countess had a much better Guess than he imagin'd, at the Meaning of these Words, but resolv'd to make him explain himself : And why then, resumed she, are you not rejoiced in seeing us again —— or wherefore did you quit us ? For, in fine, *Rodolpho*, continued she, I cannot think, but such a precipitated Departure as yours was, must be occasioned by some very violent Discontent —— I know very well, that on your first attaining to the State of Man, you led a Life little worthy of you ; and had Companions, who drew you into Irregularities I am unwilling to mention —— but after all, my Son, I know no young Man exempt from Faults ; you ought not for that reason have abandoned us. Could you not quit your Vices without quitting a Father and Mother, who so tenderly loved you, who were ever ready to forgive the false Steps you made ; and whose Example and Precepts might have reconducted you in the Paths of Virtue ?

SPEAK, my dear *Rodolpho*, nor disguise to me the Cause of a Departure, which gave us so much Trouble. —— You have now nothing to fear from our Resentments —— We are fully convinced, you will repair all you have done, and one day give us much more Happiness than ever you did Disquiet —— therefore, you

you ought not to apprehend either Reproaches or Rigours from us. ——— Explain to me, I entreat, I conjure, I command you, the obscure Meaning of that Letter you left on your Table ; and, if you have any Sentiments of Duty or Tendernefs for a Mother, to whom you have ever been fo dear, refuse me not this Satisfaction.

THIS preffing Solicitation threw *Rodolpho* into the utmost Confusion ; the Tears which his Mother cou'd not refrain from falling, while fpeaking in this manner, made his flow faft ; and his Heart, which had never yet difburden'd itfelf in the Breaft of any Perfon, found this moment a kind of Sweetnefs in the liberty of doing it, at the feet of a Woman to whom he was bound by all the Ties of Blood, Nature, Duty and Affection. Shame, however, made fome Refiftance to the Defire he had of complying with her Demands ; and before he was able to declare the fhocking Story, looking on her with an Air the moft fad and piercing ; Ah, Madam ! cry'd he, what a Confeflion do you oblige me to make !

WHATEVER it be, reply'd *Stephania* haftily, and willing to take Advantage of the State ſhe ſaw him in, I again require it of you, and to embolden you to make it fully, I promife you an eternal Secrecy ; and that Don *Fernand* himfelf ſhall never know it, if it be any thing unfit for him to hear.

THIS Affurance from a Mouth on which he cou'd fo will depend, the Testimonies of her Goodnefs to him, and above all, the Hope he had of finding Eaſe in the Communication of his Grief, determined him to make the Difcovery. He remained ſome time with his Eyes fixed on the Earth, and his Arms acrofs his Breaft, denoting the inward Perplexity he was in : At laſt changing suddenly his whole Poſture, he addreſſed her in theſe Terms.

BELIEVE not, Madam, ſaid he, that I hesitate, if I ſhou'd obey you. — I ſhou'd be indeed unworthy of that Tendernefs you have always ſhewn to me, if I ſhou'd any longer preſerve a Secret you are deſirous to be informed of. — But, Oh Heaven ! how will the Reſpect I owe you permit me to make a Recital of

an Adventure, the most shocking in the World !——
But you command it in Terms not to be withstood ; and
the only Favour I entreat of you is, that you will re-
member that you have done so.

THEN, perceiving she was attentive to what he was
about to say, he recounted the Rape of *Leocadia* in the
manner it happened, and as she had before related,
with these Additions, of the Promise he had made his
Friends, his Horror for that Promise, and the Beha-
viour, which was afterwards inspired by his Regret,
the manner in which he had deceived his Companions,
his Return to *Leocadia*, and his Discourse with her.
But tho' he took all Precautions necessary, to make his
Expressions suitable to the Chastity of the Ears of those
who heard him, he cou'd not speak of the Violence of
his Desire, and the Transports which compelled him to
such an Action, without bringing Blushes several times
on the Face of the virtuous *Stephania*. However, he
continued his Narration, and concluded it with a Re-
solution he took the same Night, to go out of *Spain*,
and rather abandon every thing, than remain in a
Place which he had dishonoured by so unworthy an
Action.

THIS, Madam, said he, is the Truth of what you
command me to reveal ; and the only Cause of my
quitting you, and of that melancholy you observe in
me at my Return. But, methinks, reply'd the Coun-
tess, Time might erase the Memory of this Accident ;
and tho' your Crime was of the most grievous kind, I
hope so long a Day of Penance, may be some Atone-
ment for it——It is true indeed, continued she,
that I did not expect an Account of this kind ; but as I
gave you my Promise not to make you any Reproaches,
I shall be silent on that Topick.

ALAS ! Madam, cry'd he, my own Reflections are
sufficiently my own Tormentors ; cou'd it be possible,
that any Thing cou'd be added to the Heinousness of
my Crime. Yet is Remorse the least of Ills that I en-
dure ; to my misfortune, I love and adore the Object
by whom I never can be but hated ——The Respect
I have for her, is greater than the Outrage I have
done

done her ; and as nothing wou'd be so happy for me as to know her, if there were a Possibility of her Forgiveness ; so nothing is so terrible to me, as the Apprehensions that, by the means of that Cross she took away, she may one day discover the Author of her Wrongs, and curse *Rodolpho* in her nameless Ravisher. I confess to you, Madam, that I can scarce retain my Reason, when I reflect, that I am considered as the most unworthy of Mankind, by the only Woman my Fate will suffer me to adore.

A THOUSAND Sighs now strove for Passage in the Breast of the amorous *Rodolpho*, and prevented him from prosecuting his Discourse. *Stephania* was touched so sensibly with the Condition she saw him in, that had it not been for fear of disobliging the Count, she had calmed all the Disorders of his mind, by acquainting him with what she knew ; but as she was unwilling to infringe her Orders, she constrained herself to conceal the Contentment it gave her to hear him speak in this Manner, and assuming an Air altogether grave and serious :

THE passion, said she, you have for this Unknown, is no less surprizing, than falling in love after Death with a Person one never had any Tenderness for in Life. But I wou'd advise you, my Son, to make use of all your Reason for extinguishing a Flame, which must render you unhappy, if indulg'd. If she, you have offended, had been of noble Birth, having so authentick a Testimony against you as that Cross, her Parents would have endeavoured to revenge the Wrong, or at least have obliged you to repair it, by making her your Wife ; but as seven Years are passed since this Adventure, and we have heard nothing of it, she must doubtless be some inconsiderable Creature, and took the Cross from you only as the Price she thought due for the loss of her Innocence. Or, perhaps, continued she, she may by this time be dead.—— But whatever she be, I wou'd have you think of her no more ; Time erases every thing, and I hope will cure you of so fruitless a Desire, and put you in a condition to accept a Spouse worthy of you. Be assured, my dear

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Rodolpho, I shall omit nothing may serve to dissipate those melancholy Ideas; and among other things, will engage the Daughter of *Don Lewis de Zagreda*, who is one of the most amiable young Ladies in the World, and a dear Friend of mine, to permit you to be present at the Pleasure she gives us sometimes with the sweet Accents of her Voice: 'Tis the only Consolation I have tasted since your Departure, and I flatter myself, it will be no inconsiderable one to you. But 'tis late, added she, I wou'd have you retire, and not shew yourself in publick, till the Count has communicated something to you he wou'd have you know.

RODOLPHO let her know by his Answer, that this last Order was unnecessary, and that Solitude had more Charms for him, than either the Court or City. He returned her Thanks for all the Tokens she had given him of her Goodness: But at the same time testified a great Indifference for the Amusements she offered him; and then took his leave, that she might go to Bed.

BUT Repose was a thing she cou'd not resolve to take, till after she had visited *Leocadia*, and given her a faithful Account of what had passed; finding an extreme pleasure in being the first that shou'd inform her of the Sentiments of *Rodolpho*: The Count, who was there before her, was charm'd at the Recital, and *Leocadia* appeared no less sensible than she ought. All their Measures being taken for the next Day, *Don Fernand* and *Stephania* withdrew to their Chamber, in order that *Leocadia* might enjoy the Sweets of that Rest, which the Confusions of her Mind had for a long time denied.

BUT Joy was now a greater Enemy to Sleep, than Grief had been; this beautiful Lady had so much to think upon, so much to say, that the Night was too short to give vent to half the Transports of her Soul; the Morning found her thus employed, and the faithful *Lucia* had enough to do, to persuade her to Moderation, that she might be able to see *Rodolpho*, and support the different Agitations the sight of him must

of

of necessity create. That young nobleman passed his Hours in his ordinary melancholy Reflections; and the Count and Countess were the only Persons who enjoyed a perfect Tranquillity. The Return of so dear a Son, and the Certainty of his loving her they had destined for him, intirely banished all their Inquietudes.

THE Countess employed the greatest part of the Morning in seeing *Leocadia* dressed in the most rich and becoming Fashion that can be imagined; the Seams of her Habit were covered with Pearls and Rubies, her Hair was partly loose, and flowing with a studied Negligence over her Shoulders; the other was tied up in Puffs, between every one of which were large pendant Diamonds of a prodigious Lustre, and glittered round her Head like the Stars in *Ariadne's* Crown. In the middle, just above her Forehead, was placed a Triangle of Jewels in form of a *Tiara*, which being composed of different precious Stones, such as Emeralds, Topazes, Jacinths, Rubies and Sapphires, had such a beautiful Variety in their mingled Blaze, as both pleased and pained the Eye at once. Her natural Charms thus embellished by all the Ornaments of Art, she appeared the most lovely and the most dazzling Object that ever was beheld. *Stephania* put about her Neck a fine String of Diamonds, to which hung the Cross of the Order of *Calatrava*; but because this extraordinary Ornament shou'd not be seen till they shou'd find a proper Time, the String which held it was so long, that it fell upon her Stomach, and was concealed by a rich Mantle thrown across her Shoulders for that purpose.

THE young *Don Carlos* was also magnificently habited, and nothing was wanting to inspire *Rodolpho* with Admiration, both of the Mother and Son; who, far from imagining what was preparing for him, was all this time in the Apartment of the Count. This tender Father, to amuse him, entertained him with a thousand different Adventures that had happened among Persons of their Acquaintance, since his Departure; and then beguiled the time till it was conve-

nient to go into *Stephania's* Apartment, with questioning him on what he had seen in his Travels.

WHEN they came into that Lady's Apartment, they found her alone with her Women, and the Conversation was but just began, when a Servant came into the Room, and spoke something in a low Voice to the Countess. Let her come in, answered she aloud: You know, I am never so much engaged, to refuse Admittance to so dear a Friend. My Lord, continued she, addressing herself to the Count, it is the incomparable *Leocadia*, who is to come to dine with us. With these Words she rose from her Chair, and the Door being immediately opened, *Leocadia* appeared, more charming by her native Loveliness than by the Magnificence of her Habit: She had the young *Don Carlos* in her Hand; and the Countess embracing her, How happy am I, said she, my dearest *Leocadia*, that you are come to participate with us in the pleasure of my Son's Return! See, Madam, continued she, presenting him to her, that *Rodolpho*, of whom you have so often heard me speak, and whose Absence I have so long deplored.

LEOCADIA saluted him, without making any Answer to the Countess; and being seated near her, began to entertain her in a half Whisper. As for *Rodolpho*, all his Senses seemed suspended at this charming Object; he had never imagined, there was any thing so perfect in the World, and regarding her with so great an Attention, he saw nothing else about him.

BUT *Don Fernand* relieved him from this Ecstasy, by making him take notice, that the little *Don Carlos* stretched his Arms out to him; this Action, which had not been premeditated, a little disconcerted the Count and Countess, and particularly his Mother; but every one constraining themselves as much as possible, they turned their Observation intirely on *Rodolpho*; who, stooping to embrace *Carlos*, had no sooner cast his Eyes on him, than it was not in his power to take them off: His Beauty, his graceful Air, and the tender Caresses he gave him, made him feel something thro' his whole Frame, to which all his Life hitherto he had been

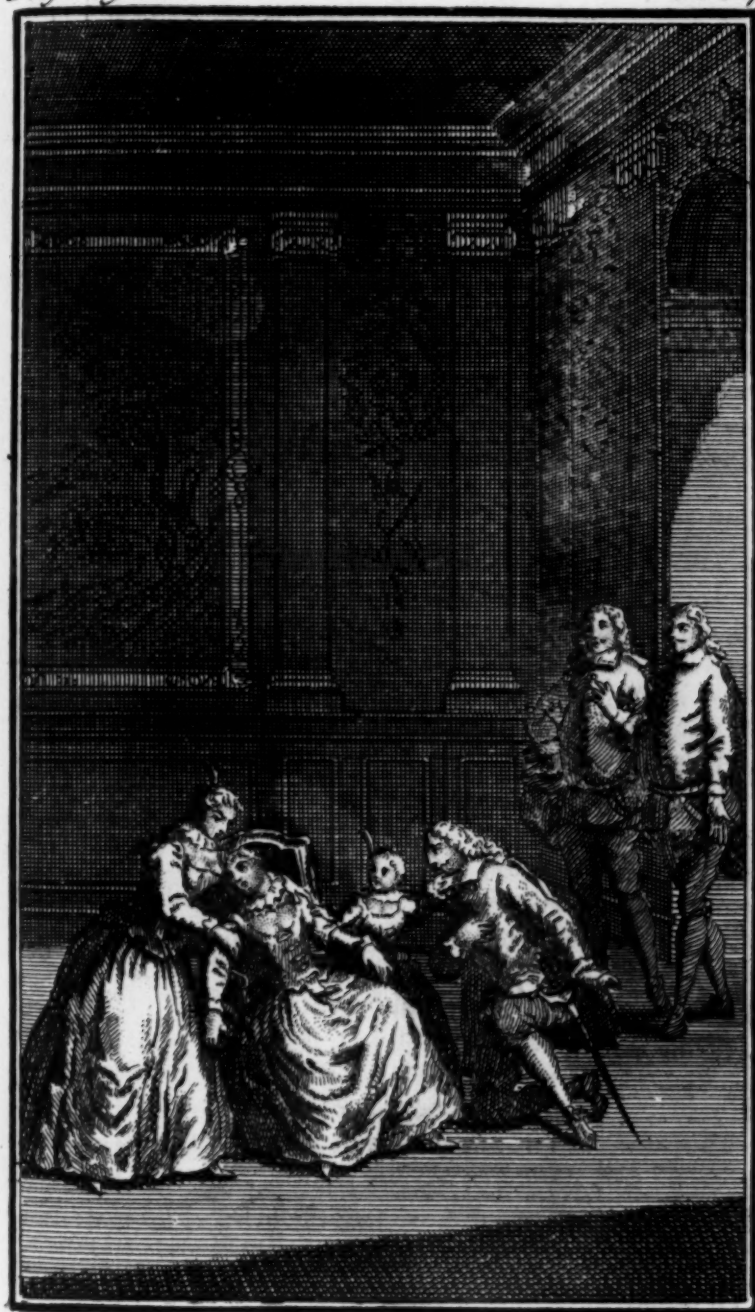
been a Stranger. The Resemblance he found in him of himself, struck him with a mixed Astonishment and Tenderness; and, in spite of him, made some Tears fall from his Eyes; and not able to rest in these Agitations, Madam, said he, turning to *Stephania*, is this amiable Child of your Blood? — I see an Air of the Family in him, which surprizes me; and my Heart, methinks, tells me I shall hear strange things. I know not, cried Don *Carlos* hastily, but I wish you were the Father that Madam the Countess promised me.

THESE Words touched *Leocadia* in such a manner, that her Face was in an instant bathed in Tears. My Lord, said she to *Rodolpho*, forcing herself to speak, my Son is ignorant of the Author of his Being, and you must pardon his indiscreet Wishes. The Accents of that Voice were too present to *Rodolpho* not to be remembered; and if the little he had seen of *Leocadia*, and seven Years Absence, had made her Features not absolutely known to him, her manner of speaking was not in the least forgot. His Confusion increased the more he reflected; and without suffering Don *Carlos* to quit his Arms, What Madam, said he, is this your Son, and does he not know his Father? How unhappy must be the Man, who is separated from a Wife and Son so perfectly charming! This is an Adventure, answered she, too melancholy for our Entertainment in a Day of Joy, such as this; and I beg you will excuse the Tears that so cruel a Remembrance forces from me. In speaking this, she let the Mantle fall off her Shoulders, as if by Accident, and discovered the Cross of the Order of *Calatrava*. *Rodolpho*, more assured than before, that he was not deceived in the Sound of her Voice, was animated by Emotions the most extraordinary that could be; and more carefully examining her whole Form, the Cross immediately attracted his Eyes, and threw him into so prodigious an Astonishment, that he was wholly unable to dissemble it. What is it I see, cried he? What is it I hear? Then turning his Eyes about, and seeing the Count and Countess in Tears, and the beautiful

Leocadia with her Head reclined, and almost faint; Just Heaven! added he, can what I think be possible? Ah! continued he, throwing himself on his Knees with the utmost Agonies of Love, Hope, Fear and Wonder, put an end, I beseech you, I conjure you, to the Uncertainty I am in—tell me, if my Desires deceive me? or, if I am happy enough to——It was not in his power to conclude what he was about to say, a Storm of rising Sighs stopp'd the Passage of his Words, and were near depriving him also of Breath, when Don *Fernand de Ribeiros*, not able to endure so moving a Spectacle; Presumptuous *Rodolpho*, said he to him, with a Voice in which Tendernefs had a greater Share than Anger, behold the Affront thou art to wash away——behold the Honour thou art to repair——behold to what thy Glory and ours excites thee, and either die, or acknowledge thy Wife and thy Son. These Words in a moment dissipated all the Obscurity of his own Ideas, and abandoning himself wholly to the Excess of his Joy; What is it you, said he to *Leocadia*, ardently kissing her Hands? Is it you, the divine Object of my most violent Passion, to whom I owe my Blood and my Life? And is this lovely Child the Son of the Criminal *Rodolpho*?

THEN taking Don *Carlos* again between his Arms, and putting him in those of *Leocadia*, he embraced the one and the other with Transports so vehement, as tho' he wou'd have inspired his Soul into them at every Pressure. Yes, my Son, said *Stephania*, Heaven has punished your Crime sufficiently in your Remorse; and what has made you wretched, now makes you happy.

DURING all this Discourse, *Leocadia* was in a condition very difficult to express, and not having the power to bring forth one Word, made known only by her Eyes the Emotions of her Soul. *Rodolpho* appeared too amiable for her not to follow with pleasure the inclination she had for him; but when she perceived that Tendernefs, which the Sight of Don *Carlos* had inspired him with, and the Confusion the Sound of her Voice had put him in, Love, Joy and Hope threw all her



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her Spirits in so great a Hurry, that she had much ado to recover herself.

RODOLPHO, who judged the Situation of her Mind by his own, conjured her not to refuse his Caresses : My dear *Leocadia*, said he, 'tis no longer an unworthy Ravisher that presents himself before you, 'tis the most respectful and submissive Lover ;——'tis a Husband, who, with all the Ardour of an honourable Passion, comes to drive that which has offended you far from your Remembrance——'Tis no longer in the Horrors of Darkness he hides his guilty Love, but in the face of Heaven, and the Presence of those who gave him Being, that he swears to you an inviolable Tenderness ; —— that he gives you his Faith, and demands yours.

THESE tender Protestations having in some measure resettled the Calm in *Leocadia's* Soul ; And it is, answered she, giving him her Hand, in the presence of those you mention, and with the Consent of him to whom I owe my Birth, that I receive with the extremest Joy, the Faith you offer me, and engage mine to you.

THESE Words, and the obliging Look that accompanied them, compleated the Satisfaction of *Rodolpho* ; every thing he said, every thing he did, testified the most perfect Love, the most perfect Gratitude ; and the Count *de Ribeiros* having sent for Don *Lewis*, who chose not to be present at the first Discovery of this Mystery, that venerable Gentleman appeared, whom *Rodolpho* no sooner cast his Eyes upon, than he immediately knew, having had time to consider him while his Emissaries, with their Swords at his Throat, kept him from defending his Daughter : Ah ! my Lord, cried he to him, advancing with open Arms, how guilty does your Presence render me ! And how little am I worthy of the Blessings Heaven has this Day bestowed upon me ! But, continued he, if to have given the incomparable *Leocadia* my Heart and my Faith, be not a sufficient Atonement for my Crime, take my Life, my Lord ; I will yield it with pleasure, so by it I may purchase your Esteem. God forbid, replied Don

Leavis, embracing him, that I shou'd shed the least Drop of Blood which is become so dear to me : Let us talk no more of Guilt, or of Revenge ; Don *Fernand* having taken *Leocadia* for his Daughter, I can no longer regard you but with the Eyes of a Father.

It was in this instant, that the Palace of the Count resounded with a thousand Acclamations of Joy, and that these five illustrious Persons delivered themselves up wholly to the utmost Excess of Love and Tenderness. The Caresses *Rodolpho* gave to his Wife and Son, by turns, at last permitting Don *Fernand* to inform him, by what means *Leocadia* was brought to their House ; all the Testimonies by which she endeavoured to prove the Truth of her Adventure, were nothing in comparison of those lively Emotions the Force of Blood excited at the sight of Don *Carlos*. It was with Wonder and with Reverence *Rodolpho* reflected on the Conduct of Providence in this Affair : But these grave Considerations giving way to the tender Impatience of his Passion, for the full Accomplishment of his Happiness, he intreated Don *Fernand de Ribeiros*, and the Father of *Leocadia*, not to attend any Formalities which might retard it. To this they readily consented ; and the same Night *Leocadia* and he were united by Bonds, which can never be dissolved but by Death. Their Passion for each other was not more wonderful in the Birth of it, than it was in the continued Progress through their whole Lives ; their Constancy, Fidelity and Tenderness rendering celebrated for the present, and memorable for the future, the Effects of Love and Nature.

THIS is indeed, said *Urania*, the most singular and the most touching History I ever heard ; and I believe it no otherwise possible to prove to the beautiful *Arelise*, how greatly we have been moved with it, than by the Tears she has seen us shed. I protest to you, added *Thebamont*, that I found it impossible to restrain mine, and I have been, as it were, divided between my Concern for the Facts related, and my Admiration of the Manner of relating them.

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Above all, interrupted *Orophanes* smiling, methinks the Lady has discovered an Infinity of Delicacy, in making us know the Crime of *Rodolpho*, without doing it in any Terms which exceed the Bounds of the most strict Decorum.

In fine, cried *Felicia*, to hinder *Orophanes* from saying any more on that head, she knows how to touch, and interest our Passions, without wounding our Modesty; and I think *Camilla* had reason to desire she might speak a long time, since it is in her Power to acquit herself so well of the Task.

ALL the Company, in their Turns, expressed the Pleasure she had given them; and this amiable Lady was obliged, in spite of her Efforts, to hear those Praises which were due to her Wit, and the Graces which accompanied every thing she said: But resolving, if possible, to turn the Conversation another way, You do not remember, interrupted she with a gay Air, that *Alcippe* and *Lisimond* came not here to listen to Eulogiums on me, and that *Urania* and *Thelamont* ought to be the sole Objects of their Attention.

WE wou'd be those of their Esteem and Friendship, said *Urania*, and we cannot more deserve it, than by the Justice we do you: However, since your Modesty silences our Inclinations, we must agree to what you desire.

As our Company is now pretty extensive, cried *Celestina*, methinks it wou'd not be amiss for us to divide; and that to leave *Florinda* in more Tranquillity, one part enjoyed the Remainder of this fine Day in the beautiful Gardens of this House, and the other remained here. I perceive, answered *Florinda*, that you are impatient to make *Alcippe* and *Lisimond* witnesses of all the Charms this Dwelling abounds with; which, I assure you, I am so far from opposing, that I was this Moment going to mention the same thing; but it is on this Condition, that those who quit me, shall hold no other than general Conversation in this little absence, and shall reserve every thing that I am a Stranger to, till their Return. I promise you that, said *Urania*, rising to accompany *Celestina*, and that if we

are inspired with any agreeable Thoughts, you shall be the Mistress of them when we come back. At these Words *Thelamont*, followed by *Orophanes*, *Arsannes* and *Alphonso*, with *Urania*, *Felicia*, *Camilla* and *Celemena*, conducted *Alcippe* and *Lisimond* into the Gardens : *Arelise*, *Silviana*, *Julia*, *Hortensia*, *Erasmus* and *Melantus*, staid with *Florinda*, tho' that beautiful Lady wou'd fain have persuaded them to have participated of the Pleasure of the Walk.

THE LOVERS of *Silviana* and *Arelise* were charmed with *Urania's* Retreat ; that obliging Lady having shewed them the Gardens, the Wilderness, and great number of fine Grots and Cascades, carried them thro' all the Apartments ; but when they entered the Library, and saw the great Choice of learned and elegant Books, *Alcippe* cou'd not retain his Acclamations, and intreated *Urania* and *Thelamont* to permit him and *Arelise* the Happiness of repairing often thither, to the end they might instruct themselves in what they were ignorant of, and call to memory that which they had already been acquainted with.

THIS modest Demand was not unanswered by the Owners of the Place, who knowing perfectly well how to do Justice to Merit, testified to *Alcippe*, in the most obliging Terms, the Pleasure his Request had given them : But not willing either he or *Lisimond* should be too long deprived of the sight of *Arelise* and *Silviana*, they reconducted them to the Apartment of *Florinda*, where they found by the Twilight, which now took place of the Sun's Beams, they had somewhat abused the Permission she had given them.

EVERY one being seated as before : We are enchanted, said *Lisimond*, with all that we have seen ; and if it wou'd not be accounted an extravagant Wish, I wou'd pray for nothing with more Fervency, than that this delightful Dwelling might remain to the end of time, to serve as a perpetual Monument to the Glory of *Urania* and *Thelamont*.

NOTHING can be more obliging than what you say, replied *Thelamont* ; but we must not flatter ourselves with a Fate different from others, nor that this House will
be

be respected by Time, above the magnificent Cities, which once gave Laws to the greatest part of the Earth, and have now not the least Foot-steps remaining.

THAT Reflection gives me no little Pain, said *Julia*; I want, methinks, to see in reality some Marks of those Places, of which History gives us so glorious an Idea.

YOU then wou'd have been extremely charmed, resumed *Thelamont*, to be present at a Discovery made some Years ago, in the Land of a Gentleman of *Cotantin* near *Valone*; a Discovery which has occasioned many fine Disputes among learned Men, without any of them being able to make the thing perfectly plain. The Fact is this :

COTANTIN is a length of Earth that extends itself to the Sea, in the Province of *Normandy*: In this Country there are several little Towns, Boroughs and Villages well peopled, and the Land carefully cultivated, produces in great abundance all things necessary for the Subsistence of the Inhabitants. A Gentleman of *Valone* was so extremely pleased with the Situation of the Place, that he employed workmen to build a Castle there: As they were digging pretty deep, in order to lay the Foundation, they found something that resisted, and turned the Edges of their Spades; and after having scraped away the Earth, discovered a solid and regular Building, many Foot under Ground. The Gentleman being informed of it, commanded no Damage shou'd be done to the Building, and that they shou'd pursue their Work in digging gradually all along the sides of it, let the Extent be never so great. With an infinite deal of Labour and Expence, they at last discovered a Theatre, spacious enough to contain five or six thousand Persons to be placed commodiously. Every body was extremely surprized at this Novelty; the Governor, and the Intendant of the Province, came immediately to look upon it, and the Court no sooner heard of it, than Orders were sent to the Troops, and to the Peasants of the Place, to work Night and Day, and lay the Earth all

open round about ; imagining, that as there was a Theatre, there were also other Buildings no less worthy of the Search.

THIS Conjecture proved not fabulous ; several very large and magnificent Baths were discovered, a Fort, or kind of Citadel, the Walls of which were six foot thick, in some places twelve foot high, and in others eighteen or twenty ; many Porches and Gates half ruined ; and in fine, most certain Marks that this had been a very great and beautiful City. These considerable Remains of Antiquity made some imagine, that this was the ancient City of *Alonée*, of which *Cesar* speaks in his Commentaries, the Capital of the People who were called *Venelly*, or *Unelly*, the Name of *Valone* so nearly resembling that of *Alonée* ; but there were no certain Proofs of it, neither does any History inform us how that great City came to be destroyed, any more than by what accident, or in what Time this of *Cotantin* was swallowed up. On several of the Edifices, there were Inscriptions in the Celtic Language, but so defaced by Time, that it was impossible to find out in what Year they were erected, or under whose Government.

THIS Discovery is extremely curious, said *Arfarnes*, and well deserves the Notice of speculative Persons ; as wou'd also the Revival of many other great Cities ; such as the ancient *Persepolis*, *Babylon*, *Troy*, *Sparta*, *Athens*, and the famous *Carthage*, of whose Situation we know no more than by Conjecture, nor of divers others which have been destroyed, either by War, Fire, or the shaking of the Earth.

I SHOU'D think it a little unjust, added *Erasmus*, if the Work of Man shou'd last for ever, when Man himself does not. They live in the memory of others, replied *Julia*, and may be said never to die, since History and Tradition transmit their Names and Actions from Generation to Generation.

WHAT *Julia* says, interrupted *Urania*, is beyond all contradiction ; and methinks it is a great Consolation, as well as an Excitement to Virtue, that those who by their worthy Deeds merit an everlasting Remembrance, are certain of being perpetuated in History.

WE have proved it so by our Quotations, said *Orophanes*; and I read yesterday a little Passage, which deserves to be ranked among the most noble of those we have recited. Monsieur *de Villeroy*, Minister and Secretary of State, who died at *Roan* in his 77th Year, on the 12th of *December* 1627, was the Favourite of four of our Kings, whose greatest Affairs, for the space of 53 Years, went intirely thro' his Hands, and were conducted by him in such a Manner, as drew from the Mouth of *Henry* the Great these memorable Words; "The whole Business of the Kingdom, said he, is that of Monsieur *de Villeroy*; he is indefatigable, he labours incessantly, and never does any thing but well." And again, when this illustrious Minister fell sick, and *Henry* feared he was past Recovery; "I know not, said he, which of the two Lives is most necessary to the Good of the State, that of mine, or that of Monsieur *de Villeroy*; whenever he dies there can be no Reparation for his Loss, because his Knowledge is infinitely beyond what is to be found in all our Books."

THESE are Praises, continued *Orophanes*, which render the Giver and Receiver equally immortal: A Minister such as *Villeroy*, merited such a Master as *Henry* to commend his Abilities; and a Monarch such as *Henry*, deserved such a Minister no less faithful and zealous than *Villeroy*.

IT is true, said *Erasmus*, when Princes neither will command, nor be pleased with any thing but worthy Actions, they will always find good Counsellors; the Monarch's Example is the Bias of the Minister, as that of the Minister is the Rule by which the inferior Courtiers and Officers are swayed. History, therefore, cannot too often repeat the Praises due to Men justly qualified for great Employments; it fires the Successor with a generous Emulation to deserve the same, and puts to shame any Emotions which might lead him to Actions that wou'd derogate from his Glory.

IT must be confessed, added *Celestina*, that Praise is part of the Wages of Virtue, and a Prince can make his Justice appear no better a way, than by a punctual Payment of this Debt. But those Favourites who serve

not

not only thro' a Principle of Duty, but are also attached by a particular Friendship and Tenderness to their Royal Masters, methinks, can never be too much extolled : The little History you recounted yesterday of *Zopirus* and the King of *Persia*, touched me in the most sensible manner ; and tho' the Severity of that General's Destiny presented him with an Ocasion the most dreadful that can be imagined, of manifesting his Zeal ; yet there is something so pleasingly astonishing in the Adventure, as intirely takes off all the Horror of it.

WHEREVER Affection is joined to Duty, replied *The-lamont*, a Subject is capable of undertaking any thing for his Sovereign : This is a Rule which holds good in all Times, and among all Nations. I know another Example, which in its kind merits no less to be remembered with everlasting Praise, than that of *Zopirus*.

KAMHI, the present Emperor of *China*, having been told, that Wine, when drank to excess, deprived People of their Reason, had a mind to make an Experiment of the Effects of this Liquor on himself : And in this Resolution, made choice of a *Mandarin*, for whom he had a very great Friendship, to be Partaker with him in this Debauchery ; and having commanded the finest *European* Wines shou'd be brought into his Chamber, he had large Vessels filled out, and bid his Favourite drink with him. The *Mandarin*, who knew not what effect it might produce both on the Emperor and himself, represented to him, in the most respectful Terms, the Hazard both his Glory and Health must undergo in making this Proof. But the Emperor continued obstinate in his Design, and the other had no remedy but Obedience : They drank ; the Favourite preserved his Senses, but the Emperor became so intoxicated, that he fell into a profound Sleep, from which nothing could awake him for many Hours.

THEN the *Mandarin* perceiving that the Emperor had taken an extreme Pleasure in the Taste of the Wine, and that it had not produced in him any ill Quality, ceased to dissuade him from any farther use of it ; and this gave Occasion to many and dangerous Debauches,
in

in which he was always a Party. But more serious Reflections afterwards taking place, he began again to remonstrate the Danger of this pernicious Liquor, and as he was very learned, repeated many Instances of the Mischiefs occasioned by it. But the Emperor was deaf to all he alledged, and wou'd not be prevailed upon to go one Night to Bed, without having his Fill of the beloved Juice.

THE *Mandarin* beheld it with an extreme Grief, and finding all his Efforts for the reclaiming his Royal Master, were in vain, had recourse to a Stratagem, for the Prevention of what his Love for *Kambi* made him fear, wou'd one day prove a very great Misfortune.

HE went into the Chamber of the Eunuchs, and having told them, that the Emperor was intirely overcome with the Strength of the Wine he had drank, made them a long Detail of the many dreadful Consequences which had attended this Vice, and then represented how much more dangerous it was in a Prince, who had the Life and Death of thousands in his power, than in a private Man, whose Mischiefs cou'd extend but to a narrow compass: He brought, among others, the Example of that famous Conqueror *Alexander*, of whom their Annals make mention, who in his Wine committed the most barbarous Actions, set on fire the great City of *Persepolis*, condemned many innocent Persons to death, and slew his best Friend with his own Hand. He painted all these Disorders in such lively Colours, that none heard him without trembling; and when he had brought them to the Point he desired, Judge, continued he, if we have not every thing to fear from our Emperor, whose Temper being naturally violent, when enflamed with Wine, may be transported to the most dreadful Acts, from which not those he favours most will be, perhaps, exempted: To prevent therefore, added he, any of these terrible Accidents, I beg you will load me with the heaviest Chains can be procured, and put me in Prison, as under Sentence of Death by the Command of his Majesty; this done, leave me to manage the rest, which I doubt not so
to

to do, as shall cure the Emperor for ever of this dangerous Habitude.

THE Eunuchs, truly alarmed at the Picture which the *Mandarin* had given them of the Mischiefs might happen thro' the Drunkenness of *Kambi*, performed what he desired with all exactness. He was in the Prison of the Palace when the Emperor awoke, who finding himself alone, called for the chief of the Eunuchs, and demanding of him where the *Mandarin* was gone; Alas! replied he, with all the Marks of the extreme Sadness in his Countenance, he remains in the Prison to which your Majesty has doom'd him, till the Sentence of his Death shall be executed.

THE Emperor was in a strange Consternation at this Discourse: Ha! Prison! cried he; What Prison!——What Death!——Then retreating, as it were within himself, for some Moments, he endeavoured to call back some Remembrance of this Adventure; but not being able to comprehend any thing of it, he ordered the *Mandarin* shou'd be brought before him. He came and prostrated himself at his Feet as a Criminal, who expects every instant the Conclusion of his Fate. Who has put thee into this State? said the Emperor: And wherefore are these Chains upon thy Legs and Arms?

I AM wholly ignorant of the Cause, replied he, with a well dissembled Terror; I know only that your Majesty has commanded it, and I attended my Death when they took me out of Prison, and brought me once more to behold the Light of the Sun, and the Eyes of my more adored Emperor. *Kambi* was now more astonished than before; he again endeavoured to recollect himself, but not the least notion occurring, either of the *Mandarin's* Fault, or the Punishment he had inflicted on him, he no longer doubted but that the Fumes of the Wine had obliterated every thing that had passed; and the Horror of having been capable of treating in that Manner, and without cause, a Man so dear to him, threw him into the utmost Confusion. He made his Chains be immediately taken off, and having embraced him, sent him from his Presence; but tho' the
Dignity

Dignity of his Majesty wou'd not permit him to acknowledge what he believed was the Truth of this Affair, yet he resolv'd to be guilty of the like Violence no more ; and ever since, has avoided all Excess with the utmost Care.

THIS Moderation is intirely owing to the Zeal of the *Mandarin*, who run the hazard of his Life, if his Stratagem had been discovered ; the Pride and Passion of the Emperor being such, as wou'd never have suffered him to have forgiven an Imposition of this kind. I know not, therefore, if this Action may not be put pretty near upon a Parallel with that of *Zopirus* ; the one risquing as much as did the other, and being inspired with the same Zeal, tho' on a different Motive, and in a different Situation.

THIS Passage pleases me infinitely, said *Camilla*, because it confirms the good Opinion I am inclined to have of the *Chinese* : That Nation seems to have a peculiar Delicacy in all they think, and in all they undertake.

I AM persuaded, interrupted *Felicia*, that the *Chinese* merit this Prepossession ; but it must be confessed, that the farther off we are from any thing, either in time or place, the more we are liable to admire : As we know them no other ways than by the Recitals given of them, those Recitals fill us with Ideas of them, which, perhaps, we shou'd intirely lose, on a nearer Acquaintance with them. The belief we give to History, imprints in our Minds such amiable and puissant Images of the great Men of Antiquity, that if any one shou'd advise us to moderate our Admiration of the *Roman* Grandeur, or the Heroes of *Greece*, I really imagine, we cou'd not avoid treating them in the same manner, as if they attempted to derogate from our own Glory.

NOTHING is more certain, added *Hortensia*, and we may easily prove it to ourselves, by this Remark ; That if we find an Author gives a simple or ordinary Character of those Persons we have a high Idea of, we cannot read it with patience ; and tho' the Poem has a thousand Graces in it, we look over it without Pleasure

sure, if we do not find it speaks of an *Alexander*, a *Cæsar*, an *Augustus*, a *Lewis XIV.* a *Charles* of *Sweden*, or any other such great and wonderful Men, according to the Opinion we have imbibed of them.

I FIND this Observation very just, said *Silviana* with the most agreeable Smile ; and I assure you, I shou'd have a kind of Detestation to a Painter, who shou'd represent the magnificent Cities of Antiquity as so many little Villages, or shou'd diminish the least thing of that famous *Carthage*, of which we spoke a while ago, and of which I have erected in my mind the most noble and beautiful Idea.

ALL the Company fell a laughing at the manner in which *Silviana* defended this Argument ; after which replied *Thelament*, If the Painter, said he, shou'd present you with *Carthage* as it was in its beginning, he wou'd not be guilty of a Crime in not shewing it with that Magnificence it afterwards acquired. This City was originally founded by *Dido*, the Widow of *Sicheius*, and called *Birsa* ; but when it augmented in Riches and Power, the Name was changed to that of *Carthage*. *Dennis* of *Halicarnassus* has remarked, that it was built 38 Years before the first *Olympiad*, 70 Years before the Foundation of *Rome*, and 370 Years after the Destruction of *Troy*.

I AM always discovering my Ignorance, interrupted *Camilla* ; but since it is with a desire of being instructed, I am not in the least ashamed of it, nor fear the Censure of this learned Society, when I ask what was the Origin of the *Olympiads*, and how many Years do they include.

IT is easy to satisfy you in that Particular, my dear *Camilla*, replied *Alphonso* : *Olympia* was a City of *Peloponnesus*, in which they celebrated every five Years certain Games and Combates, where, for the most part, the *Greeks* carried away the Prize. These Games were called *Olympic*, after the Name of the City, and under the Reign of *Joathas*, Son of *Ozias* King of *Judea*, *Yphites*, sovereign Master of the City of *Elee*, instituted the first *Olympiad*, as a certain Epoch for the Calculation of Time, the *Olympic* Games being celebrated every

five

five Years, they cou'd not be deceived; who reckoned from 5 to 10, and so on. This same *Yphites* also made a Decree, by which it was ordained, the *Greeks* shou'd measure their Time no other way; and it was then, that they put a new face on their Political Affairs, and began to write their History; all that was recited before the first *Olympiad* being fabulous, or at least too obscure to be depended upon.

THE *Romans*, added *Thelamont*, who have been exact Imitators of the *Greeks* in every thing they found excellent or particular in their Laws and Customs, instituting the *Lustrum*, which was the same Term of Time that the *Olympiads* were, 130 Years after the Death of *Lycurgus* the Legislator, *Theopompus*, King of *Lacedemonia*, created five Officers called *Ephores*, to whom he gave part of the sovereign Power; and in imitation of this, the *Romans* created their Tribunes, and gave them the like Authority.

I CANNOT without Astonishment, said *Celemena*, remember the Ruin of that famous Republic, so well established, so wisely governed, and so full of the greatest Men.

It is true, replied *Thelamont*, that nothing can be more surprizing than the Accidents which brought on that Destruction. However, when one examines every thing with care, one shall find it was impossible it shou'd be otherwise; Ambition, Envy, and Jealousy, having corrupted the Minds of those, by whom alone it cou'd be supported. *Mithridates*, King of *Pontus*, having gained many Battles over *Ariobarzanes*, King of *Cappadocia*, and *Nicomedes*, King of *Bithynia*, both of whom were Friends and Allies of the *Romans*; and having driven them from their Kingdoms, these generous People declared War against the Conqueror, and gave the Command of the Legions to *Lucius Sylla*.

CAIUS MARIUS, one of the most experienced Chiefs, and who had been already six times Consul, and as often triumphed for the Success of his Arms, jealous of the Preference which the Senate and the People had given to *Sylla*, who had been Lieutenant under him, formed a very powerful Party, by the Assistance of
Sulpitius.

Sulpitius, one of the Tribunes. *Sylla* preceiving their Intent was to deprive him, if possible, of his new Honour, assembled all his Friends in opposition to those of *Marius*; and the Number of the latter was so superior to the other, that they were intirely put to silence; and *Marius* being banished *Rome*, took refuge in *Africa*.

SYLLA, having thus overcome his Enemy at home, went into *Asia* with a very formidable Army, where he fought *Mitridates*, obtained a compleat Victory, and subjugated all *Cappadocia* and *Bithynia* to the Roman Power. But while he was thus employed for that Glory of his Country, new Debates were raised in *Rome*; the Consul *Lucius Cinna* was the Friend of *Marius*, and managed the People in such a manner, that they consented to the recalling him from Banishment: He returned, and entered *Rome* at the head of an Army: He cut off the Head of *Eneus Octavius*, and of *Marcus Antonius*, the Orator, and many others of *Sylla's* Party, and the seventh time enjoyed the Consulship. *Sylla* was no sooner informed of this strange Revolution, than he left *Asia*, and arrived in *Italy*, with his victorious Army; which, flushed with their late Conquest, and almost adoring their General, encountered the Troops of *Marius*, defeated them, and entered *Rome*, which was half depopulated with these civil Broils: Nor did this magnificent City alone feel the Effects of the Jealousy of her ambitious Rulers, all *Italy* suffered in some measure, and Desolation triumphed in many of those pompous Palaces, where Joy and Grandeur had so lately reigned.

AFTER the first Fury of the War was over, and *Sylla* re-established, they began to examine into the Depth of *Marius's* Conspiracy, and all that were defeated, or even under strong Suspicions of being of his Faction, were obliged to submit to either Death or Banishment: *Marius* himself perished miserably; there were no less than two thousand Senators and Roman Knights exterminated, and an infinite Number of Citizens proscribed.

In fine, *Sylla* was made Dictator, tho' that Dignity had been extinct for the space of one hundred Years,
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and never appeared in public without twenty-four Macebearers to march before him. Then it was, that the whole Earth trembled at his Power; nothing any longer dared to oppose itself to his Will: And every thing being in a profound Calm, he set himself to the reforming of the old Laws, and made several good ones, for the use of the public. He was grateful to excess, to all who had espoused his Quarrel; he gave the Surname of *Great* to *Cneius Pompeius*, the Son of *Strabo*, in recompence for the Losses those of his Family had sustained in supporting his Interests. The greatest part of the *Patricians*, who were of his Faction, had the most considerable Employments and Poits in the Republic given them, where, generally speaking, they behaved like Tyrants, robbing the Provinces they were set over, and appropriating the Spoils to their own Use, and in every thing acting above all Laws but that of their own Will; and all this with Impunity, the Dictator having his own Reasons to listen to no Complaint against them. Neither was the Possession of immense Treasures, the Plunder of half a ruined World, sufficient to content these haughty Lords; the absolute Sway they had over the common People, without any Power above them, to whom they should give account of their Actions, made them commit all manner of Injustices. *Sylla* was not ignorant of these Disorders, and feared, with reason, that if some Care were not taken to prevent the Continuance of them, it must turn to the utter Ruin of the Republic: He, therefore, spoke both in public and private to the Authors; but perceiving they little regarded his Admonitions, and not daring to make use of any Violence to chastise their Excesses, he chose to resign the Dictatorship, and pass the rest of his Days as a private Man.

THE Populace, who know the Actions of those above them but superficially, look'd on this Resignation of *Sylla's* as the greatest and most extraordinary Act of Moderation that ever had been known; when, in reality, it was occasioned only by his Fear, that the Disorders which his Creatures committed every day, without any Punishment being given them, would at last raise up
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the Spirit of the People against him, and compel him to lay down an Authority which he owed to them, and held but by their Suffrage.

THUS this Man of Blood, who had sacrificed so many Lives, to acquire his Power, permitted so much Cruelty and Injustice for the Support of it, and had been the greatest part of his Life in War and Tumult, died in Peace, in the middle of his own Lands, and regretted by the People of *Rome*, who celebrated his Funeral with all imaginable Pomp; every one contributing to the Honours paid him; and the number who assisted at laying him in the Earth, was incredible.

THE Remains of *Marius's* Faction, who had escaped the Cruelty of *Sylla*, and retired to *Spain*, in the Army of *Sertorius*, continued the civil War till the Death of that General, who fell by the hands of his own People, by the Conspiracy of *Perpenna*; but some time after, this Traitor perished himself, and all *Spain* submitted to the *Romans*. But the Troubles of this Republic were not yet at an end, and soon after, some of the greatest Families served in the Troops of the Gladiator *Spartacus*, who involved all *Italy* in Confusion, and was at last destroyed by the Courage of *Marcus Crassus*.

PUBLIUS SERVILIUS made War against the Pirates of *Silesia*, took the Fortrefs of *Isauria*, which was their principal Retreat; and, in fine, subjugated both *Silesia* and *Isauria*, and obliged them to entreat Peace: But on occasion of a new Revolt, the great *Pompey* was sent with a powerful Sea Force, who attacked them so vigorously, that in forty Days they were all destroyed.

THE *Romans* began now to be again incommoded by their ancient Enemy *Mithridates*, who being a little recovered from those Losses he had sustained by the Arms of *Sylla*, entered into *Cappadocia* and *Bithynia*, at the head of a very formidable Army. *Lucius Lucullus* was sent against him. They fought several Battles, in all which *Mithridates* had the worst; and the last decisive one obliged him to fly for the Safety of his Person, among the Mountains of *Pontus*. His Country was plundered,

dered, and the *Romans* returned loaded with immense Riches.

QUINTUS METELLUS having attacked the *Cretans*, after several Combats gained the Victory; all their Cities and Towns were pillaged, or sacked, and the whole Country converted to a *Roman* Province.

MITHRIDATES now entered a third time into *Italy*, with greater Forces than ever: *Pompey* marched against him with all the Flower of the *Roman* Cavalry, and gained over him Victories on Victories; he conquered all *Phœnicia*, converted the whole Kingdom of *Pontus* into a Province of *Rome*; and then passed into *Judea*, where, in return of some Affronts given by *Aristobulus*, King of the *Jews*, he attacked and took *Jerusalem* by force, made the Walls be beaten down, and opened the way to the most sacred Recesses of the Temple, into which he went, but followed only by a few Persons, the Chiefs of his Army, and obliged the High Priest to explain to him the Faith of the *Jews*: But joining Piety to his Valour, he suffered no Prophaneation to be done to that holy Place, nor any of the consecrated Vessels to be taken out of it; contenting himself with rendering *Judea* tributary, and to carry *Aristobulus* a Captive to *Rome*, in order to grace his Triumph.

THE Spoils of these great Provinces consisted of vast Treasures; all which were carried to *Rome*, where things now began to take a new and better face than they had worn of a long time: But it lasted but a small space of time; that Spirit of Dissension, which before had been so fatal to them, now revived again: Ambitious Projects and factious Cabals were carried on among the great ones; the Increase of their Wealth served only to afford them stronger means of Opposition. The Luxury of *Asia* had also contributed to corrupt their Morals; and tho' every one was jealous of his Neighbour's Glory, few there were that took any care to preserve their own; and the *Roman* Name, once so famous for Wisdom, Moderation and Virtue, was now defiled with the most criminal and ungovernable Passions;
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the Treasures of the conquered Nations seemed given them for a Curse rather than a Blessing ; and had they been less victorious, they had doubtless been more *happy*, because more *good*.

It was their private Debaucheries, their own Pride, and Envy of each other, that gave rise to the Conspiracy of *Lucius Catiline* the Senator : This great Man having the Art to draw into his Party, the Pretor *Lentulus Cethegus*, with several other Senators, and some of the Prime of the Nobility ; the Fall of *Rome* seemed the more certain, as the Plot had been a long time contrived by those who had, as one may say, the very Heart of the Republic in their Hands. But the Penetration and Vigilance of *Marcus Tullius Cicero* discovered it, and made the Pretor *Lentulus Cethegus*, and the other principal Conspirators, be seized ; who were no sooner examined, than they confessed the whole Ground-work of the Design, and how it was intended to be carried on ; these had a Punishment suitable to their Crime. But *Cicero* perceiving, by the List they gave him of the Names of their Accomplices, that some of the greatest and most powerful Families in *Rome* were engaged in it, judged it improper to push the Affair any farther ; and having enjoined silence to all that were acquainted with it, sent the Consul *Antonius* against *Catiline*, who had escaped into *Tuscany*, and had there raised Forces, with which he threatned *Rome*. *Antonius* gave him Battle, and *Catiline* was vanquished, killed, and his Army intirely defeated.

It was on this Occasion, that *Cato*, Tribune of the People, honoured *Cicero* with the glorious Title of Father of his Country. This memorable Epoch was in the Year 690 from the Foundation of *Rome*. The Friends of the Conspirators had so great a hatred for *Cicero*, that, three Years after, *Publius Claudius*, one of the Tribunes, caused him to be banished ; and tho' he was recalled by the People in about six Months, with all the Honours they cou'd possibly pay him, yet he was ot less the Object of Detestation, by some very great Men,

Men, who were at that time forming new Plots for the Destruction of the Republic.

JULIUS CESAR having married his Daughter *Julia* to the great *Pompey*, there was the most strict Amity between these two Heroes, that cou'd possibly be formed, and indeed enough to become the Grave of Republican Liberty ; for *Cesar* being also allied to *Marcus Crassus*, surnamed the *Rich*, brought him also into a League with *Pompey* ; and these three contrived such Measures, as put into their Disposal all the Affairs of the State. In effect, they shared the whole Empire among them ; *Cesar* for five Years together, had the Government of the two *Gauls*, the *Cisalpine*, and the *Narbonnese* ; that of *Spain* was the Portion of *Pompey* for the same time ; and *Crassus* had the Commission of the War against the *Parthians*.

CESAR did such great things in *Gaul*, that they submitted intirely to him, and destroyed the Army of *Aricovistus*, to whom they had given the Name of the *Scourge* : As for *Crassus*, who was much less moderate and pious than *Pompey*, he sacked *Jerusalem*, damaged the Temple, and carried away all the holy Vessels ; but this Sacrilege went not unpunished, he lost the next Battle he fought with the *Parthians*, his Son was killed, and himself perished by the Infidelity of that barbarous People. In regard to *Pompey*, he was elected Consul, without any Colleague, a thing which never happened before ; with this Dignity, they conferred that of Dictator. The Government of *Cesar* was prolonged for five Years more, in which time he pacified the *Gauls*, subjugated the *Germans*, the *Swedes*, and the *English*. In this manner, always attended with Victory and Glory, did these two great Men rule the Empire, while a good Intelligence continued between themselves.

BUT the Death of *Julia*, Daughter of *Cesar*, and Wife to *Pompey*, broke in sunder the Bonds of this beneficial Amity ; and the Object so dear to both, by all the Principles of Love and Nature, being removed, Ambition, Envy, and Jealousy succeeded : Both being desirous of Command, and neither willing to recede,
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Animosities and private Grudgings, made way for those future Violences which hereafter broke forth so fatally for the Common-weal. *Pompey* having persuaded the *Roman* People, that the Power of *Cesar* was prejudicial to the Republic, he procured by his Contrivances a Decree, by which *Cesar* was commanded to disband his Army within a time prefixed. To this *Cesar* refused Obedience, and the Consuls, by virtue of that Decree, raised Forces in order to oblige him to it.

CESAR perceiving what they were about, quitted the *Gauls*, and marched into *Italy*, where he did much Mischief to the Provinces ; all those Persons whom they suspected to be of his Party, were constrained to leave their Dwellings, and go to join *Pompey* : But *Cesar*, informed that the Hearts of the greatest Number were on his Side, marched directly to *Rome*, where he entered in a triumphant Manner, without any Opposition, caused himself to be proclaimed Dictator, converted the public Treasures to his own Use, compelled *Pompey*, by the Force of his Arms, to abandon *Italy*, and to retire into *Greece*, where the famous Battle of *Pharsalia* decided the Fate of the Republic, in the Year 900 from the Foundation of *Rome*.

POMPEY depending on the Friendship of *Ptolemy*, took refuge in *Egypt*, where that ungrateful Monarch caused him to be assassinated. *Cesar* went there, and was in equal Danger, by the Treason of the same *Ptolemy* ; from which he saved himself, but by setting fire to his Fleet, and it was the Flames of the burning Vessels which consumed that most celebrated Library of *Alexandria*, founded by *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, and augmented with such Care by his Successors ; a Loss irreparable to the Republic of Letters.

THE Fortune of *Cesar* preserved him from this Danger ; *Potelmy* perished, and all *Egypt* submitted to the *Roman* Power ; after which *Cesar* set *Cleopatra* on the Throne of her Ancestors ; and knowing that during the civil Wars, *Pharnaces*, Son of *Mithridates*, had taken an Opportunity to attack the *Roman* Provinces, he marched against him with so much Diligence and Speed, that *Pharnaces* felt the Weight of his Arms be-

before he thought of his Approach: From thence he poured like a Torrent into *Africa*, and was victorious over *Juba*, King of *Mauritania*, who, by giving refuge to the Remains of *Pompey's* Party, had prolonged the civil War.

SCIPIO and *Cato* were at the head of these Troops, but they were ever defeated; and *Cesar* put to death *Afranius*, and several other Senators, whom he suspected to have given encouragement to the Enemies. *Cato*, who had retired into a City of *Utica*, fearing to fall living into the hands of *Cesar*, and scorning to be under any Obligation to a person he looked upon as the Destroyer of the Liberty of his Country, prevented it, by plunging a Dagger in his own Bosom. After his Death, *Cesar* returned to *Rome*, where he ordered four Triumphs to be prepared for him; one for the *Gauls*, one for *Egypt*, one for *Pontus*, and one for *Africa*. He was informed, that *Cneius* and *Sextus Pompeius*, Sons of the great *Pompey*, were in *Spain* with a considerable Army; on which he flew thither, and again triumphed over these illustrious, but unfortunate young Men. *Cneius* lost his Life, and *Sextus* fled; and this intirely put an end, at once, to the civil War, and the Liberty of the *Roman* People; nothing now in the Republic preserving its former face.

CESAR, on his return to *Rome*, was honoured with the new Title of perpetual Dictator; after which, he made many Laws, and extended the Circumference of the City; but the extreme Flattery of the Senate, who exalted him to Dignity, gave him a Throne, a Temple, and a Priest, and altered the Name of the fifth Month from *Quintilis* to that of *Julius*, made him imagine himself so much above all Mankind besides, that he decided all the Affairs of the Empire, without any other Counsel than that of his own Will, affecting in every thing the behaviour of Royalty.

THIS Arrogance gave Occasion to a Conspiracy, by so much the more dangerous, as it was formed by Persons, who had been among the number of his best Friends, and who were still held as such even by himself: They were not indeed Enemies to him, but to his Vices; and

as they were now grown incorrigible, and also contagious, there was no way to save the whole Community, but by cutting off this corrupted Member.

IN the fifth Year of his Dictatorship, a Day was appointed for all the Senate to assemble in the Theatre of *Pompey*. *Cesar*, who always made them expect him a long time, came not till they were all sat down. At his Entrance, they all rose up to do him honour, and the principal of the Conspirators crouding nearest to him, as most officious to testify their Zeal, took the advantage of that Moment, and assassinated him in full Senate, and the face of Day: He fell, disfigured with thirty-six Wounds, among which, those given by *Brutus* and *Cassius* were the deepest.

A LITTLE time before this Misfortune happened, having no Children of his own living, he adopted, and made his Heir, the young *Caius Octavius*, his Sister's Son. The Consul *Marcus Antonius*, who performed the Honours of his Funeral Obsequies, mounted the *Rostrum*, and after a very elegant Oration, displayed his bloody Robe, which animated the People in such a manner, against the Conspirators, that they vowed to revenge the Death of *Cesar* on their Heads, and those of their Posterity. With this assistance, *Marcus Antonius* seized *Cisalpine*, and besieged the Pretor *Decimus Brutus*. He was then, by the Persuasions of *Cicero*, declared a Traitor to his Country; and the Consuls *Hircius* and *Pansa* were sent against him with a considerable Army. The young *Caius Octavius* followed them with another: The Consuls joined *Antonius* near a City then called *Mutinus*, but now *Modena*, and gave him Battle. The two Consuls lost their Lives, but their Army was victorious. *Octavius* joined them with his Forces. *Marcus Antonius* was totally defeated; and having lost all his Cavalry, escaped with them to *Marcus Lepidus*, who commanded a great Army beyond the *Alps*.

OCTAVIUS wou'd not give himself the trouble of pursuing them, but marched, with his three Armies, directly to *Rome*, where, tho' he was but twenty Years old, he demanded the *Consulate*. The Senate urged, it was

was against their Laws, and the People opposed it by all the means in their power: But Liberty was now no more; a *Roman* Citizen, once equal with a King, was now little better than a Slave; as the Body of a Community will ever be, while armed Thousands are kept in Pay to enforce Obedience. *Octavius* pleaded but in vain, he therefore threatened, *Rome* trembled, and what his Services had not yet made him worthy of obtaining, was yielded to the Terror of his Legions, A sufficient Warning to all free Countries to beware of standing Armies.

MARCUS ANTONIUS and *Lepidus* having been declared Enemies to the People of *Rome*, the new Consul *Octavius* was sent against them, with all the Forces of the Empire; but remembering with how much Reluctance he obtained his Dignity, and not doubting but the People wanting nothing more than a favourable Opportunity of regaining their ancient Rights and Freedom, instead of combating, he joined Interests with *Lepidus* and *Antonius*, and entered into a League with them, for laying fresh Burthens on the Commonalty of *Rome*, and for revenging the Death of *Cesar* on all his Enemies. This was that famous *Triumvirate* which lost the State so much Blood. *Cicero*, abandoned by *Octavius*, to the Resentment of *Antonius*, was assassinated by his own Servants, who after cutting off his Head and his Hands, put them, by the Order of *Antonius*, upon the Buttresses of the Gallery, where the Tribunes made their publick Harangues. The People beheld, with Horror, the Remains of this great Man, ignominiously exposed in the same Place in which his Eloquence had been so much admired, and where he had a thousand times been called the Father of his Country: But Complaintings in secret were now all the Relief was left them, and they durst scarce be seen to mourn his or their own Misfortunes.

AFTER the *Triumvirate* had fully satiated their Revenge, and made themselves Masters of the Senate and the People, they parted the Empire between them, in this manner: The *Levant*, and all *Greece*, fell to *Marcus Antonius*, *Africa* to *Lepidus*, and the *West* to *Caius*

Octavius ; they left *Sicily* to *Sextus Pompey*, who had a very puissant Force by Sea ; and as *Octavius* had been adopted by *Cesar*, he conformed himself to the Law *Curialis* ; and took upon him the Name of *Julius Cesar Octavius*, according to the *Roman* Custom.

HE afterwards summoned all the other Persons concerned in the Assassination of his Uncle *Julius Cesar*, and obtained a Sentence of Death shou'd be passed on them. From the beginning of these last civil Wars, *Octavius* and *Lepidus* had declared themselves Revengers of the Murder of *Cesar* ; and knowing that *Marcus Brutus* and *Caius Cassius* were in *Thessaly*, with the remainder of those *Romans* who had still enough of public Spirit in them, to chuse rather to live free in Banishment, than to be Slaves at home, they marched against them with considerable Forces, and gave them Battle in the *Philippic* Fields, near the City of *Philippi*. *Brutus* and *Cassius* were defeated, and both died by their own Weapons, to avoid falling into the hands of their Enemies ; and with them died the last hopes of the Republic.

THIS Victory obtained, *Octavius* began to think of *Sextus Pompey*, who had yet remaining a considerable Party in the Senate, and among the People. A great Armament was raised, both by Sea and Land ; and the Command given to *Marcus Agrippa*, who defeated *Sextus*, first in a naval Fight, and afterwards by Land ; then set fire to his Fleet, burned all his Vessels, and forced him to fly into *Africa*, where he died, after having languished a long time. This Victory, and the Conquest of *Sicily*, gave Occasion to a Misunderstanding between the *Triumvirate*.

LEPIDUS, who pretended a Right to *Sicily*, and had twenty Legions under his Command, openly declared he wou'd dispute it by force of Arms ; but *Octavius*, who had an equal number of Men continually in Arms, had nothing to fear from his Menaces : However, thinking it best to proceed by Policy, he employed Emissaries, who, partly by Persuasions, and partly by Bribes, won over the Chiefs of *Lepidus's* Army ;
by

by whom seeing himself forsaken, he was constrained to subscribe to all *Octavius* would have him.

WHILE his Heart was elevated with this Success, he entertained Designs to humble *Marcus Antonius*, whose Power was an Impediment to that universal Sway he now began to be ambitious of. His Amour with *Cleopatra* seemed favourable to his Projects; he caused a Report to be spread, that *Antonius* had formed a Conspiracy with the Princes of the East, to bring a War into *Rome*, to destroy entirely the Authority of the Senate, abolish the Laws, convert it into an absolute Monarchy, and set a strange Queen to reign over the *Roman* People.

THE Conduct of *Antonius* gave but too much room for belief to such discourses; for tho' he was not ignorant of the ambitious Views of *Octavius*, and had a Power sufficient enough to have quelled them; yet his Love transported him beyond all other Considerations, and he even provoked the *Romans* so far, as to put away his Wife *Octavia*, the Sister of *Octavius*, and espoused that *Cleopatra* so fatal to his Glory, his Interest, and, at last, to his Life. There needed no better a Pretence for *Octavius* to declare him an Enemy to the Country; great Forces were raised on both sides, and, in a short time, the *Grecian* and *Macedonian* Seas were covered with Ships of War, and the Countries all round about full of the most formidable Armies of the Earth. They came to a Battle, where *Octavius* being victorious, pursued *Antonius* into *Egypt*, and that unhappy Emperor perceiving himself deserted by those he most confided in, put an end to his Life with his own hands; and the beautiful Cause of his undoing, the too charming *Cleopatra*, to avoid the shame of attending the Triumph of the Conqueror, stung herself to death with the Venom of an Aspic.

THUS the whole Authority devolved on *Octavius Caesar*, who now no longer having any Opposers to the Scheme he had long since projected, converted the Republic into an absolute Monarchy. And thus the Division, begun by *Marius* and *Sylla*, drew, by degrees, the *Romans* under the Yoke of one arbitrary Ruler,

and lost, for ever, that Liberty of which they had in former Times been so scrupulously jealous.

THIS, said *Silviana*, is a most satisfactory Abridgement of the *Roman* History, and one cannot too much admire the Memory and Exactness with which *Thelamont* has run through such a Course of different and surprising Accidents.

THE manner, added *Hortensia*, in which those wonderful Revolutions have been delivered to us, so as to make us comprehend, in a few Minutes, the prodigious Events of a great number of Years, wou'd be indeed astonishing, had the Relation not proceeded from the mouth of a Person so accustomed to please, that nothing he does can be amazing, unless he cou'd become, which is impossible, dull and uninstractive.

OROPHANES, who perceived his Friend was beginning to be uneasy at the Compliments they made him, put a stop to any farther Speech, by saying: The Fall of the *Roman* Republic was necessary to shew the World the great Qualities of *Octavius Cesar*; and I think Posterity wou'd have had a great Loss, if he had not been Emperor. After he had extinguished all the Factions in *Rome*, vanquished all his Enemies at home and abroad, turned *Egypt* into a Province; added, by his Victories, many Countries to the Empire; given Peace to the whole World, both by Land and Sea, and shut up the Temple of *Janus*; then did his Wisdom appear in the highest degree! He set himself to the Study of the Laws, reformed what he found amiss, and made several new and very excellent ones; shewed the common People, that he knew how to command with Mildness, when they were ready to obey with Chearfulness. He took the same care of the administration of public Justice, that the meanest person had an equal Advantage with the greatest, and, by his prudent Behaviour in every thing, gained an universal Love and Applause: He was dear to his People, and formidable to foreign Nations: His Reputation reached even to the Extremities of the *Indies*; the King of those vast Regions sent Ambassadors to intreat an Alliance with him, and the *Scythians* made him the Arbitrator of their Differences.

His

His great Virtues obliged the Senate to honour him with the Title of *Augustus* ; and the sixth Month which was called *Sextilis*, was, in compliment of him, ever after named *Augustus*.

HE so well maintained the Dignity of those illustrious Titles and Honours conferred on him, that never Monarch had less of Envy, or more of Admiration. He considerably enlarged the City of *Rome* ; and as the Buildings were mostly Earth and Brick, he now raised magnificent Edifices of Marble, of Jasper and Porphyry, and conducted Waters thro' Aqueducts, from great distances to the very centre of the City.

BUT as *Thelamont* observed, nothing contributed more to his Glory, than his exact Observance of the Laws and impartial Justice ; his admirable Skill in Politics also merits the extremest Praise. During his Reign, the Cities and Provinces enjoyed a perfect Peace ; but tho' he had so well the Art to know and to oblige all Dispositions, yet was he not self-sufficient enough to depend on any thing, or in other Words, to leave any thing to Chance : He thought the surest way to keep Peace, was to deter from War ; and therefore had certain Legions garrison'd in all the Provinces of *Europe*, *Asia* and *Africa*, the Number of which, all together, consisted of 200,000 Foot Soldiers, and 40,000 Horse, with 300 Elephants, all trained and practised in War.

THESE Troops were well equipp'd, and exactly paid ; and by a wise Precaution, 300,000 Harnesses dispersed in all the strong Places of the Empire, to be ready in case of any Accident. The Armies were under the Command of the most able and experienced Officers, most of them having served in the Wars of *Julius Cesar*, or those *Augustus* had himself in the beginning of his Reign, and with whom both of them had gained such great Victories. For the intire Security of the Frontiers of his Empire, he also augmented his Navy to the Number of 2000 Vessels and 500 Gallies, all well manned and stored with Ammunition ; besides these, he had 800 great Transports, which they called *Tholmicks*, destined for the Service of the Army ; many

of these *Tholmicks* were also employed in the magnificent Entertainments with which the Emperor frequently diverted the People; they were finely carved, gilded, and painted, enriched with all Sorts of Ornaments, and distinguished by an Infinity of Ensigns, Flags, and Streamers, besides other Marks particular to each Vessel; on the Prow of one was a Wolf, on another a Lion, a third had a Tyger, a fourth a Sphinx, a fifth a Bull, a sixth a Minotaur, a seventh a Horse, and so on to all Sorts of Animals; but the *Roman* Eagle, as the principal Ensign of the Empire, made the Ship which bore it most respected. This great Navy had for its Admiral the *Prefect* of the Sea, from whom every inferior Commander received Orders, and the *Prefect* gave an account of every thing to the Emperor, who, tho' in Peace, busied himself continually in the Theory of War, and listened with pleasure to all that was said to him on that subject. The Funds for maintaining these Forces, as well as those of the Land, were put into the hands of *Treasurers*, who on no Pretext whatever durst apply them to any other use, the least Suspicion of such a Practice being immediate Death. These vast Fleets were distributed, some in the Ports of the Ocean, some in the *Mediterranean*, and others in the Mouths of the Rivers of one and the other Sea.

BUT if this Emperor merited the Love of the *Roman* People, for the Advantages he procured them, he was yet more worthy the Admiration of the whole World, by the greatness of his Sentiments, by the just choice he made of his Friends and Favourites, by the Proofs he gave of his Clemency and Liberality, and by the Esteem he paid to all Men of Letters, or that excelled in any Science, under his Reign.

WITHOUT an *Octavius Augustus*, we, perhaps, had never known a *Mecenas*, or an *Agrippa*, a *Horace*, a *Virgil*, or an *Ovid*; and it is for this Reason, I believe, that Posterity wou'd have lost much, if it had not been for this Emperor.

YOUR Reflection is very just, replied *Urania*; nobody can deny, that *Octavius* was well deserving of uni-

universal Rule; and that Ambition is far from being a Crime in those, who like him are capable of governing with so much Glory.

WITHOUT doubt, added *Felicia*; for *Augustus* cou'd never have brought about those great Things he did, if he had not been in a Station which permitted him the Execution of his Designs, without Controul or Contradiction.

AND methinks, continued she, one cannot reflect on this History, without admiring the Decrees of Providence, which, out of all the Earth, made choice of a Man no more than twenty Years of Age, to pluck down the Pride and Vanity of the *Roman* Republic; which, under the Pretext of Liberty, their favourite Idol, plundered the Nations they subdued, took upon them to give Laws to all the Earth, and to distribute Crowns and Scepters, according to their Caprice or their Interests, making Slaves of Kings, and Kings of Slaves, appropriating the Treasures of the one to gratify the other, and forming nothing but ambitious, and sometimes inhuman Projects. I know not if it is the little Propensity I have to like that sort of Government, which makes me think in this manner; but I confess, if I find Virtues in many of the old *Roman*, I find a great number of Faults in the Republic in general; I see more of Pride and Ostentation in all they did, than a true Magnanimity of Mind; and even in their most worthy Actions, there appears to me a certain Barbarism.

TRUE Glory has something in it sweet and modest; this excessive Love of Liberty inspires Designs rather bold than generous, and sometimes cruel and bloody; but in a People submitted to the Will of one Master, Love, Zeal, and Fidelity engross all their Sentiments, as Tenderness, Care, and Generosity do those of him that rules them.

WE, Madam, answered *Melantus*, that are born in a Kingdom, where arbitrary Government has been long established, ought to be of this Opinion for our Peace of Mind; but were you to hear the Arguments on the other side of the Question, you wou'd perhaps have different Ideas. I grant, that where a King is truly

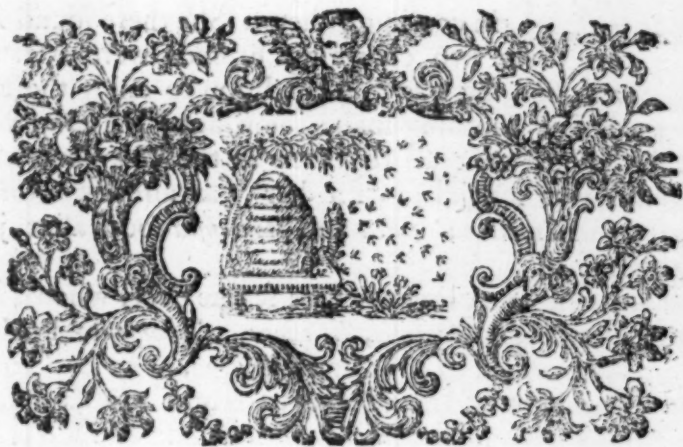
the Father of his People, has no Ambition farther than to make them happy, has no peculiar Favourites, who, by a partial Indulgence, he permits to prey upon his meaner Subjects, but distributes his Justice to all alike, and his Bounties only to those distinguished for their Virtues; then is monarchical Government preferable to all others. But alas! how few Kingdoms in the World can boast of such a Prince! All the East, and great part of the North and South, are rather Slaves than Subjects; and the Desire of extending the Prerogative among Kings is so natural, that it must be indeed a more than common share of Humanity and Moderation that restrains them from giving the utmost Loose to this darling Passion.

ALL Men, added *Thelamont*, were born free; but as the Passions too much indulged would destroy all the social Virtues, it was necessary they should be under the Restriction of Laws, and that the Fears of Punishment might deter those whom the Love of Goodness would not allure: For the execution of Laws, there must be Magistrates and Officers, and, lest there might be Corruption in them also, there was one set over them, with the awful Tide of *Viceroy* of God, to the end, his Commands might be observed with a greater Reverence, and his Person inspire the more Awe. This was the first Institution of Kings: They were made so, not so much for the Good of themselves and Families, as for the Good of the Community in general; and I therefore think those Nations are the happiest, whose Monarchs are bound by certain Laws, which if they infringe, the Subjects are absolved from all Allegiance.

THIS is the Case in all elective Monarchies, replied *Orophanes*, yet we have seen Inconveniencies in that too; and let us agree ever so long, there neither is nor can be any perfect State on Earth: Ambition will be always predominant among Kings, Flattery among Courtiers, sinister Views among Ministers, and Bribery and Corruption among the People.

LISIMOND was preparing to make some Reply to this Observation, when the Servants came in to lay the Cloth, *Urania* having given Orders, that Supper should be brought into *Florinda's* Apartment. This Repast was

was accompanied with the same Delicacies as the others. *Alcippe* and *Lisimond* contributed very much to the pleasure of the Entertainment, by their Wit and Gaiety. They sat pretty long at Table, and *Urania* fearing that *Florinda* was somewhat incommoded by their having past the whole Day with her, obliged the Company to separate. *Alcippe* and *Lisimond* went into their Chariot, in order to return to the Castle of *Celemena*, promising to attend *Urania* the next Morning. After their Departure, every one took leave of *Erasmus* and *Florinda*, that they might enjoy a Repose, which seemed necessary to her, after so long a Conversation. And this agreeable Society yielded themselves to Sleep, in the hope, that the Day following would afford them no less Pleasure than this had done.





T H E
E I G H T E E N T H and L A S T D A Y.



THE Night being past, and the wished Hour for re-assembling arrived, *Florinda*, who found herself perfectly recovered, went to the Apartment of *Urania*, to prevent the Trouble she wou'd else have given herself in coming to hers : She there found *Felicia* ; and these two charming Friends were extremely rejoiced to find she was in a condition to enjoy the Pleasures this fine Morning made them hope the Day wou'd yield. They went all together to the Chamber where *Celemena* was lodged ; with her was already *Silviana*, *Arelise* and *Camilla* ; *Julia* and *Hortensia* soon after joining them.

THE first Compliments were scarce over, when *Thelamont*, *Orophanes*, *Arsames*, *Erasmus*, *Alphonso* and *Melan-tus*, accompanied *Alcippe* and *Lisimond*, who had burned with the extremest Impatience to return to that delightful Mansion, and more enchanting Society. Madam, said *Alcippe* to *Urania*, the Goodness we have found in you, emboldens us to this early Visit : The Charms we find here, and the extreme Desire we have to enjoy as much of them as possible, has carried us somewhat beyond the Bounds of that exact Politeness, which, in all other

other things, wou'd forbid us to abuse the Marks you have favoured us with of yours.

EVERY one of us, answered *Urania* with a Smile, has a Share in this Compliment; since it will at once satisfy all the Demands of Love, Esteem, and Friendship.

PUT an end to all Ceremony, cried *Orophanes*; and since there is nothing now to hinder us from following the Custom established here, let us render this day equally instructive and entertaining, as the others have been, by diversifying our Occupations.

OROPHANES, you must know, was the Legislator, said *Felicia*, looking on him with the utmost charming Air; and as he has had the Honour to prescribe us Laws, and to see us submit to them, you cannot wonder he is tenacious of that Advantage, and jealous of any Infringement.

HE has Reason, answered *Arfames*; the Laws he has imposed have too many Charms for us, and we pass our Time in them too agreeably, for them not to be observed inviolably. Otherwise, said *Camilla*, we had not with one common Voice so readily subscribed to them; and as for my own part, whenever I find them not agreeable to me, that is, when I cannot be instructed without discovering my Ignorance, I shall give my Vote against them; tho' I assure you, I have no such Inclination at present, nor believe I ever shall.

HOWEVER, said *Urania*, I find some Difficulty in apprehending the meaning of *Orophanes's* last Words; he seems to propose a Diversity of Occupations, which, methinks, does not agree with the Order we have hitherto preserved, nor can I think such a Diversity wou'd any way agree with the Conduct prescribed to us. How, Madam, replied he with Vivacity, is it not in the Subjects of our Entertainments? Do we not run over all the memorable Actions, both of the great and the inferior World? Do we not pass from the serious to the gay, from the learned to the simple, from the heroic to the tender? In fine, is it not by this diversifying our Conversation, that we recal Times past, compare them with the present, then animadvert on the Perfections

sections or Mistakes of both, and alternately praise, or testify our Dislike ?

WELL have you defended yourself, my dear *Orophanes*, said *Thelamont* ; nor did I expect less from you. But since you have so agreeably made out the Pleasures of Diversification and Complaisance, made so many of the Company deny themselves the Enjoyment of one of those Entertainments your Laws allowed us, I am of Opinion we ought not to neglect the Invitation the sweet Air now gives us to the Garden.

I AM of your Party, cried *Celemena* hastily, and contemplating on the Beauties of that Place, was beginning to wish the like Proposal might be made. Besides, continued she, smiling, and looking on *Alcippe* and *Lismond*, I see some Persons here, to whom a little Tour wou'd be doubly agreeable.

WE understand you, replied *Silviana* with the most sprightly Air ; but to shew how very unjust your Railery is, we will never be out, either of your sight or hearing.

WITHOUT your quitting us, said *Urania*, I will, for once, make a Law in my own House, by which, both you and *Arclise* shall be condemned to hear nothing during the time of our Walking, but what proceeds from the Mouths of *Lismond* and *Alcippe*. With these Words, taking *Celemena* by the Arm, accompanied by *Thelamont*, *Orophanes* and *Felicia*, *Camilla* and *Florinda* also conducted by their Spouses, and *Arfames* and *Melanus* having given their Hands to their amiable Spouses, *Silviana* and *Arelise* were obliged to yield theirs to *Lismond* and *Alcippe*.

THESE two tender Lovers were sensible of the extreamest Pleasure, in having this Opportunity of entertaining the Objects of their Passion in this particular Manner ; for tho' the whole Company walked the same Way, yet did they go at such a distance, as not to be heard by each other. *Silviana*, who was of a Humour intirely free, and abhorred all Constraint, gave *Lismond* an Audience as favourable as he cou'd have wished ; and he had the Satisfaction to read in her Eyes the inexpressible

sible Pleasure she took in hearing the Proteſtations he made her of an eternal and inviolable Affection.

ARELISE was equally ſenſible of thoſe of the enamour'd *Alcippe*; but as ſhe was naturally more reſerved and ſerious than her charming Friend, ſhe cou'd not, without the utmoſt Diſorder, ſuffer herſelf to be entertained in this particular manner by a Man, in the View of ſo many Perſons. This Exceſs of Modeſty gave her a certain Air, which very much alarmed *Alcippe*, and not able to contain the Tronble with which he was agitated, You answer me not, beautiful *Arelife*, ſaid he; nay, you ſeem to liſten to me with Regret—— Your Eyes are ſo much attached to thoſe who follow us, as gives me cauſe to fear, they would behold with pleaſure ſome other Perſon than the tender and ever paſſionate *Alcippe*. Ah! cruel *Arelife*, continued he, looking on her with a Countenance wholly abaſhed, it was not in this manner that you behaved to me at the Houſe of *Merina*.

THIS Reproach ſurprized *Arelife*, and made her re-collect, that ſhe had not indeed given that Attention to her Lover, which his Fidelity had merited from her; but as her Heart had no ſhare in thoſe exterior Movements which gave him ſo much Pain, and were only cauſed by the Fears of appearing too free before that Company, ſhe hesitated not to juſtify herſelf.

I BELIEVE, ſaid ſhe, that you were too much aſſured of my Heart, to expoſe your own to unjuſt Suſpicions. However, to confirm you more, be perſuaded, *Alcippe*, that in what Place ſoever I am, I have no Object half ſo valuable to me as yourſelf: And if I teſtified my Sentiments more openly at *Merina's*, it was becauſe I cou'd do it without Prejudice to that Decorum, which I wou'd preſerve above all things:—— I have confeſs'd to you a thouſand times in her preſence, that *Alcippe* was dearer to me than my Life, becauſe the Authority of a Father commanded me to put no Diſguiſe upon my Thoughts; but here we are with Perſons who are Strangers to us, and who are too lately become our Friends, to pardon ſuch an Indulgence of our Inclinations.

WE must, my dear *Alcippe*, act according to the Times and Places we are in ; and whatever Passion has an Influence over us, never do any thing which may call either Modesty or Discretion in question. The Politeness of *Urania* has given us this Opportunity, we must prove ours by not abusing it. This it was that made me turn my Eyes continually on the Company, to see if they were not re-assembled without us ; and it is this that obliges me to entreat we may join ourselves to them, after having reiterated the Assurance, that I love only you, and never shall love another. How well, my charming *Arelife*, reply'd he, eagerly kissing her Hand, in spite of her Efforts to hinder him, do you know to make me die with Joy and Grief at the same time ? But continued he, you must be obeyed. Then a little hastening his Steps, he advanced toward part of the Company ; as they walked, *Alcippe* pursuing the Conversation, However, said he, my dear *Arelife*, you must permit me to tell you, that your Modesty here is more scrupulous than just.

WE are on the Point of being united for ever, by the Consent of those to whom we owe our Being : We love each other, and have the Happiness to make part of a Society full of Wit, Equity, Good-nature, and whose principal good Fortune consists in the Felicities *Hymen* bestows on them. All here are married Lovers, seem proud of rendering their Passion inseparable from their Duty, and are every Moment giving each other the most tender Testimonies of Affection. There is not, therefore, a Place in the World where you might better reconcile the Severity of your Duty with the Sweetness of your Passion.

WITH these Words they came so near to *Urania* and *Celestina*, that *Arelife* had not time to reply ; but *Urania*, who had heard part of the Discourse of *Alcippe*, and easily comprehended the Subject, took his part in these Terms : Nothing is more just, said she, than this Argument of *Alcippe*'s, and it is forming a very wrong Judgment of our Minds and Humours, to be afraid of making us Witnesses of those mutual Proofs you wou'd give each other of an honourable and
autho-

authorized Flame. It is one of our chief Maxims, said *Orophanes* laughing, we obey it with Pleasure and Exactness, and fly all those Persons who approve not of it. I find it too much according to my own Inclination, replied *Arelise* blushing, not to approve of it ; and shall readily obey it in its fullest Extent, when once *Alcippe* has joined to the Name of Lover, that of Husband.

DUTY will always have the first Rank with *Arelise*, said *Silviana*, coming up to them ; and I am much mistaken, if she does not in secret reproach me for having suffered *L'smond* to entertain me so long.

For my part, said *Camilla*, I cannot think you have at all erred in so doing : It is certainly a Point of Duty to shew some Complaisance to him, who is destined to be our Husband, even before he is so, that he may judge of the future by the present.

THIS Decision of *Camilla's* made all the Company laugh heartily ; and *Celemena* first giving over, It must be confess'd, said she, that nothing affords a greater Contentment of Mind, than when our Inclinations are conformable to our Duty.

WITHOUT doubt, added *Julia* ; nor nothing a greater Torment, than when they have divided Interests, as is too frequently the Case, especially among Persons of a very high Quality, or the Blood Royal, who are obliged to marry for the good of the State, without the Heart, either of the one or the other, being consulted.

You wou'd then be greatly surprized, beautiful *Julia*, said *Alcippe*, to see a Woman by the Excess of her Duty only, do all that cou'd be exacted by the most ardent and violent Affection. That wou'd be Virtue indeed, answered *Julia*, and the most exalted Proof that cou'd possibly be given of it ——— I do believe there may be such Women, but the Examples of them are very rare ; and I shou'd be fired with the utmost Admiration of one capable of it.

You wou'd then admire Donna *Elvira de Zuñares*, resumed *Alcippe* ; and it is for her Glory, that I wou'd bring this amiable Society acquainted with her History.

History. I wish, interrupted *Hortensia*, we had fallen sooner on this Topic of Duty; *Alcippe* might by this time have made a considerable Progress in his History, whereas I now foresee we shall be obliged to postpone our Attention till after Dinner.

SHE had no sooner done speaking, than they were informed it waited them in the Hall. All the Company expressed a Dissatisfaction at this Delay of their Curiosity. And it was in this kind of Conversation they passed the whole time of their Eating; and were no sooner rose from Table, than they went directly to the Library; where the charming *Camilla* entering first, This, said she, is the Place destined for reviving the Memory of heroic and illustrious Actions; nor would any other accord so well with those we expect to hear of *Donna Elvira de Zuarez*.

NONE of the Company made any other Reply to these Words, than by casting a beseeching Look on *Alcippe*; and every one being seated according to their Inclinations, testified by their Silence the extreme Desire they had to listen to this History.

I KNOW very well, said *Alcippe*, that it is not allowed me to dispense with the Laws established in this beautiful Mansion, and that I ought not to refuse the Payment of that Tribute expected from me; and however incapable I am of performing what is desired of me, in a Manner worthy the Attention of such as are to hear me, or of the Virtues of the Lady who is the Subject of my Discourse, I trust that my ready Obedience will atone for my want of Eloquence.

THEN keeping silence for two or three Moments, to recollect what he was about to relate, he began in these Terms.





J. Basire sculp.



The HISTORY of Donna ELVIRA
DE ZUARES.

AFTER the Duke of *Alba* had subjected the Kingdom of *Portugal* to the Crown of *Spain*, *Philip II.* employed his utmost Policy to make himself beloved and feared by all the great Families of the *Portuguese*; he knew they endured his Yoke with Impatience; and those who had submitted themselves, did it either because they had no longer the Power to resist, or through a Motive of Ambition, in hope to be raised by the Conqueror to greater Posts than they held before. One of the most considerable among the latter was Don *Balthazar de Lama*, a young Lord, of an ancient and noble Family; but whose Ancestors had dissipated the greatest Part of the Estate which shou'd have descended to him, in the Service of the Kings of *Portugal*.

His Fortune, by this means, being little conformable to that Ambition with which his Soul was enflamed, made him look with Joy on a Revolution which presented him with an Occasion of re-establishing his Family: For the Attainment of which, he neglected nothing that might procure him the Favour of the King of *Spain*, and all the great Men of his Court. The extraordinary Zeal he testified for the Interest of that Monarch, so much ingratiated him to the Duke of *Alba*, that he recommended him in so advantageous a manner to *Philip II.* as made him confer on him the most important Employments; in all which, he had the Happiness to acquit himself with Success.

Don *Balthazar* no sooner saw himself arrived at the Height he wished, than he began to think of rendering

dering his Grandeur lasting by some powerful Alliance : As Ambition took up all his Heart, and Love had no part of the Nuptials he designed to form, he gave himself all necessary time to find out a Person whose Family and Riches might fully gratify that darling Passion.

DONNA *Elvira de Zuares*, who was the sole Inheretrix of the vast Wealth of one of the most flourishing and powerful Families in all *Portugal*, and whose excellent Beauty was even more the Subject of Discourse than her Riches, was the Object on which Don *Balthazar* cast his Eyes. *Elvira* was no more than eighteen Years old, and was under the Care of Don *Pedro de Zuares*, Brother to her Father, who dying, left her to his Tuition : He loved her with an extreme Tendernefs, and seeing her the only Hope of his Family, he having no Children, took all imaginable Care to educate her in such a manner, as should make her worthy the immense Fortune she wou'd be a Mistress of.

DONNA *Elvira* being such as I have described her, Don *Balthazar* found her environ'd with a great number of Pretenders ; but one among them was distinguished from the rest, not only for being most amiable and perfect of all the Cavaliers, but also that he had been made choice on by her Mother, while they were in their most tender Infancy, That Lady had been united in the most strict Friendship with the Parents of Don *Sebastian de Suza*, for that was the Name of this young Lord ; and the Father of Donna *Elvira* being also pleased with the Proposal, these two beautiful Children were brought up with the Belief that they were born for each other, and shou'd one Day be joined in the most indissoluble Bands.

THEIR innocent Hearts taking the Impression from the Mouths of Persons they were accustomed to obey in every thing, soon began to love each other, and to declare it ; their Passion commencing before the Knowledge of those Rules which forbid making any shew of it, but under particular Limitations, unbridled Nature discovered itself in every Look and Action. *Sebastian* was restrained by no Awe or Terror of offending, and *Elvira* knew not that she had any Cause to
blush

blush in avowing he was the dearest Thing on Earth to her. Thus was their Affection conceived in Innocence brought up in Duty, and confirmed and augmented as they daily arrived at a more perfect Knowledge of the Perfections of each other.

THE Father and Mother of *Elvira* dying, before either she or Don *Sebastian* attained at Years sufficient to enter into the married State, Don *Pedro de Zuarez* encouraged in the same manner they had done, the mutual Tendernefs of these young Lovers ; and they were every day expecting to be united for ever, when the happy Moment was retarded by the terrible Disorders of the State. Don *Sebastian*, King of *Portugal*, engaging himself in that unfortunate Expedition into *Africa*, lost his Life, and great part of his best Forces ; and this it was that laid the Realm open to the Invasion of the Duke of *Alba*, and gave the first occasion to those Troubles which ended not but in the entire Subversion of the Government.

OUR young Hearts beheld not this Opposition of the Times, without an extreme Concern, but their Fortitude enabled them to sustain it, without any visible Marks of Weakness ; and the publick Tranquillity was no sooner re-established, than Don *Pedro* began to think of concluding their Marriage, and no Obstacle appeared to their Desires ; when the ambitious Don *Balthazar de Lama* raised up one, which all their Love and Fidelity cou'd not be able to remove. He was not ignorant of the mutual Tendernefs of these two Lovers, nor the Engagements of Don *Pedro*, but vain of the Merits of his Person, and the great Interest he had at the Court of *Spain*, he easily persuaded himself, he shou'd be accepted before all the Rivals in the World. In this Belief, he hesitated not to make his Addresses to *Elvira*, and to desire Don *Pedro* wou'd forward his Pretensions.

As his Birth and Interest with *Philip II.* demanded Respect, Don *Pedro de Zuarez* received him with all the Honours he cou'd expect ; which still flattering him with a Belief, that his Proposals wou'd be gratefully received,

received, he resolved not to defer letting him know the Business on which he came.

To this end, having engaged him to walk with him on the Banks of the *Tagus*, and being a little separated from the Company that went with them, My Lord, said he, looking on him with a Countenance which testified his inward Assurance of Success, I flatter myself, that the Proposal I have to make you will be far from disagreeable; the Advantages you may receive by it, convince me, you will receive it with Pleasure. You know, that I have the honour to be well in the Esteem of our present Monarch; the Favours I have received from him, and those I have reason to expect, are undeniable Proofs of his Goodness to me: By what I have done, you may judge what is in my power to do, and is sufficient to make you think an Alliance with me, your Interest as well as mine. Our Families are now the most considerable in all *Portugal*, and yours, by being united to mine, will persuade King *Philip*, that your Attachment to him is equal to what he has found from me, and you will have a Right to demand Posts of Honour and Employments for yourself and Friends, to which otherwise you cou'd have no Pretensions, or Hope of obtaining.

'TWOULD be very difficult to express the Disorder Don *Pedro* was in at this Discourse: His Prudence wou'd not permit him to say any thing which might shock a Man, from whose Revenge he had every thing to fear; nor wou'd his Honour yield, that he shou'd even seem to retract the many solemn Promises he had made to Don *Sebastian de Suza*. In this Extremity he was obliged to retire into himself some Moments, before he cou'd reply; but seeing that Don *Balthazar* testified somewhat of an Impatience in his Looks, How unhappy are we, my Lord, said he, that the generous *Lama* did not sooner make a Declaration of his Sentiments! He cou'd not have doubted, if I wou'd not have preferred him to all the *Grandeess*, either of *Portugal* or *Spain*; but, my Lord, it is now out of my power. My Niece is engaged to Don *Sebastian de Suza*——my Word is given, and you know, among those of our Rank,

Rank, it ought to be inviolable—Think, therefore, I beseech you, that *Elvira* and *Sebastian* are destined by Heaven for each other.

FROM their very Infancy they were taught to cherish this Hope, and to love; their mutual Affection is more than is ordinarily to be found—He lives but in the Proofs he receives of her Tenderneſs, and ſhe wou'd rather chuſe to die, than refrain conſerring them. I dare believe, my Lord, that you have Sentiments too delicate to contribute any thing to the Separation of two Hearts ſo firmly united. However, continued he, perceiving a kindling Rage began to redden in his Eyes, in ſpite of this reciprocal Paſſion, had your Lordſhip entertained Thoughts of honouring me with your Alliance ſome Years ago, as I then had not given my Word to *Don Sebastian*, and was intirely Maſter of the Fate of *Elvira*, I cou'd have compelled her, by my Authority, to have given you her Hand; but things are now too far advanced, and I am perſuaded you have too much Honour yourſelf, to deſire I ſhou'd blemiſh mine, by failing in what I have promiſed.

IT is not my Intention, replied *Don Balthazar* with a malicious Smile; but, *Don Pedro*, there are means to ſcreen ourſelves from all Reproaches, and when we are conſtrained by ſupreme Orders, all Promiſes are ſwallowed up in Obedience. I believe you underſtand me, and that there is no Neceſſity I ſhou'd ſay more, to oblige you not to diſpoſe of *Elvira*, but to whom the King ſhall give Conſent. With theſe Words, without waiting for what the other ſhou'd have ſaid, he rejoined the Company; and as this Party of Pleaſure had been formed by *Lama*, he broke it up as ſoon as poſſible, and took leave of *Don Pedro* with a Politenefs mingled with Fierceneſs, which made him judge how ſerious he was in this Affair.

AT *Don Pedro's* return home, he found *Elvira* and *Suza*, who giving themſelves up wholly to the Joy of being in a ſhort time united for ever, had paſſed all that Day in mutual Proteſtations of eternal Love and Conſtancy. *Don Pedro* cou'd not look upon them, without being ſtruck with the moſt piercing Sorrow; it appeared

peared so visibly on his Countenance, that the two Lovers were equally alarmed at it, and joined to intreat him to reveal the Cause. As he knew they must be informed of it soon or late, he repeated all the Conversation he had with Don *Balthazar de Lama*. The frequent Visits of that Nobleman had already given some Suspicion to Don *Sebastian*, which the tender Assurances of *Elvira* had in some measure calmed ; but this unforeseen Blow renewed all his Jealousies with greater Rage than ever, and at the same time threw him into a Despair, of which he was not Master. He foresaw, in that Instant, all the Misfortunes which afterwards befel him ; and not doubting but his Rival would be able to carry every thing before him, by his Interest and Favour with the King, he cou'd think of no other Remedy for this Misfortune, than to put an end to the Days of this formidable Enemy to his Happiness. Hate, Love, and Jealousy combining with the Ardour of Youth, supported by the Consciousness of a high Birth, and equal Courage, he was departing that Moment with the Resolution of demanding of *Lama* a bloody Reparation for the Outrage he was attempting to offer him.

IN vain Don *Pedro* made use of all his Efforts to abate a Fury so justly raised, and but for the tender *Elvira*, that Day had put an end to the Life of one of these fierce and incensed Rivals. But the beautiful Lady perceiving her Uncle was incapable of persuading, placed herself between the Door of the Chamber and Don *Sebastian*, and laying her Hand upon his Shoulder, spoke to him in these Terms, and with a Resolution which astonished him.

SINCE, said she, the just Reasons Don *Pedro* has alledged can prevail nothing on you, listen to what I now assure you, and from which not all the Powers on Earth shall oblige me to recede : If you are presumptuous enough to attack Don *Balthazar de Lama*, continued she, and hazard, at the same time, your own Life, my Glory, and my eternal Peace, by a Combat, which Prudence, Policy, and the present Conjunction
of

of Affairs equally forbid, I swear, by all that I hold sacred above, or dear below, never to be yours.

WHAT, Madam! cry'd *Suza*, is the Life of my Rival already become so precious to you, that you condemn me to certain Death, if I but attempt to give it him!

I HATE *Lama*, reply'd she, hate him with a mortal Hatred, yet not the thousandth Part so much as I love you: His Death wou'd be no Consolation to me for the Loss of you; and whether vanquish'd by him, or Vanquisher over him, your Destruction is inevitable—— There are Means less dangerous; and to preserve us for each other, it is my Part to employ them, and yours to obey me in this only Occasion, in which it is in your Power to prove how much you are devoted to me. And what is it I must do? demanded he, with the most sorrowful Air: And what is it you condemn me to?

To love me, reply'd *Elvira*, looking on him with the extremeſt Tenderneſs, to wait the Cares of Don *Pedro*, and above all, to depend upon my Fidelity. All that I forbid you is, not to undertake any thing againſt your Rival by Force of Arms: We are not on Terms ſuch as permit me to diſfigure my Sentiments; I was always commanded to love you, and only you, and I found the Injunſtions of my Duty were my chief Felicity—— No, my dear *Sebastian*, continued ſhe, giving him her Hand, I will never be but yours—— Let this Promise calm the Tranſports of your Rage, diſſipate all your Fears, and render you capable of joining us in all probable Meaſures to overturn the Deſigns of this cruel Invader of our mutual Happineſs.

THERE needed no more to oblige the amorous *Suza* to promiſe all they expected from him: he threw himſelf at the Feet of *Elvira*, and all his Fury receding to his Love, he intreated a Thouſand Times over Pardon for his Suſpicions, and ſhe as often repeated, that ſhe wou'd never yield her Hand or Heart to any but himſelf. But it was not without the moſt violent Constraint, that he concealed the Trouble ſhe was in, to ſee him in that ſubmiſſive and ſorrowful Condition, and cou'd not do it to artfully, but that ſome Tears, in ſpite of her, ran

down her Cheeks, She loved *Sebastian*, if possible, more than ever, and cursed the luckless Moment that had presented her to the Eyes of the ambitious *Balthazar*.

DON *Pedro* could not behold this Spectacle without the most pressing Emotions of Grief, Tendernefs and Pity. He assured them again and again, that he wou'd neglect nothing to prevent all that *Balthazar* might enterprize against their Loves; and, as the first Step, it was agreed in this little Council, that they shou'd assemble together all of the two Houses of *Zuarez* and *Suxa*, and inform them of the Obstacle put to their long intended Alliance, and engage both the one and the other to oppose it with all their Powers.

As these two Families were the most ancient and considerable in the Kingdom, it might be presum'd, that acting in Concert, they shou'd be able to prevail over a Man of an illustrious Birth indeed, but who owed his present Greatness to a Reverse of Fortune, very grievous to all who were for the ancient Establishment. Don *Pedro* lost no Time in this Affair, and the next Day all the Kindred and Allies of Donna *Elvira* and of Don *Sebastian* met together, to whom this good old Man reported the Reason of his summoning them in this solemn Manner. *Elvira* was the only Person of both the Families who was absent at this Assembly, her Modesty not permitting her to be present at the Discourses which she knew must be held on this Subject.

DON *Pedro* represented the Case as the Head of the House of *Zuarez*, and Don *Sebastian* as the Chief of that of *Suxa*; they both declared themselves in such eloquent and touching Terms, that no Person there, but was of the Opinion they were; and the *Zuarez*, who at first were a little dazzled with the Advantages which might accrue to them, from the Marriage of *Elvira* with Don *Balthazar*, changed their Sentiments as soon as they heard *Sebastian* speak, and swore to oppose, with their whole Might, the Designs of *Lama*, and to go all together, and prostrate themselves at the Feet of King *Philip*, to conjure him not to interpose his Authority for the dissolving a Contract long since made, and which Honour and Probity ought to render indissoluble.

THIS Resolution taken, they judg'd it, however, improper to be prosecuted, till Don *Balthazar* should speak more plain. Donna *Catherina Mendoce*, the Mother of *Suza*, thought it best, that the Marriage between *Elvira* and *Sebastian* shou'd be immediately solemnized, in order to take from Don *Balthazar* all Possibility of compassing his Intent ; but the *Zuares* oppos'd that Motion, giving for Reasons, that as *Balthazar* had mingled the Name of King in the Conversation he had with Don *Pedro*, it was imprudent to do any Thing precipitately ; since it was not to be imagin'd, he wou'd have spoken in that Manner without the Consent of his Majesty ; and after such Words, the Celebration of the Marriage wou'd be look'd upon as a premeditated Disobedience : They rather thought it better to make publick Preparations for the Marriage, as of a Thing designed before, and which they had no Apprehensions of Danger in accomplishing.

THO' these Sentiments were directly contrary to those of *Suza*, yet he was oblig'd to conform to them, this Advice being by much the greatest Part of the Assembly approved. After which, they separated with a new Assurance, that they wou'd defend *Elvira* for *Sebastian*, by all the Ways they cou'd, without flying in the Face of Majesty.

WHILE these Things were doing, Don *Balthazar de Lama* suffer'd not himself to be idle. The Manner in which Don *Pedro* had received his Proposal of Marriage with his Niece, piqued his Pride in the most sensible Manner ; and resolving not to be overcome in a Matter of so much Consequence, departed the same Day for the Court of *Spain* ; where he exerted his Interest so successfully with King *Philip*, that he not only approv'd his Alliance with the House of *Zuares*, but in favour of his Marriage, gave him the Government of *Goa*, and made him Viceroy of the *Indies*. He had no sooner obtain'd these magnificent Titles, than he hasten'd back to *Lisbon*, furnish'd with Letters to the President of the Council, to oblige Don *Pedro* to Compliance with his Desires.

THE News of this sudden Elevation fill'd with Jealousy and Consternation the Hearts of all those, who

pretended to that Post by their Services: Those of the Family of *Suza* were among the Number of the Malecontents; but they had, in a little Time, a new Subject of Hatred against *Lama*: He having heard at his Arrival, that magnificent Preparations were making for the Nuptials of *Elvira* and *Don Sebastian*, occasioned an immediate Stop to be put to them. The President of the Council was his immediate Friend, and had no sooner received the Orders from the King of *Spain*, than he sent for *Don Pedro*, to whom he declared the Intentions of that Monarch were, that he shou'd give his Niece to *Don Baltazar de Lama*; and for that End, break all Engagements he had entered into before the Knowledge thereof.

It was in vain that *Don Pedro* alledged the Laws of Honour, the mutual Passion of the two Lovers, and the Ceremony of making them one just ready to be completed; he cou'd obtain no other Answer from the President, than that it was the King's Pleasure, and that he had a precise Order to see it complied with. *Don Pedro* was sensibly touched at this Violence; and hoping it might yet be dispensed with, at least willing to have nothing wherewith to reproach himself, he summoned both the Families a second Time, to remind them of the Promise they had made in behalf of *Elvira's* Contract with *Sebastian*. All those of the House of *Suza* came readily, being animated by all the Motives of Glory and Ambition; but the greatest Part of the *Zuarez* were absent, and those who came, said they had promised to oppose *Don Baltazar*, but not the Orders of his Majesty; and that it was neither the Duty nor the Interest of their Family. that *Don Pedro* shou'd refuse his Niece to an offer so advantageous as *Don Baltazar de Lama*, Viceroy of the *Indies*, and Governour of *Goa*.

THEN *Don Pedro* seeing himself condemned to break his Promise, even by those of his own Family, had no other Answer to make to the Reproaches of *Don Sebastian*, than shewing him the Orders of the King. 'Tis easy to conceive the Excess of Grief in which the two Lovers were now plunged: All the City took Part in their Misfortunes, but none durst undertake any thing to remedy them. The beautiful *Elvira* was in

a Situation the most cruel that can be imagined ; forced to receive the Visits of Don *Balthazar*, and deprived for ever of the Sight of her dear *Sebastian* : All her Thoughts were continually taken up in lamenting her ill Fortune, and in contriving unavailing Stratagems to retard a *Hymen*, which she look'd on as the Sentence of her Death.

DON *Pedro* had obtained eight Days of the President, under Pretence of employing that Time in persuading *Elvira* to the Marriage ; but in Effect, to think of some Measures, if possible, to break it off. He tried all Sorts of Ways to oblige *Lama* to desist his Pursuit ; set before his Eyes the Injustice and Barbarity of separating two Persons, whose Hearts were cemented by the strictest Ties ; then represented the little Contentment he cou'd expect with a Wife, who was so but by Force ; and in fine, urged all that Honour, Wisdom, or Piety cou'd suggest against this Match.

BUT these Remonstrances were far from effecting the desired Purpose ; Don *Balthazar* had other Views in an Alliance with *Elvira*, and wanted Delicacy of Soul to be touched either with her Sufferings, or the Resentment she might have against him, for this Constraint on her Inclinations.

DON *Sebastian*, in the mean time, was resolute to die, rather than permit *Elvira* shou'd be given to the Arms of *Balthazar* ; was continually in Consultation with Don *Pedro*, but prevailed on him to conceal from *Elvira* the Depth of his Despair, or that he had any Designs to oppose the intended Marriage, farther than by his Prayers to Heaven : He also avoided the Sight of Don *Balthazar*, never visiting Don *Pedro*, but at those Hours when he was sure he was not there. This Conduct, which *Elvira* imagined was the Effect of her Orders, intirely dissipated the Fears she had been in for him, and gave her Time and Coolness of Mind to meditate on what was best for her to do. She cou'd not think it possible, that a Man shou'd obstinately persist in his Desires of marrying a Woman, who shou'd tell him with her own Mouth, all the Softness of her Soul was devoted to another ; and therefore resolved to pass over all Sorts of Considerations, to convince *Lama*

of this Truth. A young Maid truly discreet could not bring herself to such a Confession without the utmost Pain, especially to a Man who wou'd, and perhaps might become her Husband. But *Elvira* knowing that all that had been said to him by others made no Impression on him, was determined to force her Modesty to this last Resource: The Extremity to which she was reduced, rendered her more bold; and one Day, when Don *Balthazar* found her only with her Women, and he had given her an Opportunity to execute her Design, by reminding her that the Time her Uncle demanded was very near expired, My Lord, answered she, you wou'd do an Action worthy of everlasting Praises, if you wou'd prolong it for my whole Life; for, in fine, you cannot be ignorant that I am destined to another by my Parents, and my own Inclination; and when you pretend to hope I may one Day be brought to love you, the Excess of Grief you see me plunged in, convinces you, in spite of yourself, that there is no Possibility I shall ever do so.—All *Lisbon* knows this Truth, why then shou'd I fear to tell it you?—Learn then, continued she, blushing, learn from my own Mouth, that I love, and am beloved with the utmost Extremity of Passion.—No other than Don *Sebastian de Souza* can pretend to my Heart; it is a Passion born with me, of a piece with my Life, and will continue to my Grave.—What wou'd be the Glory, what the Sweetness of a married State, where the best you shou'd find from your Wife wou'd be Coldness and Indifference—where the Person who fills your Arms, wou'd return your Endearments but with sighs for your Rival, and who wou'd continually reproach you, both with her Words and Tears, for being the Author of her Misfortune?

AH! my Lord, for your own Sake, as well as mine, consider well on the Horrors of such an Union; spare yourself the Shame it wou'd draw on you;—remember, that all the World is sensible I love you not, that I never shall love you, and that my eternal Tenderness is for your Rival—These are my Sentiments, my Lord, I will not conceal them from you;
you

you shall have nothing to reproach me with, when it is no longer in your Power to break those Ties, which will be then no less dreadful to you than to myself.——Desist, therefore, from your Pursuit——return to Justice and to Reason, and force me not to enter into Engagements so shocking to my Soul, and which in their Consequence may, perhaps, be more fatal to your Glory than to mine.

WHATEVER good Opinion Don *Balthazar* had of himself, it is impossible to dissemble the Spite he conceived at this Discourse; he reddened, he turned pale, and was about to interrupt her an hundred Times, but had no Words to explain himself by: His Surprise was at least equal to his Vexation, to see a Maid of her Age, and whose Modesty was as conspicuous as her Beauty, assume Courage to reveal a Secret of that Nature to a Person who was to be her Spouse.

As he was naturally fierce and haughty, he was going to answer her with Sharpness; but then reflecting, that it was not yet his Right to speak as Master, he constrained himself, as much as possible, that nothing of what passed in his Soul might be obvious to her; and looking on her, not with Anger, but with Coldness enough, Any other than myself, Madam, said he, might have just Cause to fear the Consequences of Marriage after such a Confidence: but as I know your Virtue, nothing is capable of intimidating me.——You are yet too young to know yourself; your Tenderness for *Suzanne* arose from your Obedience to your Parents; they are dead, and a greater Power, the King himself, now commands you to love me: I dare believe, your Duty will be always a Law to you, and that you will transplant all the Affection you were bid to bestow on my Rival, on him you are now ordained to give it to.

I CONFESS, I am charmed with that Readiness with which you followed the first Will of your Parents; I may judge by that Resignation in your Nature, that you will always preserve the glorious Title of a virtuous Woman, and far from apprehending my Honour will suffer in an Union with you, I expect only the extremest Felicity. Cease then, any vain Endeavours to change

me ; the more you have loved Don *Sebastian*, the more I find you worthy to be loved : 'Tis Duty, I know, that regulates all the Movements of your Heart ; and when you shall consider, that it is so which commands you to love me, I shall find the happy Effects of it——Therefore, Madam, continued he, rising from his Chair, never imagine I shall forego my Pretensions ; but on the contrary, I now go to press the hastening that fortunate Moment, which shall put me in Possession of so perfect an Object. With these Words, having made her a low Bow, he went out of the Room, leaving her in so great a Despair, for the ill Success of her Enterprize, that, had she not been prevented by her Woman, she had certainly laid violent Hands on her own Life. *Leonora* was the chief of those who attended her, had been her Nurse, and was a Person of great Discretion ; yet all the Arguments she cou'd alledge, joined to the Affection *Elvira* had for her, seemed too little, for a long Time, to calm the furious Agitations of her Soul.

BUT, as *Elvira* had a Soul truly great, and intirely free from those Weaknesses to which too many of her Sex abandon themselves, she had at last recovered her usual Courage ; and, ashamed of her first Emotions, as contrary both to her Religion and her Glory, she thanked *Leonora* for the Remonstrances she had made her. But tho' the Rage against herself was over, the Disdain she conceived for Don *Balthazar* was not so ; and she took, that Moment, a firm Resolution to throw herself for ever into a Cloyster, rather than yield to be his Wife. The ironical Air with which he had spoke, had touched her to the quick : She was sensible of the whole Meaning of his Words, and judging rightly of the Fate she must expect with a Husband of that Humour, protested to herself, to neglect nothing which might deliver her from him.

LEONORA, said she to her Nurse, after having ordered her other Women to retire, I yield to your Reasons, and promise you to do nothing unworthy of me ; but you must then approve a Design I have just now formed, and assist me in the Execution of it : All my

my Family abandon me, an ambitious Policy has turned them on the Side of *Lama*; but I am determined to shew them, I despise those vain Titles with which they have suffered themselves to be dazzled, and, in spite of the whole World, will never be for any Man, if I cannot be for the unfortunate *Sebastian*.

THEN she conjured her to help her in leaving the House of Don *Pedro*, and conducting her to a Monastery, where the Sister of *Leonora* was a Recluse; she also commanded her not to discover her Retreat to any Person in the World, not even to *Sebastian* himself; to the end, his Astonishment might be a convincing Proof, that he had no hand in her Elopement. The Difficulty of finding me, said she, will give Time to Don *Pedro*, his Friends, and those of *Sebastian*, to enter into some Measures, perhaps more successful than any they yet have try'd; and, at the same Time, assure all the Protectors of Don *Lama*, of my fixed Aversion for him: 'Tis possible the King himself may reflect on the Barbarity of his Commands, and use his Authority no farther in behalf of his Favourite.

LEONORA made use of her utmost Efforts to dissuade her from this Design; but it was invincibly settled in her Mind: So that, finding she could not prevail, she consented to do as she required, and swore an inviolable Secresy. As there now wanted but two Days of the eight, Don *Pedro* had obtained from the President, it was concluded between them to depart the next Night.

LEONORA went immediately to prepare her Sister, and every Thing happened according as they desired: The Nun, who had great Power in the Monastery, assured *Leonora*, that she wou'd conceal *Elvira* so well that none shou'd know any thing more of her than she was willing to reveal.

THE Affair being thus regulated, the Night of the succeeding Day, when the whole Family beside were buried in Sleep, Donna *Elvira* having none but *Leonora* with her, went out of her Apartment, by a Pair of Back-stairs, into the Garden, which had a Door that opened into a Quarter of the Town, but little fre-

quented: There *Elvira* found a Chaise, which *Leonora* had appointed at that Time, attended by Men on whose Fidelity she could depend. They took Leave of each other in this Place, *Elvira* thinking it best, she shou'd remain in the House, and feign an intire Ignorance what was become of her; to the End, she might privately inform her of all that passed.

THIS beautiful Person arrived at the Convent, and was received without any Accident or Obstacle; and *Leonora* returned to her Chamber, leaving the Garden-door open; she had also the Precaution to fasten *Elvira's* Sheets to the Bars of the Window, to make it appear, as if she had escaped that Way. Then having done all that was necessary for the better concealing the Truth, she went to Bed, and waited patiently for the Hour in which it was her Custom to go into her Mistress's Apartment.

THE unhappy *Elvira* was no sooner safe in her Retreat, than she wrote to the President of the Council, the Sister of *Leonora* having undertaken to get her Letter delivered to him, without his being able to discover by whose Hand it was brought. In Effect, this Nun had a near Relation in his Family, to whom she gave it, and he took the Opportunity, when the Room was free from Company, to lay it on a Table, where he knew the President must needs see it.

DON *Balthazar* and Don *Sebastian* all this Time were not without Business; the former more enflamed by the Difficulties he found in the obtaining *Elvira*, went directly from her to the President of the Council to entreat he would not agree to any longer Delay in case Don *Pedro* shou'd require it; and to oblige him to execute the King's Decree in fixing a Day for the Celebration of the Nuptials; and having obtained an Assurance from him, that he would do as he desired, he thought of nothing but taking the Advantages of those Marks of Amity and Respect he received from the greatest Part of the Kindred of *Elvira*, who, charmed with his Grandeur and good Fortune, looked on his Alliance as a great Favour.

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To comply with their Advances, he accepted the Invitation made him by Don *Antonia de Silva*, one of the nearest Relations of *Elvira*, to a magnificent Feast at a Country Seat he had two Leagues distant from *Lisbon*. This Party of Pleasure was on the next Day after that Conversation with *Elvira*, in which she declared to him in so full a Manner, her Sentiments; and on the Night of which she executed her Design, to which all Things seemed to contribute; for Don *Sebastian* being informed of this Journey to *Antonio de Silva's*, thought he had now a convenient Opportunity to put in Practice what he had long before projected; and for that Reason, came not to Don *Pedro's*, for fear the discerning *Elvira* should discover, in his Countenance, or some unguarded Word, what he was about to take in Hand. So, by both the Rivals being absent, and her Uncle being free from Company, going early to Bed, she was intirely free from Interruption.

THUS Fortune brought to pass three different Incidents in one Day. In the Morning, the President of the Council found the Letter of *Elvira*, without being able to guess by what Means it came upon his Table; he opened it immediately, and found it contained these Words:

To the President of the Council.

“ My Lord,

“ THE unjust Violence offered to my Inclinations
 “ in forcing me to give to Don *Balthazar de Lama*
 “ a Faith already solemnly promised to Don *Sebastian de*
 “ *Suza*, obliges me to retire for ever from the World. —
 “ I have tried all Sorts of Ways before I came to this
 “ Extremity; but since nothing can soften the Hearts of
 “ my Persecutors, and they pretend to compel me to
 “ violate all Laws, both Human and Divine, I throw
 “ myself into the Protection of him, from whom alone
 “ they durst not tear me. — Accuse no Person of my
 “ Flight, I have too much Interest in being concealed to
 “ confide the Secret in any one; and whatever search

“ may

“ may be made for me, the Place of my Retirement
 “ will never be discovered, but by the Report of my
 “ Death, or the Liberty of disposing my Hand.

ELVIRA DE ZUARES.

WHILE the President of the Council was reading this Letter, all the House of Don *Pedro* was in Confusion: *Leonora* going pretty late into the Chamber of *Elvira*, followed by her other Women, sent forth the most piercing Cries on not finding her; and some of the others perceiving the Sheets fastened to the Windows, seconded her with so much Vehemence, that not only Don *Pedro* himself, but all the Family were attracted by their Clamours: His Surprise was extremely great, but on questioning *Leonora*, she play'd her Part so well, that he had not the least Suspicion she was privy to the Intentions of his Niece.

THIS News was immediately spread through the whole City, and confirmed by the Letter which the President of the Council had received, and which, in his Astonishment, he had read to several Persons who happened to be with him when he saw it on the Table. All the considerable Gentlemen of *Lisbon* ran to the House of Don *Pedro*; and the common Opinion among them was, that she was gone with Don *Sebastian de Suza*; on which they all went to his Palace, where they found Donna *Catherina de Mendoce*, his Mother, who swore to them, that her Son had not been from home that Night, nor the Day before, but that he went out on horse-back, early in the Morning, and unattended.

THIS was enough to confirm the Suspicions they before had entertained, and every one formed different Judgments on this Action; some were eager to find him and *Elvira*, in order to make their Court to *Lama*, by restoring his Mistress to him; and others, compassionating the Fate of these Lovers, resolved to follow, in hope of assisting him, in case he shou'd be met by the other Party, and attacked. Among these last was Don *Pedro*, who was persuaded, as well as the rest,

rest, that by seeing the one, they shou'd also find the other. Thus they all separated, and every one took a different Way, each flattering himself with the Hope of being successful in his Search.

BUT the unfortunate *Sebastian*, little imagining that his Absence caused all this Trouble, animated by Love, Hatred and Revenge, being informed that Don *Balthazar* wou'd quit the House of *Antonio de Silva* that Morning, was gone to meet him in his Return, with the Design either of taking his Life or losing his own. He attended not long, before he saw him followed but by three or four Servants : *Suza* immediately rode up to him, and having saluted him in a pretty fierce Manner ; Don *Balthazar*, said he to him, I have something very important to communicate to you : Are you a Man capable of hearing me ? Yes, and of answering you too, replied *Lama*, in the same Tone. Then perceiving what the Business was he had with him, he made a Sign to his People not to follow ; and without any farther Speech, they both spurred their Horses out of Sight, then alighting both at the same Time, jumped into a little Valley, defended by a huge Mountain on the Side next the Road.

THE mutual Fury they had conceived against each other, allowed them not the Power or Leisure to explain themselves by Words ; but Deeds sufficiently expressed the Emotions of their Hearts. They discharged their Pistols over their Heads ; then, with an equal Alacrity and Address, flew on each other with Sword in Hand. Both young, vigorous, and of great Courage, the Combat cou'd not but be terrible, the Equality of their Forces made the Advantage a long Time disputed ; *Lama*, however, was the first that was wounded, and *Suza*, by aiming rather to offend his Adversary than defend himself, soon after received the other's Sword in his Arm : But the Sight of their Blood served only to augment their Rage, and one or both must certainly have become the Triumph of Death, if Don *Antonio de Silva*, with the rest of the Company, whom *Balthazar* had left at his House, had not been brought to the Assistance of *Lama*, by his Servants ; who easily

ima-

imagined for what Reason he had gone apart with a strange Cavalier, tho' they doubted not it was Don *Sebastian de Suza*.

THEY arrived just as the Arm of each was lifted up to give the other a mortal Blow, and had the good Fortune to be swift enough to prevent the intended Mischief. In fine, they ran between these incensed Antagonists, and compelled them, unwillingly, to separate.

In that Instant Don *Pedro*, and some others who had taken the same Road, in Pursuit of Don *Sebastian*, as the Partaker of *Elvira's* Flight, came up to them, attracted by the Clashing of Swords, and the Noise of the Horses belonging to Don *Antonio* and his Company.

THIS Spectacle, which they so little expected, threw them into the utmost Consternation; the Friends of Don *Sebastian* encompassed him with drawn Swords, as resolute to defend or to revenge him; those of *Lama* did the same by him: But Don *Pedro* and Don *Antonio* acted with so much Prudence in mediating the Matter, that the two Parties durst undertake nothing against each other; and the one carried away *Lama* and the other *Suza*, to their respective Palaces.

DON *Pedro* cou'd not dispense with himself from paying some Civilities to Don *Balthazar*, assuring him, that he had a sensible Regret for his Adventure; and at the same Time told him the Loss of *Elvira*; and testified so great a Freedom in all his Words and Behaviour to him, that it was impossible for the other not to give Faith to what he said. But the News of *Elvira's* Flight put him in so great a Rage, that he had scarce Patience to wait till the Surgeons had dressed his Wounds, for demanding Vengeance on the Ravisher, whom he doubted not was *Suza*, and resolved to accuse him as such.

HOWEVER, Don *Pedro* having joined this unfortunate Lover, of whom his Friends took the same Care, as the others had done of *Lama*, soon found in him such Marks of profound Melancholy, as made him presently imagine him innocent of what was laid

to his Charge. But to be more assured, *Don Sebastian*, said he, I know not how to blame a Combat, which Honour seems to have exacted from you ; but I am extremely sorry you shou'd cast so great a Blemish on your own Honour and that of *Elvira*, as to persuade her to fly her Family. ——— It is an Injury to her Reputation which I can never forgive, unless you make Reparation for it, by immediately restoring her.

ME ! cry'd *Don Sebastian*, me do you accuse of having carried away *Elvira* ! ah ! my Lord, what Tidings do you tell me, and how unjust are your Suspicions ! Not only *Don Pedro*, but all present were now convinced of the Truth of what he said ; he testified his Surprise and Inquietude with too much Sincerity, for any one to believe him guilty.

As they had stopt at a Village till his Wounds were dressed, he was in the utmost Impatience to get on Horse-back, in order to make search through *Lisbon* for *Elvira* : His Friends wou'd fain have persuaded him to conceal himself rather in some Place from the Pursuits of his Rival ; but he was not of a Temper to fly his Enemy, and obliged them to conduct him to his Palace, where he was received by *Donna Catherine de Mendoe*, with such Transports of Grief, that the most violent Emotions of Nature alone cou'd render excusable. This tender Mother, who foresaw the Flight of *Elvira*, joined to the late Combat with *Don Balthazar*, wou'd involve her Son in numberless Dangers, cou'd not withhold her Tears, nor moderate her Terrors. *Don Pedro* and all his Friends, who were strongly persuaded *Elvira* had taken this Step without his Knowledge, and merely to avoid being given to a Man she detested, conjured her to be easy, and permit them to plead his Cause. But, alas ! it was now too late ; *Lama*, who came to *Lisbon* as soon as they, went immediately to the President of the Council, whom he informed of this Affair, and painted in Colours so black, that the Minister, had he been less inclinable to serve him, cou'd not dispense with sending an Order to arrest *Suza* the same Day. Thus, while they were talking,

ing, the Officers came in ; and, in spite of Justice, or the Tears of his Mother, he was hurried away to Prison, and guarded with the utmost Strictness.

As his good Qualities made him universally beloved, the greatest Lords in the Kingdom appeared in his behalf ; Don *Pedro* himself invoked Heaven and Earth to save him from the Malice of his Rival : And what between the Grief for his Misfortune, and the Impossibility there appeared of discovering the Retreat of his Niece, he was perfectly inconsolable.

In the mean Time, the unfortunate *Elvira de Zuaires* being informed by *Leónora* of every thing that passed, was in a Condition, which it wou'd be very difficult to describe ; and when at last she received News that *Sebastian* was treated as an Assassin and a Ravisher, and that they talked of no less than cutting off his Head, she had scarce any Sense remaining, but that of her Misfortune : However, endeavouring to recover herself, as much as possible, from the Lethargy of her Grief, she began to reflect, that if she discovered her Retreat, it wou'd be the Means to clear his Innocence. And, in this Thought she wrote to the President of the Council : Don *Pedro* and her own Friends were the last she acquainted with the Secret ; but when she did, and suffered them to see her, and had fully let them know the whole Truth of her Departure, she conjured them to employ all their Cares to save *Sebastian's* Life.

BUT the Council of *Spain* having been informed of the Adventure according to the Report of *Lama* only, sent Orders to the President at *Lisbon*, to do immediate Justice ; but as he was also of his Party, and the Design of *Suza's* Enemies being to take his Life, if possible, by Form of Law, in spite of the Witnesses of the Combat between him and *Balthazar*, and the Protestations of *Elvira*, that he was entirely ignorant of her Flight, he was still proceeded against, on the Indictments of Rape and Assassination : They had already interrogated Don *Sebastian* several Times, but it was only a Formality, and in some Sort to gratify the Solicitations of his Family, his Friends, and the Tears of his Mother, who was every Day at the Feet of the Judges. But the Conclusion

clusion being determined among themselves, they did not pretend to give these disconsolate Persons and Hope of acquitting him, and they were now expecting to hear the Sentence of his Death pronounced, when Donna *Elvira* seeing there was no Way but one to preserve a Life so dear to her, after having endured the most cruel Combat between the Passion she had for him, and the Horror of his Death, determined rather to sacrifice herself, than let him suffer. The Time now pressed, the fatal Moment was approaching; therefore strengthening her Resolution in as swift Degrees as his Danger augmented, she sent to desire Don *Balthazar* wou'd come to her. *Leonora*, who was informed of her Design, and charged with this Commission to him, perceiving he hesitated whether he shou'd comply or not, told him positively, that the Life of her Mistress depended on his immediate Answer; and that if he delayed Obedience to this Summons, he might, perhaps, never see her but in her Tomb. On this, he was prevailed on to go, tho' with a Coldness which almost distracted this faithful Confidant.

HE found the lovely *Elvira* in a Situation, such as he cou'd not hinder himself from being touched with; pale, languishing, abashed, her Eyes drowned in Tears, but still so beautiful with all this, that it was impossible to see her without loving her. My Lord, said she, as soon as she saw him enter, and forcing down the Sighs which were ready to interrupt her Speech, 'tis no longer the inexorable, the fierce *Elvira*, the *Elvira* who had the Boldness to constrain you not to love her, that now speaks to you — 'tis the submissive, the dying *Elvira*, who intreats your Pardon for an illustrious Unfortunate, and who, to purchase his Life, is ready to give you her Heart and her Faith — Yes, my Lord, continued she, save Don *Sebastian*, and I swear to be yours — If it be true, that Love has any Part in the Addresses you have made me, prove it to me by this Action, which is just, as well as generous. — I know you have the Power, his Judges are wholly influenced by you, and act only as you wou'd have them. — Triumph then over your Resentment

ment, if you think it any happiness to triumph over my Heart : What I now beg, may seem a Proof of my Tenderness for your Rival, but it is also one of my Esteem for you, since I am certain, you wou'd hereafter condemn yourself for what you now so eagerly pursue :

——— This is the last Testimony I shall ever give of my unhappy Passion for him ; and it is the first I ever exacted of yours. In fine, my Lord, can you pretend to love the unfortunate *Elvira de Zuarez*, yet see her thus without Compassion ?——— Is there any Need of seeing me in this Posture to grant what I implore ? With these Words she threw herself at his Feet, with her Face all covered with Tears.

AH ! Madam, cry'd Don *Balthazar*, immediately raising her, what a Spectacle do you offer to the Eyes of a Man who adores you ?——— How glorious is the Fate of *Suza*, and how deplorable is mine, who cannot obtain your Hand, but by my Endeavours to save a Life, which, perhaps, may make mine for ever miserable !——— But, continued he, you are not to be resisted——— the Blessing you offer me, overways all other Considerations——— I will try if it be possible to make you think me worthy of you——— Deceive not my Hopes, and I will fly to accomplish yours.

No, my Lord, replied she, giving him her Hand, I call Heaven to witness the Sincerity of my Words. She had no sooner spoke this, than Don *Balthazar*, transported with Love and Joy, kissed her with the utmost Ardency, and then departed, knowing there was no Time to lose in a Juncture so pressing. He was no sooner gone, than *Elvira*, quite overcome with the Violence she had done herself, fell into a Swoon in the Arms of *Leonora* : All the Sisterhood was called to her Assistance ; but tho' they used their utmost Endeavours, it was near two Hours before they cou'd bring her to herself.

A VIOLENT Fever succeeded this Fainting ; but she wou'd not suffer herself to be put to Bed, fearing Don *Balthazar* wou'd look on her Indisposition, as a Feint to elude the Promise she had made to him. Don *Pedro*, who was sent for to see her, found her so changed,
that

that he was alarmed, but heard what she had done with a Joy, which was the greater, by its being so little expected ; he gave a thousand Praises to the Strength of her Resolution, and begg'd she wou'd take care of herself, in order to perform her Promise.

I SHALL think little of my own Life, answered she, till I am assured of that of *Don Sebastian*. She then desired nothing might be spoken of her Illness, and *Don Pedro* finding her thus desperate, was obliged to constrain her to take the Remedies necessary for her Recovery.

LAMA, however, who in his Heart knew the Innocence of *Suza*, and who saw *Elvira* arrived at the Point he wished, deferred not his Sollicitations for this unhappy Rival. His Power was too considerable with the Council, for him, without Difficulty, to save the Man, his Interest alone had brought so near Destruction. Every Thing now changed Face, other Colours were put upon his Actions——they spoke no more of Rape or of Assassination ; and the cruel Sentence of Death, which was just ready to be given, was converted into an Order for setting *Sebastian* at Liberty, on this condition, that he shou'd be banished to one of his own Lands in the Country.

BUT this new Decree, at the Desire of *Lama*, was kept secret till after his Marriage with *Elvira de Zuarez* was consummated. To assure that beautiful Lady that she had nothing to fear for the Life of *Sebastian*, he obliged the President of the Council to shew the Order to *Donna Catherina de Mendoce* ; but exacting a Promise from her to conceal the whole Matter till after the Nuptials of *Don Baltazar de Lama*. This Lady having been told, she owed the Life of her Son only to the Sacrifice the young *Zuarez* made of her Hand, found it highly necessary to comply with their Injunctions, of speaking nothing of the Matter ; and furthermore, of her own Accord, desired *Don Sebastian* might not be permitted to go out of Prison till the Ceremony was performed ; judging, that if so great a Misfortune, as the intire Loss of *Elvira*, shou'd reach his Ears, he wou'd not be able
to,

to restrain himself from some Action or other, that might involve him in fresh Troubles.

THIS last Proof, however, of *Elvira's* Tenderness for her Son, touched her in so lively a Manner, that she ran immediately to her, thanking her in the most endearing Terms, for the important Service she had done her Family. This amiable Lady, who had been informed by Don *Balthazar* of all that had passed concerning this Affair, and expected not to hear it from the Mouth of Donna *Catherina de Mendoce*, cou'd not see her without a Grief too great to be expressed: They embraced each other a thousand Times, Donna *Catherina* called her by no other Name than her dear Daughter, her lovely Daughter; and *Elvira* bursting into a Torrent of ungovernable Tears, said, she had now no longer the Consolation of hoping ever to call her Mother.

THINK not so, my dear *Elvira*, reply'd Donna *Catherina*, Heaven is too just to deprive me always of that Blessing: Your Cares, your Sincerity, your Generosity, will find a Recompence when least you hope it; and since you cannot be happy but with my Son, depend upon it, you will one Day be re-united.

ALAS! resumed *Elvira*, it is no longer permitted me even to wish it—a severe Duty opposes my most innocent Desires——No, Madam, no, Madam, continued she, all that Excess of tender Passion which from my Infancy I was taught to cherish, must now, in a Moment, be extinct for ever——I live, and *Suza* lives; but we must meet no more, must love no more, and even to remember that Love is now a Crime in me, which, though impossible to avoid, I must endeavour.

THIS Reflection made the Tears pour down afresh from both; but Donna *Catherina*, whose Assurance of the Life of her dear Son something moderated the Grief for the unhappy Catastrophe of his Love, consoled her the best she was able: But finding that her Presence and Discourse but served the more to remind her of her Misfortune, rose up to take leave, and having embraced her for the last Time, Adieu, my dear
Elvira,

Elvira, said she, you are too worthy of a better Fate, for you not to hope it. I will not press you to a Remembrance of us, I know your Virtue forbids it; but ours will never suffer us to forget you, and what you have done for us.

I SHALL always think with Pleasure on the Marks you have given me of your Friendship, reply'd *Elvira*, whatever I do on those of *Don Sebastian*: But all the Favour I have now Permission to implore of you, is to employ all your Power, your Eloquence, your Tenderness, for the Consolation of that once dear Man, that he may be prevailed upon to preserve a Life for which I have sacrificed all the Peace of mine.

WITH these Words they parted, unable to support longer so melancholy a Conversation. *Don Balthazar* arrived some Moments after, accompanied by *Don Pedro* and several others of the first Quality. The Articles of Marriage were drawn up and signed by both Parties that Day, and those magnificent Preparations designed for the Nuptials of *Don Sebastian*, served for those of *Lama*, which was celebrated the next Morning with all imaginable Pomp. The sorrowful *Elvira* quitted not her Retreat, but to be conducted to the *Altar*, and from thence to the Palace of her Husband. During the whole Course of this Ceremony she appeared the deplorable Victim of Love and Duty; her profound Melancholy plainly denoted the cruel Situation of her Soul: But her Resolution in supporting this sad Reverse of Fate, without shedding one Tear, or speaking one Word that cou'd give an Umbrage to him whose now she was, was a Proof of the most elevated Virtue and Fortitude.

IN the mean time *Don Sebastian*, who, for more than ten Days, in which all these Things had happened, heard not the least News, but by the Interrogatories which had been put to him, judged that his Death was certain, cou'd not conceive the Reason that both his Friends and Enemies seem'd to have so forgot him. In the whole Course of his Imprisonment he had felt no Inquietude but for *Elvira*, and what was become of her; but not doubting, that her Flight was only to preserve herself for him, he grieved not much
for

for being ignorant of her Retreat, since he imagined his Rival equally so, and that he wou'd not receive any Advantage from the Sentence he shou'd cause to be pronounced against him. He admired her Constancy, her Fidelity, her Resolution, and speaking to himself, as tho' she had been present, thanked her a thousand Times in a Day for the Proof she gave him of her Tendernefs, and said he was content to die, since he was certain, she wou'd never give herself to the Arms of another.

BUT when the Time was elapsed, in which he expected they wou'd determine either for his Liberty or Death, he began to be agitated with more disturbed Emotions ; he thought it the utmost Severity of Fate to send him from the World, without knowing something of the Condition of *Elvira* : He tried all Manner of Ways to tempt the Guards to suffer a *Valet de Chambre*, who was the only person permitted to stay with him, to go out ; but their Orders were so strict, that nothing wou'd prevail ; and when he asked them any Questions concerning himself, or what they heard People say concerning this Adventure and Confinement, they either answered not at all, or in such a Manner, that he cou'd make nothing of what they spoke ; and this Reserve, which he easily perceived was affected, making him imagine something worse than Death was intended for him, threw him into Agitations, such as stood in need of all his Courage to endure, without being guilty of any Word or Action that cou'd be termed extravagant.

He was in this cruel Uncertainty and Suspence, when, on the twentieth Night of his Imprisonment, and the first of the Marriage of *Elvira*, he heard his Chamber-door open, and immediately saw his Mother *Donna Catherina de Mendoce* enter, preceded by a great Number of Flambeaux, and followed by four of his nearest Kindred.

MY Son, said she, giving him her Hand, the King is made sensible of your Innocence, and is pleased to restore you to your Liberty ; follow me, and I will inform you of the rest in a Place less dreadful. *Suza*, whom

whom the Discontents of his Mind wou'd not suffer to sleep; was not in Bed, and required little Preparation to obey her; he made no other Reply than a low Bow, and with an Air which testified more of Surprize than Joy at this sudden Turn of Fate, went with her into her Coach, and the others accompanied them on Horseback: But they had not gone far, before perceiving that they took a Way which conducted them out of the Town, Where 'is it you carry me, Madam, said he? Am I to hear nothing of *Elvira*? Why is not Don *Pedro* with you? Do they know where we are going? Shall we find them at the Place to which you are conveying me? Don *Sebastian*, reply'd his Mother, you shall know all these Things in Time; but I cannot satisfy you entirely, till we are arrived at the Country-Seat of my Brother Don *Lewis de Mendoce*; it is there we are going; content yourself till then, with being informed that *Elvira* is well, at *Lisbon*, and that it is to her alone you owe your Life. Important Reasons, which you will soon be acquainted with, oblige you to leave the City for some time. This is all I can tell you at present; but calm your Disorders, give a Truce to Curiosity, and disturb not the Pleasure I feel in seeing you delivered from a Condition which had almost given me my Death.

DON *Sebastian*, whom this Discourse involved in new Perplexities, omitted nothing which he thought might oblige her to a more full Discovery of this Affair; but her Resolution was firm against all his Sollicitations, knowing too well his Temper to trust him with the dreadful Secret, till she shou'd be assured his Person was secured in a Place whence he cou'd not well remove to bring himself into a second Trouble of the Kind he was but just relieved from. As the House of Don *Lewis* was but a League from *Lisbon*, she made choice of that for his Retreat, till his Affairs were regulated, and she had brought him to submit to his Exile, by the Time prefixed, which was no more than four Days after the Time of his Enlargement; and that but on condition he shou'd not appear in *Lisbon*.

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As they went very swift, they soon arrived at the House of Don *Lewis de Mendoce*, who apprized of their Arrival, came out of his Gates to receive them with a numerous Company, all *Suza's* Kindred or near Friends. The first Moments were passed in reciprocal Caresses and Congratulations on this happy Change of his Sentence : After which, Don *Lewis de Mendoce*, who was a venerable old Nobleman, and greatly respected by Don *Sebastian*, as having had the Care of him since the Death of his Father, made him and Donna *Catherina* go with him into his Closet, and after tenderly embracing him, Don *Sebastian*, said he, you have hitherto so well maintained the Honour of your Family, that I flatter myself you never will swerve from it. One Action, which I cannot but call a brave one, has made you very near losing your Life ; now, one of Fortitude must preserve it——I have a terrible Blow to give you, but the more Pain it gives you, the more your Courage and Resolution will be testified in supporting it. *Elvira* lives, but must be dead to you——you must think of her no more——she has given away herself to save you ——in fine, she has exchanged Felicity for Misery ; she has renounced all that is dear to her, and embraced what is most detestable to her ; and for the Sake of *Suza*, has yielded to be the Wife of *Lama*.

I do not say you must altogether extinguish the Tenderness you have for her ; I will not tell you that a Passion, however it may appear laudable to the Mind that harbours it, is shameful and criminal, when it passes the Bounds prescribed by Law ; that is the ordinary Language of Men of my Years to those of yours : But I am of a different Way of thinking, and shou'd tax you with Ingratitude, if you shou'd cease to love *Elvira* after such a Service ——I wou'd have you love her, but with a Love discreet, respectful, and sensible of the Favour she has done you.——But above all I wou'd have you obedient to her Commands, compliable to her Desires, which join to enforce you to take care of a Life, which has cost her so dear, and which you cannot throw away without being ungrateful
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to her. Then, added he, if after what I have said can have any Weight with you, I wou'd have you weigh the Shame of dying on a Scaffold, with the Grief of losing a Mistress ; and your Glory will certainly so far triumph over your Despair, as to prevent you from committing any Extravagance which may reduce you to that Fate.

THESE last Words were scarce intelligible to the unfortunate *Sebastian*, an universal Shivering ran through all his Frame, a death-like Paleness spread itself over his Face ; and in spite of all his Courage, he fell, without Sense or Motion, into the Arms of *Don Lewis*, who perceiving his Countenance change, ran to him to support him : He was immediately put into a Bed ; but, in spite of all the Remedies they applied, he recovered not his Senses in many Hours ; and when he did, he made no other use of them, than to utter such Lamentations as drew Tears from the Eyes of all who were Witnesses of them.

DONNA Catherina, his Mother, sat on the Bed-side, and, by a thousand tender Caresses and consolatory Discourses, exhorted him to Patience, and a Resignation to that which was evidently the divine Will : It was just Midnight when he came out of Prison, and near nine in the Morning before they cou'd obtain from him one reasonable Word, or in the least, be able to calm the furious Disorders of his Soul ; in fine, all the Arguments that cou'd be urged to him, served rather to augment than abate his Affliction, and he entreated he might be left alone : The Physicians themselves, who were sent for on the account of his fainting, finding him in a high Fever, forbid that he shou'd hold much Discourse. Every body, therefore, retired, leaving none with him but a *Valet de Chambre* named *Alvarez*, who was the same that was with him in Prison, and in whom he had an entire Confidence.

WHEN he found himself at liberty to give a loose to his Passions, without Witnesses ; *Alvarez*, said he, in a Tone which denoted more Vigour than his present Condition seemed to permit, I am resolved to die, but I wou'd do it in the Presence of *Elvira* : ————

must therefore go to *Lisbon*; if thy Love and Fidelity to me be equal to thy Pretensions, assist me with the Means. *Alvarez*, extremely surprized at this Design, said every thing that Reason cou'd inspire to dissuade him; on which, Don *Sebastian* started from his Bed in the utmost Fury, and holding a Ponyard to his Breast, told him, if he refused to give him willingly this Token of his Attachment, he wou'd make him obey him through Fear. *Alvarez* then not doubting but he wou'd proceed to some desperate Act, promised to do as he desired. The Question was then, how to get out of Don *Lewis's* House unperceived, and where to procure Horses with such Privacy, that none of the Family might be informed of their Intention; but *Alvarez* being prevailed upon to come into his Master's Measures, undertook for the rest; and the Part Don *Sebastian* had to act was, only to counterfeit a Mitigation of those Troubles which now raged with greater Violence than ever. The faithful *Alvarez* exactly performed what was given to his Charge, and the Desire of seeing *Elvira*, and expiring at her Feet, had more Effect on *Sebastian*, for the Recovery of his Health, than all the Remedies prescribed to him by the Physicians.

FINDING himself much better the next Day, he rose, and having made *Alvarez* dress him, he went to the Apartment of Donna *Catherina*: Madam, said he to her, I come to entreat your Pardon for the Weakness I have been guilty of before you, and hope, that as you know the Excess of my Love, and how greatly I have lost in losing the incomparable *Elvira*, you will think it merits some Excuse. I own I am in Despair, but I have yet Fortitude to hear all the Ills that Fortune can inflict; therefore, come to learn from you what yet remains to be told of my Misfortune, and to know in what Fashion I am now to proceed.

You must live, my Son, answered she hastily, *Elvira* begs it of you, I command you, and Honour obliges you to do so. Then she related all the Particulars that had passed since the Day of his Combat with Don *Balthazar*, and the Conditions of his Life and Liberty.

Liberty. He cou'd not hear this Recital without Agonies of Spirit, which it is utterly impossible to describe. But he dissembled them the best he cou'd, in order to prevent any Suspicion of the Resolution he had taken, and told Donna *Catherina*, that he was ready to obey in every thing that either herself or the Council shou'd ordain: She then told him, that two Days were yet to come from the Time prefixed; that she wou'd have him remain with Don *Lewis* till the Expiration, and that as his Lands were far off, she might, peradventure, obtain some Days to be added for the Re-establishment of his Health, before he took so long a Journey. He appeared intirely submissive to every thing, and seemed so little desirous of ever seeing *Elvira* or *Lisbon* any more, that neither this careful Mother nor Don *Lewis* had the least Suspicion of his deceiving them: They lost all the Fears they had been in, of his enterprizing any thing against Don *Balthazar*, and thought of nothing more than diverting his Melancholy, while he remained with them; and hoped, that afterwards Change of Place and Variety of Objects would erase the unhappy part of his Adventures intirely out of his Mind.

PERCEIVING he was pretty well recovered, Donna *Catherina* laboured not to gain more Time; and the fourth Day being fixed for his Departure, a great Number of his Kindred, Allies, and Friends, were preparing to accompany him some Part of the Way. But the Night before, *Alvarez* being provided himself of two great Horses, and a Key that wou'd open the Park-Gate, they went out without any Noise, mounted their Horses, and were in *Lisbon* some Hours before Day-break: They went to the House of a Kinsman of *Alvarez*, a Person in whom that faithful Domestic knew he cou'd confide; and there Don *Sebastian* lay concealed, while he endeavoured to speak to *Leonora*.

THE Hour which Don *Sebastian* had set for his Departure, was no sooner arrived, and all his Friends and Kindred at the Gate attending him, than Donna *Catherina* sent to his Apartment, to tell him every thing was ready: But, how great was her Astonishment, when instead of him,

they brought her a Letter which he had left on his Table, and directed to her ; she opened it with the utmost Precipitation, and found it contained these Words :

To my most dear and honoured Mother Donna
CATHERINA DE MENDOCE.

“ MADAM,

“ SINCE I am banished *Lisbon*, it ought to be indifferent to my Judges where I go, all Places are equal to an Exile : But I think my own Lands, to which you tell me they have confined me, are too near the Objects which torment me, ever to get them from my Mind : I wou'd therefore at a greater distance terminate a Life, which I cou'd not preserve in any part of *Portugal*, without being more cruel to myself, than my worst of Enemies have been. Pardon this enforced Disobedience in

Your unfortunate Son,

SEBASTIAN DE LA SUZA.

DONNA *Catherina* had no sooner read this Letter, than she communicated it to her Brother Don *Lewis*, and the rest of their Kindred and Friends, who holding Council on what was best to be done in this Affair, they were all of Opinion to conceal the Escape of Don *Sebastian*, because if it shou'd be known he had done any thing clandestine, it wou'd raise Suspicion of his Conduct ; and even tho' he shou'd really design to leave the Kingdom, and be gone to *Lisbon* with that Intent, yet being found there, contrary to the Decree, he wou'd infallibly be arrested a second time ; and if he had any other less justifiable Design, yet still it was best to leave him to his Fate, without intermeddling wth it : But at the same time, they all resolved to make strict Search for him, tho' with the utmost Privacy : They added also, that Donna *Catherina* shou'd take a Journey to the

the Lands of her Son, as tho' to comfort him in his Banishment, while the other Party of them went to *Lisbon*, in order to discover if they cou'd hear any thing of him.

THIS Advice was too prudent not to be followed ; the Mother of *Suza* told all her Friends and Acquaintance, that she designed in a short time to visit her Son, who was obliged for a time to live in his own Territories in the Country : Accordingly she departed for that Place, with a Smile on her Face, but the utinost Anguish in her Heart. As for Don *Lewis* and the rest, they went immediately to *Lisbon*, to begin their secret Inquisitions.

ALVAREZ in the mean time was endeavouring to meet *Leonora* ; but having loitered a long time about Don *Balthazar*'s Palace, without seeing any Person of whom he durst inquire for her, he was just beginning to despair, when he perceived her at a Lattice of a low Parlor-Window, which jatted out to the Street : He made several Signs to her, which she did not presently observe, nor cou'd recollect his Face ; but advancing a little nearer, it was impossible for her not to know him : She was not a little surprized at seeing him, but giving him to understand she wou'd return again, left the Window ; and some Moments after he saw a Paper fall at his Feet, which taking up, he found contained these Words ; " Go, and expect me at the Chapel of St. *Ursula*." *Alvarez*, who feared to be seen by any body that might know him, made what haste he cou'd away from that Place to the Chapel, where he had not been above half an Hour, before he saw *Leonora* appear, wrapped up in her Veil : She went into an obscure Part, where he followed, and kneeling down by her, related to her the full of his Commission, and painted, in the most moving Colours, the Excess of his Master's Despair, and the firm Resolution he had taken to die at the Feet of *Elvira*.

DISCREET *Leonora*, continued he, I am persuaded that if he had an Interview with her, it might change this dreadful Design ; I therefore conjure you to procure it——The Danger to which he is ex-

posed, by being in *Lisbon*, makes me tremble.——
There is no prevailing with him to leave it without having seen her, and he is capable of hazarding any thing, if she refuses this Condescension.

LEONORA was extremely perplexed at this Request; she knew perfectly well, that her Mistress wou'd never consent to what he desired: If it cou'd therefore be brought about, it must be without her Knowledge, and that cou'd not be accomplished without extreme Danger. She discovered all her Fears to *Alvarez*, in order to oblige him to use his utmost Efforts to dissuade his Master from this Enterprize. But he soon put an End to her Remonstrances, by relating to her in what Manner *Don Sebastian* had compelled him to join in it, and made her so well conceive the Despair in which this Refusal would plunge him, that she at length resolved to satisfy him. She then told him, that *Donna Elvira*, who had been a little indisposed before her Marriage, but had concealed it, because she wou'd not delay the Enlargement of *Don Sebastian*, was now so extremely ill, that she kept her Bed: And this it is, said she, that facilitates my doing what you require, because *Don Balbazar* lies in another Apartment, not to incommode her: I have, therefore, only to admit him in the Dusk of the Evening, at the Garden-Door; but, continued she, I wou'd have him wait with Patience in a little Arbour covered with Jessamin, which he will find at the Entrance, till I find a proper Moment to introduce him.

ALVAREZ having obtained this Promise quitted her with the highest Satisfaction, and ran to bear the News to *Don Sebastian*, who expected his Return with an equal Impatience. If he had been capable of Joy, the Hope of this dear Interview wou'd have given it him; but the Motive which made him wish it, was too sad to excite any pleasing Emotions in his Soul. Sometimes abandoning himself wholly to his Tenderness, he considered *Elvira* as an Object before whom all Resentments ought to cease; he remembered the Violence she had done herself, the exalted Proof she had given of the most disinterested Affection, and the unhappy

happy Fate she had submitted to, for the Preservation of his Life. But when he reflected that his Rival enjoyed all the Advantage of this Excess of Love, he grew quite serious, and said such Things, as nothing but a Grief such as his cou'd be capable of excusing: He imagined nothing so wretched as himself; but had he been witness of the cruel Moments *Elvira* had passed since her Marriage, and the melancholy Reflections she made on her Misfortune, he would have found she had a thousand times more to complain of than himself. This charming Lady, who, while *Sebastian* was in danger, cou'd think of nothing but the means to deliver him, no sooner had, by giving her Hand to *Balthazar*, set him free, and eased herself of the Fears she was in on this account, than the State she had entred into, presented itself to her Mind, in all its Horrors. The Apprehension of seeing a Man die, who was dearer to her than Life, had made her blind to every thing that threatned herself, and in the Transports of her Grief and her Despair, imagined she cou'd, without much Difficulty, pass her Days with one she hated, for the Preservation of one she so much loved. But when the Danger was over, and when she knew he was living, and at liberty, the Action which had procured his Deliverance appeared in a different Light; she looked on it now as criminal, and accused herself of Inconstancy, and too great Precipitation; began to imagine the Danger of *Suzza* not so great as she had believed it was, and that she ought not to have violated the Promise she had made to him; but on a greater Certainty, that nothing else cou'd have redeemed him. She regarded Don *Balthazar de Lama* only as the Contriver of her Misfortune, and her Tyrant; and so dreadful were her Agitations, that she stood in need of all her Courage to prevent her from yielding to the most terrible Despair.

BUT if the Pangs she laboured under were ever so great, her Virtue was yet greater; and tho' for a time, she seemed to be submitted to their Force, Religion, Piety, and Duty assisted her in the end to overcome them; and, as she was the Wife of *Lama*, she resolved not only to use her utmost Efforts to banish *Sebas-*

tion from her Heart, but also to love the Man to whom Fate had allotted her, and to forget, as much as possible, that any other had ever been dear to her.

SUCH a Resolution, however, cou'd not be made without the most cruel Conflicts of Mind, which joined to the weak Condition to which her Grievs had thrown her before Marriage, so seized on all her Spirits, that she fell into a violent Fever the next Day after that in which she had given her Hand to *Balthazar*. As he was yet in the first Transports her Possession had afforded him, and looked on himself as the Author of her Indisposition, he neglected nothing for the Recovery of her Health, that cou'd be expected from the most tender Husband.

THE extraordinary Care he took of her, on this Occasion, touched her in the most sensible manner; and being determined to quit all Ideas to his Prejudice, she testified the utmost Gratitude to him, entreated him not to leave her Chamber, assuring him, that her Illness was not considerable enough to oblige him to go into another Apartment, and that his Presence contributed to her Cure: But he finding her much worse than she was willing to make shew of, and not doubting but the Constraint she put upon herself added a double Force to her Distemper, refused her Demand, and came not into the Room, but at those Hours when he knew he cou'd not incommode her.

THO' the high Virtue and Wisdom of Donna *Elvira* had made her act in this manner, she cou'd not keep herself from finding a kind of Sweetness in the Liberty of talking freely to her dear *Leonora*: She commanded her never to speak of Don *Sebastian* to her, nor of those Hopes she had formerly entertained on his score, but to let nothing escape that Don *Balthazar* did to please her, and to entertain her continually with all that was valuable in him, in order to force her, as it were, to think of nothing but him. These commands had been exactly performed by her Nurse, who wished nothing more than the Recovery of her Repose, and knew, that to love him was now the only means to obtain it. But the Arrival of *Suza*, having brought
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to her Mind the first Felicities of her Mistress, and made her compare them with her present Misfortunes, it was impossible for her all that Day to speak one Word of *Balthazar*, or tell her Mistress any of the Grievs he expressed for her Indisposition.

THIS beautiful Lady having passed two Days and two Nights in continual Agitations, now found herself somewhat better, after two Hours of Sleep, in which time *Lama* had come several times to the Chamber-door to inquire of her Health. *Leonora* was all that time taken up with the Sight of *Alvarez*, and the Meeting she had given him at the Chapel of St. *Ursula*; and full of the Stratagem she had formed in Favour of Don *Sebastian*'s Request, thought not of informing her Mistress, on her awaking, of the Complaisance of *Lama*; but the other Women did not fail to tell her, and she sent to let him know, that she was now in a condition to receive him. He came immediately, and staid with her till Night was pretty far advanced, as did also Don *Pedro*, and several others of the *Zuarian* Family; and this Company rendering the Attendance of *Leonora* unnecessary, she had Opportunity of preparing every thing for the Reception of *Suza*.

DONNA *Elvira*, who began to be fatigued with over much Discourse, and the secret Emotions of her own Mind, seemed so extremely unquiet, that *Lama* perceiving it, obliged every body to retire, and as it was pretty late, took leave of her himself, telling her, he hoped to find her in better Health next Morning. *Elvira* made many Efforts to retain him, thinking her Duty obliged her to do so, that she might be prevented from indulging any Thoughts of *Sebastian*, whose Image, whenever it came into her Mind, gave a Shock to the Severity of her Virtue.

BUT *Lama*, being forbid by the Physicians, would not suffer himself to be prevailed upon. As soon as he was gone out, *Leonora*, who was full of disturbed Apprehensions, came to the Bed-side, and said softly to *Elvira*, Don *Balthazar* must certainly now become very dear to you, Madam, that you cannot suffer him out of your Sight one Moment.

ALAS! replied she, wou'd to Heaven that he were so, I shou'd not then be in the Condition I am — But, *Leonora*, is it for you to reproach a Conduct which you ought to be the first to prescribe to me? Is it for you to support me in the Precepts of my Duty, or to swerve from them? Just Heaven, continued she, I am the only Person that knows what is due from me to *Balthazar*! — Yes, *Leonora*, I perceive you speak of him but with Regret, and cannot submit to the Orders I have given you — Where were you, when he came so often this Afternoon to inquire of my Health? Why did you not relate to me those Marks of his Affection? In fine, why do you not assist the Efforts I am making to procure me a happy Life?

LEONORA, who had employed the time that *Don Lama* was with his Wife, in introducing *Suza* into a Closet adjoining to *Elvira*'s Chamber, was too conscious of the Treason she was guilty of, and too much perplexed in what Manner she shou'd accomplish what she had began, to be able to make an immediate Reply: Her Silence, the Blushes which in a Moment covered all her Face, and the Tremblings which were visible in her whole Person, alarmed *Elvira*, already disconcerted with many confused Ideas: What have you done, *Leonora*? cry'd she, What has happened? I charge you to disguise nothing from me.

THEN this Woman, assuming a little more Courage, I have great things to tell you, Madam, answered she; but permit me first to clear your Apartment of all your Women, and that I may be shut up alone with you — the Occasion requires it. In speaking these Words, without attending any Reply, she went out of the Chamber, and having dispersed all the Attendants, some one way, some another, and taken out the Keys of the Rooms, she returned to her expecting and greatly surprized Lady,

THIS amiable Person knew not what to think of so odd a Behaviour in her Nurse; her Words and her Precautions brought strange Things to her Imagination; yet did she not in the least suspect, that *Suza* was so near: *Leonora* had no sooner re-entered, than falling on her

her knees, Madam, said she to her, I know what I am about to tell you will excite your Indignation ; but if it be a Crime that I have committed, it is such a Crime, as it was impossible to avoid, without having another Heart———*Alvarez*, Madam, the faithful Servant of *Don Sebastian*, comes to inform you somewhat concerning the Life of his Master———He has an important Secret, which he will disclose to none but yourself———He, therefore, begs the Honour of entertaining you for one Moment —— I own I was unable to deny my part of his Petition —— I have introduced him privately into your Palace———He is in my Chamber, and waits till I bring him to you.

GREAT God ! cried out *Elvira*, *Alvarez* at *Lisbon* ! —— *Alvarez* shut up in my Apartment ! imprudent *Leonora*, to what have you exposed me !

SHE was able to say no more, the very Name of that Confident of *Sebastian* raised a Tumult in her Breast, which, for a time, deprived her of the power of Speech. *Leonora*, who expected nothing less, took this Opportunity to represent, that there was nothing to fear from this Visit, that she had conducted him in such a fashion, that it was impossible for any Person to have any knowledge of his coming ; in fine, she talked with so much Appearance of Reason, that *Elvira* was at length persuaded to see him. Let me rise then, said she, for I fear I shall not be in a State of Tranquillity enough to remain in Bed, while this Man talks to me———But, added she, you must let him know his Stay must be very short, and that he must not pretend to deliver me any Letter from his Master, for I am absolutely bent to receive none. In speaking this, she threw a Night-Gown over her Arms, and seated herself in an easy Chair, in which she cou'd scarcely sustain herself through Weakness, while *Leonora* left her to bring in the pretended *Alvarez*.

DON Sebastian had been for some time in a Situation little better ; he was admitted at the Hour appointed, into the Arbour of *Jessamin*, where he and *Alvarez* lay concealed till *Leonora* returned, and conducted.

ducted this unhappy Lover into her Chamber. Fain would he have expressed his Gratitude to her for this Favour, but had neither Words nor Voice, and in his Looks and Motions appeared to her rather a Spectre than a living Man. In effect, the Thoughts that he cou'd now behold *Elvira* but by stealth, and that his most innocent Intentions wou'd now, if known, be look'd on as criminal, plunged him in Agitations, such as there is no Possibility of describing.

WHEN he found himself alone in a Chamber so near that of *Elvira*, and considered he was in the Palace of his Rival, his Rage awakened in such a manner, that *Leonora* had much ado to bring him to any degree of Calmness: He followed, however, where she conducted him, and without scarce knowing what he was doing, or whither he went, entered the Apartment of the unhappy Wife of *Lama*.

BUT when he beheld her with her Handkerchief before her Eyes, her Head supported by a Cushion, without any other Motion than what her Sighs occasioned, he was pierced to the very bottom of his Soul, at a Spectacle for which he was wholly unprepared—— Love now regained its Empire over its Resentments, and, instead of Reproaches, he threw himself at her Feet, and embraced her Knees, without power to express himself any otherwise than by Sighs and Groans.

DONNA *Elvira* believing it was *Alvarez*, whose Respect and Grief obliged to this Action, having still the Handkerchief before her Eyes, *Alvarez*, said she, the State in which you see me is sufficient to clear me to your Master, of all Lightness and Inconstancy—— You may let him know how you have found me, if it will be any Consolation to him; but say nothing to me of him, which may prejudice my Glory, for that already is too much injured by permitting your Approach.

It is not *Alvarez* who receives this Favour, reply'd Don *Sebastian*; but the most unfortunate of Mankind, who desires no other Advantage by it, than to expire before your Eyes.

WHERE am I ! interrupted *Elvira*, taking away the Handkerchief, that hindered her till then from seeing him ; What do I behold !——Perfidious *Leonora* ! presumptuous *Suza* ! She then attempted to push him from her, and rose, endeavouring to quit the Place, which finding herself too weak to accomplish ; Don *Sebastian*, said she, since I have been capable of sacrificing all my Repose to your Safety, believe also that I am capable of sacrificing my Life to my Glory——You have, by this Action, affronted me beyond Forgiveness——I expected other Marks of your Esteem and Gratitude. Cruel *Elvira*, reply'd *Suza*, hindering her to remove, and whose Fury was rekindled at her Upbraidings ; What Gratitude ought I to pay you, you who have hindered the Blow prepared for me only to give a deeper Wound yourself——A Death inflicted by my Enemies was not enough to satisfy you——to content you, I must receive it from your own hand——Ungrateful *Zuarez*, why would you not suffer me to die in Peace ? Had I lost my Head on a Scaffold, I should have left the World in a sweet Hope, that you were faithful to me : But you would have me live to see you in the Arms of my Rival——And when, in spite of my just Indignation, I risque that Life for which, you say, you have sacrificed your Repose, only for the Happiness of bewailing my Misfortune for a Moment, and then dying at your feet, you see me but with Horror, you reproach me with affronting, with dishonouring you. Well, Madam, continued, he, lifting up his Eyes, I will prove my Gratitude, since you expect some illustrious Mark of it, I will render you back the Life you have saved, and willingly sacrifice it to the Happiness of him you have preferred before me.

IN concluding these Words he drew a Dagger, and had certainly plunged it in his Breast, with his whole Force, if the desolate *Elvira* had not thrown herself upon him, and, aided by *Leonora*, wrested from his hands the fatal Steel ; Love and Fear having now inspired her with a Strength superior to what her Condition seemed to promise.

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DON *Sebastian* vexed and ashamed to find himself disarmed, What mean you, Madam, by thus delaying my Fate? cry'd he, looking on her with the most pity-moving Air. *Suzza*, reply'd *Elvira*, all bathed in Tears, the State in which I see you dissipates all my Fears: I am more touched with your Despair than your Reproaches; the one calls to my Remembrance the Happiness I have lost, but the other I feel not because I merit them not——But, in fine, I will make yet one more Effort for you——I will forget, for a Moment, what I am, and what I ought to be, to discover to you all my Heart: If you love me, *Suzza*, you will believe me; and in spite of the Excess of your Rage, I am assured you do me Justice in your Soul, and doubt not of my Innocence. However, since I must assure you of it myself, I yield to do so; but, in recompence for my Sincerity, which the Situation I am in renders criminal, I exact two things of you; the first is, That you will make no Attempt upon your Life, but take, on the contrary, the utmost Care to preserve it: Homicide is an Action, of all other the most unworthy either of a brave Mind, or of a Man submissive to the Decrees of divine Providence. The other is, to hear me without Interruption, and not to take any advantage from what I say, to entertain me with Discourses, of a Passion, which, cou'd I now consent to listen to, I shou'd be unworthy of. On these Conditions I will conceal from you nothing of my Soul; and regarding you in this last Interview as the dearest thing to me in the World, lay open to you my most secret Thoughts. Answer me, Don *Sebastian*, and promise to perform what I demand of you.

ELVIRA, in speaking thus, had a certain Air of Candour and Majesty, which rendered her so beautiful and awful at the same time, that the amorous *Suzza* thought he had never before seen her accompanied with so many Graces; he remained some Moments in silent Admiration, and his Fury utterly receding to his Love, he threw himself a second time at her Feet——I know, said he, that I am unworthy of the Honour you do me.——But, alas! what Piety, what Reason can you expect

pest from the Man who loves *Elvira*, and has for ever lost her?—I know, however, that my Reproaches are unjust, and that I ought to submit in all things to the Will of Heaven and you—Yes, Madam, added he, with a deep Sigh, I swear to perform exactly all you have enjoined me, and to leave to Time the Termination of my Love, my Grief, and Life, which last I now consecrate afresh to you.

THEN *Elvira* obliged him to sit down, and having a little recollected herself, Don *Sebastian*, said she, 'tis hard to bring my Virtue to the Confession I am about to make you, but easy and pleasing to my Inclinations.

——My Heart has long been accustomed to love you, and my Tongue to tell you so, and I am now conscious of a guilty Pleasure in being compelled by your Despair, to repeat the sweetest Confession——But it is to save you a second time, that I take this last Liberty.

——Know then, *Suza*, you are as dear to me, as in those happy Moments when first it was permitted me to give you Proofs of it; and I call Heaven to witness, that if my Life cou'd have been accepted as a Ransom for yours, I wou'd gladly have resigned it, rather than my Hand to any but yourself.

I WILL tell you yet farther, that it was I myself that pressed *Balthazar* to this Marriage; each Instant that it was delayed was a Continuation of your Imprisonment; and the more I advanced my own Misfortune, the nearer you were to your Deliverance——In fine, I intirely forgot myself, to think only on you——The Effect has proved I did——I sacrifice my All for your Preservation——All *Lisbon* knows this Truth, and I think you cannot be ignorant of it.

CAN you then doubt the cruel Situation of my Heart? the Condition I am in may convince you of it.

——But as you cannot know my last Resolutions, without I inform you, know, that the more dear you are to me, the more I now endeavour to banish you from my Memory; my Repose, my Glory, my Duty prescribes this Law to me——I do not tell you I have power to fulfil it, that is a Secret I reserve to myself——only think that I must do it, and that I shou'd render

myself unworthy of your Esteem, if I did not endeavour it with all my Strength——It is not permitted me to see you, or to hear you any more ; and you cannot constrain me to think of you without dishonouring me——If you love me, my Glory will be precious to you——you will not seek to blemish it by unavailing Temptations, but by a firm Resolution to fly my Presence, give me liberty to follow the Dictates of my Reason——All the Efforts you henceforth make, to overcome your Passion, will be so many Proofs, that you have loved me with the most perfect one, as all the Cares I take to forget you, will be Testimonies of my Virtue——Live my dear *Sebastian*, to give me this Consolation in my Misfortunes, that I have saved you from Death——Preserve that Life, I charge you, which has cost me too much, for you to expose to the Dangers you must meet in this Place——Abandon it for ever, or return not till the unfortunate *Elvira* is no more. Then I will permit you to think of me, and to flatter your Tenderness with all that can assure you of mine, as a Consolation for my Loss——Go, continued she, bursting into Tears, leave me this Instant, and dissipate the mortal Fears I am in, while you remain in *Lisbon*——Make me no Reply——I will tell myself all you wou'd say to me——I know all that you think——and wou'd have you read my Heart, as I do yours——Exact from me no more, and for the last Mark of the Power I have over you, obey me.

HERE the disconsolate *Elvira* ceased to speak, and *Don Sebastian*, full of Love, of Admiration, and Grief, lifted up his Eyes to Heaven, then fell upon his Knees, and taking her Hand, which she had stretched out to raise him, put it to his Mouth, and while he kissed it with the utmost Ardency, bathed it in a Torrent of Tears. They remained some time in this Posture ; but the virtuous *Elvira* summoning all her Courage to her Aid, made a Sign to *Leonora*, which *Suza* perceiving, he rose up, and having, in bowing to her, regarded her with a Look which pierced her Soul, followed his Conductress, without transgressing the Orders he had received by one single Word. *Leonora*, who was
little

little less touched at this melancholy Scene than the Persons concerned in it, had the good Fortune to see him out of the Gates of *Lama's* Palace, without any Accident.

He returned to the Kinsman of *Alvarez*, who was greatly disquieted at his long Stay; but he appeared so changed, and with something so deplorable in his Countenance, that he hardly durst testify the Joy he had for his safe Return: *Alvarez* himself, fearing some fatal Event, preserved a profound Silence, while *Sebastian* walked up and down the Room with Eyes cast down, and Arms a-cross for the best part of the Night.

At last, changing his Position of Body, and perceiving *Alvarez* near him, 'Tis done, said he to him, as if he had known what had pass'd between him and *Elvira*; she will have it so, and I must obey her—— Yes, *Alvarez*, continued he, in a kind of Transport, I will live, not to forget her, but to adore her, to admire and respect her till my last Breath.

THE faithful Confidant, charmed with this Resolution, and easily guessing what had occasioned it; Well then, my Lord, said he, we must quit *Lisbon*, and retire to a Place where you may be sheltered from those Dangers which wou'd force you to sail in what the excellent *Elvira* has exacted from you.

MY dear *Alvarez*, reply'd he, do with me what thou wilt —— I am ignorant what I am, what I say, and to what way I should direct my Steps —— I abandon myself wholly to thee —— I will live, I have promised it; but demand no more of me.

ALVAREZ waited not to repeat his Remonstrances, but, on the Instant, went out of the Room, and prepared for their Departure; which, when done, he returned, and made his Master get on horse-back, as did also himself and Kinsman, all disguised and well armed. *Sebastian* suffered them to do in every thing as they pleased, without informing himself; they went out of Town, and, by Morning, arrived at a little Town, where *Alvarez* took leave of his Kinsman, and, after a short Repose, parted, with his Master, for the Territory to which his Sentence sent him, where Donna
Cathe-

Catherina de Mendoce arrived not till three Days after, little hoping to find there any Object so consoling.

ELVIRA in the mean time no sooner found *Don Sebastian* was out of Danger, than she felt herself much eased in having made him this Discovery of her Heart: She thought she cou'd do no less for a Man whom she so long had looked upon as destin'd to be her Husband; and therefore pardoned *Leonora*, on Condition she wou'd never be guilty of the like Fault.

SHE pass'd the greatest Part of the Night in talking of him, but far from diminishing the Resolution she had taken to use her utmost Efforts to love *Lama*, this Conversation rather strengthened it: She considered she having seen and spoke to *Sebastian*, as an Injury to her Husband, which she cou'd not atone for, but by the utmost Tenderness, which she made a solemn Vow before *Leonora*, always to behave with towards him. But the various Agitations of her Mind this Night had been so violent, that this Woman entreated her to go to Bed; and being prevailed upon to do so, fell into a Sleep more serene and sweet than she had enjoy'd for a long time.

THE Day was pretty far advanced when *Leonora* judg'd it proper to wake her, to inform her, that *Don Lama* had been several Times at her Apartment; and that she heard by some of his Attendants, that he had received News from Court; on which *Elvira* finding herself much better, sent to let him know it, and that she wished to see him.

HER Message immediately brought him, and he communicated to her the Orders he had received, which were to depart with all Expedition to take possession of the Vice-Royalty of the *Indies*, the Fleet being ready to sail for *Goa*; adding, that he wou'd not ask her to follow him till her Health was entirely established, and she might then join him. These Words were accompanied with a certain Air of Indifference, at which *Elvira* was alarmed: She answered however with the greatest Sweetness, and conjured him to permit her to go with him; told him, she found her-
self

self in a Condition to undertake that Voyage ; and that she doubted not, but his Presence and the Change of Air would in a short Time perfectly restore her.

But Don *Balthazar* dwelling always on the Subject of her Indisposition, refused her Intreaty, and quitted the Chamber in a short Time, saying, he must give Orders for the necessary Preparations for his Departure. This Manner of proceeding extremely surprized *Elvira* ; and as she was certain he cou'd have no Knowledge of her Interview with *Suza*, knew not to what Cause to ascribe it. *Leonora*, who hated *Lama* with a perfect Hatred, was the first that penetrated into the Motive. Don *Balthazar*, said she to her, became your Spouse in hope of raising his Fortune ; your great Estate had more Weight with him than your Beauty ; and the Vice-Royalty of the *Indies*, which ought to have been the Recompence of the Services of your Family, and was, doubtless, given him in favour of your Marriage, being the full Accomplishment of his Aim, Love has the least Place in his Remembrance, and Ambition resumes its wonted Empire in his Soul.

THIS Reasoning appeared but too just to *Elvira*, but not willing to give longer Attention to it, No matter, interrupted she, with a Sigh, whether he loves me or not, I shall do my Duty. While this beautiful Lady was forming these noble Designs, Don *Balthazar*, burning with Impatience to see himself in his Government, was wholly taken up with the Magnificences which his new Grandeur exacted. All *Lisbon* came to make their Compliments, and congratulate him ; wherever he came, his Presence made a Court : And his Pride had now so much to feed upon, that it is not to be wondered at, that it became, in a short time, overgrown. *Elvira* was also paid the Homage ; but that Lady, without having the Ambition of her Husband, received it with more Dignity.

LEONORA, in effect, had unmasked the Character of Don *Lama* ; the Difficulties he found in the Possession of *Elvira* had joined something like Love to his ambitious Desires ; but when he was Master of all he wished, his Wife became no more so amiable in his Eyes,
all

all the Lustre of her Charms were lost in those of his new Grandeur : He looked on it as a Confinement to be with her, and cou'd not think of taking with him a Companion, before whom he must be obliged to wear a Gravity little conformable to those Pleasures of which his Youth and Inclinations rendered him but too susceptible.

THE profound Melancholy and Indisposition of *Elvira* persuading him, that she had still a tender Remembrance of *Don Sebastian*, he thought himself not obliged to regard her with any thing more than Indifference ; and beginning to grow weary of his first Assiduities, and thinking only how to secure his Honour, while absent from her, resolved to enjoy all the Advantages of his Marriage, without partaking them with her from whom he received them. As he had these Designs, it was impossible for the beautiful *Elvira* to oblige him to let her accompany him ; tho' her Duty and her Virtue made use of the same Efforts for that Purpose, as the fondest Passion wou'd have done, neglecting neither Prayers nor Tears to move him.

BUT *Don Balthazar* was inflexible ; and now beginning to make her sensible of the Power he had over her, he commanded her to retire to a Castle he had some Miles distant from *Lisbon*, where he placed about her Duenna's and Servants, who were all his Creatures, and so many Spies upon her Actions ; of all the Women who had before attended her, leaving only *Leonora*. Donna *Elvira* was touched to the very Soul at this Proceeding, but firm in her Duty, she submitted to her Destiny, without shewing any token of Resentment, and without making any Reproaches on her unjust Spouse, who obliged her to depart three days before him ; and when she was retired, and shut up in her Castle, he embarked with a Mind full of Pride, Ostentation and Vanity.

HE arrived at *Goa*, and took possession of his Government, where he began to exercise his Authority, with a Haughtiness which made him rather feared than loved. But now it was, that he was to experience the utmost Power of Passion, which till then he had only thought of as the Means by which he might accomplish other more darling Views : Ambitious as he was, he
learned

learned in *Goa*, that there are Desires which Grandeur cannot satisfy. He had not long been in Possession of his Vice Royalty, before a Brother and Sister of the King of *Achon* retired themselves to that Place, to avoid some Troubles which were at that time in their Country, and intreated the King of *Portugal's* Protection, which *Don Lama* the more readily vouchsafed to them, as the young Princess of *Achon* appeared to him even at the first sight, the most dazzling Beauty of the Earth. This *Indian*, whose Charms were accompanied with the most engaging Air, made *Balthazar* know, that all that he had imagined he knew of Love before he saw her, was infinitely short of what that Passion really inspires.

His Passion, no less violent than sudden, was not long concealed from that fair Object ; and as he was young, handsome, well made, accomplish'd, and bold, and the Princess of *Achon* neither blind nor insensible of Merit, she attended not much Formalities, to make a suitable Return ; and both abandoning themselves, without Reserve, to the Ardour of their Love, took no care to keep it a secret from the World.

THE Princess finding herself beloved with the utmost Excess of Tenderness, thought of nothing but becoming a Christian, and espousing the Viceroy, and flattered herself a long time with this pleasing Hope, no Person daring to acquaint her, that he was engaged to another. But when in the Transports of her Love she pressed him to compleat her Happiness, he was obliged to let her know the fatal Impediment which Heaven had placed to their mutual Satisfaction. At this News the Princess of *Achon* fell into so violent a Despair, that the perjured *Don Balthazar*, infatuated with his Passion, promised to neglect nothing which might break an Engagement so contrary to that he wished to form.

THE *Indian*, violent by Nature, and render'd much more so by her Jealousy, proposed to him the blackest Expedients to obtain her Desires ; but whether he had yet too much Remains of Honour to comply with her, or whether it were, that he cou'd find no proper and safe Opportunity to do it, he put her off by demanding Time, and swearing to her an eternal and inviolable Affection.

WHILE

WHILE these things passed at Goa, to the great Dis-
 satisfaction of all the *Portuguese* that had followed Don
Balthazar, the unhappy *Elvira* passed her Days in the
 most dreadful Solitude; having no Consolation, but at
 the Altars of the Sovereign Disposer of all Things, to
 whom incessantly she poured forth her Complaints. Don
Lama had, for some time after his Departure, wrote
 regularly to her; and in spite of the Coldness of his
 Letters, she had always answered them with the utmost
 Tenderness, and Intreaties of being permitted to come
 to him: But having at last entirely ceased sending any
 Letters to her, tho' she took all Occasions of writing
 to him, she began to be sincerely alarmed at so cruel
 and obstinate Silence. She thought it her Duty not to
 be easy while ignorant of what her Husband was doing,
 or what had happened to him. He had given such
 strict Orders to let her be seen by no Person whatsoever,
 that the Entrance into the Castle was refused even to
 her nearest Kindred; so that she cou'd not have the
 Knowledge of any thing, either concerning him, or
 what was doing in the World. Her Bounty, however,
 Sweetness, and Generosity, had gain'd her the Esteem
 and Affection of all those he had placed about her:
 They thought it the utmost Cruelty, to force a Lady so
 young and beautiful, to live in a manner so little con-
 formable to her Rank and Virtue; and willing, as
 much as possible, to make their Duty to their Lord agree
 with the Zeal they had to serve her, they neglected no-
 thing in their Power that might serve to dissipate her
 Griefs, and render her Confinement less irksome. They
 made little kind of Balls among themselves; they sung,
 they played on Instruments; they brought all the News
 they could hear; and one among them, who was the
 most particularly attached to her, and in whom *Leonora*
 had great Confidence, being told by some Persons that
 came from *Lisbon*, that the Report ran there of the
 Viceroy of the *Indies* being going to be married to a
 great Princess, was so highly concerned at it, that he
 immediately acquainted *Leonora* with it.

THINGS which passed at great Distance, and thro'
 many Mouths, diminish or argument according to the
 Hu-

Humours of the different Persons who relate them : And thus the Amours of *Lama* being arrived at *Lisbon*, had rose to this Form, by the time the News had reached the Borough where stood the Castle.

A DOMESTIC of Don *Balthazar* judging by Appearances, doubted not of the Truth of this Report, by the little Care he took of writing to *Elvira*, and now discontinuing to give any Charge about her ; and as she was extremely grieved at it, told *Leonora*, that if Donna *Elvira* had any Measures to take, he would willingly run the risque of his Life to do her Service.

LEONORA thanked him in her Mistress's Name, and exhorted him to persist in his good Intentions ; and then went to inform Donna *Elvira* of the News, hoping it would ease her of those Inquietudes she was in for the Fate of a Husband who merited so little from her.

BUT this News produced an Effect very different from what she expected. *Elvira* listened to her with Attention, and when she was beginning to aggravate the Crime of *Lama*, told *Leonora*, said she, I see farther into this Adventure than you think ——— I know very well, that Don *Balthazar* durst not break thro' those Ties that bind him to me ——— neither his Glory nor his Interest will permit it ——— therefore am I not alarmed at this Report. It is my Duty, however, not to appear indifferent when such things are said ; but to go and shew my Husband the Interest I have in him. ——— Yes, continued she, I will leave this Place, I will depart for *Goa*, and neglect nothing that may recal the Tendernefs of this forgetful Husband.

WHAT ! Madam, interrupted *Leonora*, with the utmost Astonishment, when he loves you not, when he abandons you, when all his Cares are to please a Rival, will you go in search of him ?

WELL, *Leonora*, replied she, in a majestick Tone, if he loves me not, my Duty commands me to do every thing which may oblige him to do so. We ought to despise a Lover who betrays us ; but we must try all Methods to reclaim a Husband who is unfaithful. Then, without listening to any thing further, the Nurse would have said to her, commanded her to bring

bring that Person to her, who had so readily proffer'd his Service, This Man was called the Intendant of the Castle, and all the other Domestics were submitted to him.

LEONORA durst not reply, but went immediately and conducted *Felix*, for that was his Name, into her Mistress's Closet. Donna *Elvira* made him repeat all he had told the Nurse, and finding nothing which did not press her to the Execution of her Design, she communicated it to him, after he had sworn to her an inviolable Fidelity and Obedience.

To encourage him, she presented him with a Diamond of great Value, and entreated he wou'd assist her in going out of the Castle, and embarking for *Goa*, ordering *Leonora* to furnish him with what Money was necessary for rendering her Departure secret and expeditious. This Man animated by her Generosity, and naturally inclined to serve her, promised to conduct her on the second Night to *Lisbon*, where she might take shipping for *Goa*.

To be able to fulfil his Word, he assembled together the next day all the Domestics of the Castle, and told them, as a great Secret, that the Viceroy had sent a precise Order to convey *Elvira* privately to a Convent, which he named to them; and that he desired all of them might seem ignorant of her Retreat, and to let eight days pass over without saying any thing of her; but at the Expiration of that time, he commanded they should give it out, that she was gone to *Goa*, in order to join him, to the End, said *Felix*, that none of her Friends or Kindred may search after her: He added also, that as a Recompence for their Fidelity, the Viceroy had ordered him to make each of them a Present of thirty Pistoles. There needed no more to gain these People; they indeed lamented the Fate of *Elvira*, but the Lustre of the Gold blinded their Eyes to every thing beside, and they examined no farther, but left *Felix* to conduct the matter as he pleased.

Thus on the second Night, having nothing to oppose him, he took the same Equipage which had brought *Elvira* to the Castle, to conduct her to *Lisbon*, he himself serving for Coachman. As they rested in the Day, and

and travelled only by Night, they met with no Person by whom they were known. At their Arrival in *Lisbon*, the Intendant placed *Elvira* and *Leonora* at the House of a Kinsman of his, where they remained in all the Privacy they cou'd wish, till they were informed a Ship was ready to sail for the *Indies*. As soon as they were on board, *Elvira* made herself known to the Captain, and told him she had a Desire to go *incognito* to her Husband, to add a pleasing Surprize to her coming; on which he treated her with all the Honours due to her high Quality and peculiar Merit.

WHILE all the Actions of *Elvira* were thus guided by Duty, Love had the sole Command over those of the enamoured Don *Sebastian de Souza*. I have already said, that he arrived at his Lands three Days before Donna *Catherina* his Mother. 'Tis easy to judge of her Surprize and Joy, at finding him in a Place where she so little expected him. He could not dispense giving her an Account of what he had been doing: She blamed his Temerity, she lamented his Fate, and neglected nothing to moderate his Grief.

BUT in spite of her Efforts, and those of all his Friends, he fell into so deep a Melancholy, as made them all fearful it wou'd in time be fatal to him: He spoke not but with Pain, his Slumbers were broken and disturbed, and his Countenance so altered, he was hardly to be known. His Griefs seemed to have involved him in a kind of Stupidity or Lethargy of Soul, when the News of the Amours of Don *Balthazar*, and the Departure of *Elvira* for *Goa*, on a sudden reached his Ears, and roused him afresh to Rage and Hatred against that unworthy Possessor of the best of Women. He heard in what manner he had shut her up at his Departure to the *Indies*, and was then a thousand Times on the Point of going after him to revenge her Wrongs; but the Remonstrances of his Mother kept him from it: She continually represented to him, that by such an Act he must lose *Elvira* for ever, that no Gratitude for Good done to herself, no Inclination, cou'd be strong enough to absolve the Guilt of marrying the Murderer of her Husband; and that

if Heaven shou'd be pleas'd to terminate the Days of *Lama*, there wou'd be then no Obstacle to his Happiness : With these kind of Discourses she stopp'd the Effects of this Fury for some Time ; but when he was told the Inconstancy of his Rival, and that *Elvira* was departed for *Goa*, it was impossible to find any Arguments of Force to overcome the Violence of his Desires to follow her.

HE imagined a Man capable of being false to a Woman, so truly worthy of all his Tenderness, might become guilty of the most terrible and base Designs against her ; his passionate Affection filling him with Forebodings of something fatal to *Elvira*, which all his Reason cou'd not vanquish ; and representing to him how little Security there cou'd be for her, in a Palace and Country so intirely submitted to the Will of a Man, who no longer loved her, and looked on her Life as the only Impediment to his Desires, he was not able to take any Repose till he had brought *Donna Catherina* to consent to his Departure for *Goa*.

SUCH a Proposal cou'd not but be dreadful to this tender Mother ; and not believing it possible he shou'd escape the Vengeance of his Rival, in following his Wife to a Place where he had absolute Command, she employed all her Power to dissuade him from so dangerous an Enterprize.

BUT *Suza*, Night and Day tormented with the most terrible Ideas, cou'd not be prevailed upon. Fear nothing for me, Madam, said he, I shall undertake nothing against the Life of *Don Baltazar*, I will only guard that of my dear *Elvira* from any Attempt of her unworthy Husband, by being a close and secret Spy on all his Actions : I will also disguise myself in such a Manner, as to render it impossible for me to be known, and by that Means not infringe the Orders given me in the last Conversation I had with that excellent Woman——I even will make no Effort to see her ; and if I shou'd do so by any Accident, she never shall imagine it is *Sebastien* beholds her. Thus, without risking my own Life, I put myself in a Condition to defend that of hers.——This adorable

Object, continued he, never offers itself to my View either sleeping or waking, but with a Dagger at her Breast, or a Bowl of Poison in her Hand——In fine, Madam, added he, embracing her Knees, it is to bid me die, to oppose my Departure——I wou'd do nothing without communicating it to you, tho' I might have escaped a second Time without your being able to discover which Way I steer'd my Course; but your Goodness to me, my Respects, my Duty, and the Disquiets you wou'd suffer in such a Case, force me to make you this Confidence, and my very doing so may assure you, that I am so far from going in search of Dangers, that I will avoid them with the utmost Care; and when you see me again, I dare believe you will see me, if not more happy, yet, at least, more easy.

DONNA *Catherina* was a long time before she cou'd resolve; but seeing that he really died daily before her Eyes, she at last consented to his going; believing, that if he took the Precautions he had promised her, he ran no very great Hazard, especially as *Loma* would not have the least Suspicion of his venturing to that Place, or that indeed he cou'd arrive there without his Knowledge.

HER yielding to his Desires was the first Moment of Joy, the unfortunate *Sebastian* had known of a long Time; it shewed itself in every Look and Action; and Donna *Catherina* took it for a happy Presage of what shou'd happen to him; their Adieus were an Intermixture of Hope, Grief and Fear: She recommended the Care of him to the faithful *Alvarez*, who swore never to abandon him in whatever Exigence his Fate should throw him; and having left the Country, he returned with his Confidant secretly to *Lisbon*, where he embarked fifteen Days after *Elvira* had taken Shipping, it being the Season of the Year when Vessels went frequently out for the *Indies*; where let us leave him in Pursuit of his Hopes, and see what became of *Elvira*.

THAT beautiful Lady, after a Voyage of three Months, arrived safely at *Goa*, and being conducted to the Palace of the Viceroy, she no sooner appear'd than

her Name ran through all Parts of the City, by the Joy which her Sight inspired in those who had followed *Lama* from *Portugal*; and hoped, that her Presence would cure him of that unworthy Passion he had for the Princess of *Achon*. But no Surprize or Vexation was ever superior to his, when he was informed of her Arrival: However, he dissembled it before those of the Court who were then about him, and as he could not dispense with going to receive her, went attended by a great Number of Courtiers, both *Portuguese* and *Indian*. Donna *Elvira* had on this Occasion summoned all her Attractions to her Aid, neglecting to heighten nothing of the Charms she had received from Nature, by all the Advantages of Art and Dress, in order to make her unfaithful Husband blush at the Preference he had given to a Stranger. There was not one Person that saw her, without being dazzled at the Sight of so perfect a Beauty, and who did not in secret blame Don *Balthazar* for his Attachment to the Princess of *Achon*.

DONNA *Elvira* accosted him with an Air of mingled Majesty and Sweetness, which redoubled the Admiration of the Spectators! My Lord, said she to him, I have perhaps transgressed in appearing before you thus unsent for; but the Motive of that Transgression, I flatter myself, will be thought worthy of Forgiveness. — I could no longer resist the Desire I had to see you; and the languishing Condition I have been in since your Departure, made me believe the Air in which you breathe, could alone restore me to my accustomed Health.

It does not appear to me, Madam, answered *Lama* coldly, that my Absence has been of any prejudice to your Health; and I think, on the contrary, that Repose and Solitude were much more necessary to you than my Company. These Words were too keen not to give a sensible Wound to *Elvira*; but she testify'd nothing of it, and contented herself with giving him Glances, which made him understand she was not ignorant of the Motive, which occasioned her so indifferent a Reception; but he appear'd little touched at it,
and

and giving her his Hand, conducted her to his Closet, where they remained alone together.

ELVIRA no sooner saw herself at liberty, than she burst into a Torrent of Tears: She was struck to the Soul at the Indifference of her Spouse, tho' she had constrained herself to conceal it before Company, and reflecting on her Misfortunes past, and those which now threatned her, How have you abandoned me, my Lord! said she, and how do you now receive me! Have I merited this Treatment! Or did I once expect to find it from you! I came not hither to reproach your Conduct, but to remind me, that you once did love me, and that I have, in no Action of my Life, rendered myself unworthy of that Love; and also to remonstrate, that it is not for your Glory a Woman of my Age shou'd be so long separated from a Husband such as you are.

I PROTEST to you, Madam, answered he, with a malicious Smile, that I am surprized at this sudden Tenderness in you — you must certainly be extremely changed, or are excellent in the Art of Dissimulation: But I shall not make it my Business to search into what passes in your Heart, nor wou'd have you perplex yourself about mine — You had, however, much better have remained in *Portugal*, since it was my Desire you shou'd do so — But you are come hither without my Permission, and have seduced those in whom I have confided to be your Guard; and such a Conduct is not, perhaps, so agreeable as you may think, and might give me just Occasion of Suspicion: To prevent them, therefore, from taking growth, you must be more exact in your Obedience at *Goa*, and not imagine you have any Right to act as you please, if you wou'd partake the Honours to which you pretend. In speaking these Words, he went out of the Room, without regarding her, or waiting for a Reply.

NOTHING is more cruel to a Woman who sacrifices all to her Duty, and whose Virtue is the sole Guide of all her Actions, than to have them set in a criminal Light by him for whose Sake they are done: The Soul cannot then avoid being agitated by a little Self-love, and Consciousness of not deserving such Returns; and

it must be a more than common Goodness that can, on such an Occasion, not have recourse to Hatred or Contempt. The unhappy *Elvira* felt, in that Moment, that she stood in need of all her Fortitude to vanquish her Resentment, and to restrain her Thoughts from fixing themselves on Objects more worthy her Attachment than her perfidious and ungrateful Spouse ; but driving, with all her Force, all from her Mind that was of Prejudice to him, she at last returned to her Resolution of bearing patiently all he shou'd inflict upon her, and to use her utmost Efforts to love him, and be beloved by him, if it were possible ; and the more to engage him to esteem her, if no more, she intended to make a Friendship with the Princess of *Achon* in a short Time.

WHILE she was forming these innocent Designs, her jealous Rival, alarmed at her Arrival, and the Reputation of her Beauty, inspired very different ones in *Don Balthazar*. The Moment he left *Elvira*, he went to her Apartment, where he found her drowned in Tears, uttering the most bitter Exclamations, and struggling with one of her female Slaves, who endeavoured to hinder her from sticking a Ponyard to her Heart. This Spectacle put *Lama* into a Condition which it wou'd be very difficult to describe——This Man, who had not been moved by the Grief and Modesty of the most beautiful Woman in the World, was now pierced to the Soul at the Sight of Despair in a Mistress violent, inconsiderate, unjust, and extreme in all her Passions.

He threw himself at her Feet, with the most tender Air, and embracing her Knees, Adorable Princess ! said he, what Misfortune can have happened great enough to make you think of destroying the most perfect Workmanship of Nature ? Whoever has offended you, I am ready to revenge——even were it myself, I here swear to you, I wou'd sacrifice my Life to give you Satisfaction.

XERINA, for that was the Name of this Princess, grew a little more calm at these Promises made to her by her Lover ; but as she was no way regulated by Virtue

tue or Discretion, and cou'd not endure to share the Heart of Don *Balthazar* with another, she spared nothing that might engage him to rid himself of Donna *Elvira*. To this End, joining to her Love and Rage all the Artifice of her Sex, Ungrateful, reply'd she, looking on him with Eyes whose Power she too well knew, it is on you alone I ought to wish Revenge—'tis you alone who have affronted me ——— and in fine, 'tis you who cause the Misery, the Despair in which I am——My Rival is in the Palace; she enjoys a Happiness which is only due to me—You have now no Eyes but for her Charms; and while you pass with her all your happy Moments, mine elapse in Tears, in Bitterness of Heart, and gnawing Anguish. Death only can terminate the Torments your fatal Passion has involved me in——Ah, cruel! continued she, imagine not I will be a Witness of her Glory, fill up the Number of her Train, and suffer patiently your Change, and her Contempt; no, this Ponyard, added she, catching it up a second Time, shall deliver me from the mean, the servile State; and I shall, at least, have this Consolation in my Death, to be assured of Vengeance in the Remorse which will incessantly pursue you.

THEN making an Offer to stab herself, the credulous *Lama*, imagining he already saw her expire, lost intirely all his Remains of Reason, and having wrested the Dagger from her Hand, and caressing her in the most tender Manner, he assured her, that he hated *Elvira*, that her Presence was no less insupportable to him than it would be to her, that he wou'd give her the most glaring Proofs of it, and that all *Goa* shou'd be Witness he ador'd only *Xerina*, that he wou'd live and die for his adorable Princess, and conjured her but to see in what Fashion he wou'd treat her Rival, before she made him any Reproaches. After this, he made a thousand Vows to submit to whatever she cou'd exact from him, if the Manner in which his Inclinations led him to act did not content her.

THESE Protestations appeased the cruel Princess, who then resolved to demand the Execution of all he had sworn, in a short Time; but as the Price of the

Complaisance she now had for him, she desired that she might never be obliged to see the Vice-Queen, and that that Lady might have no Liberty in the Palace.

Don *Balthazar* made her no other Reply than an immediate Obedience, and calling in a Gentleman of his Train, who waited in an outer Room, commanded him to assign *Elvira* an Apartment on the other Side of the Palace, and the most distant from that of his, and to let her know it was his Orders she shou'd never stir out of it without Permission. Then he told *Xerina*, that as he cou'd not dispense with allowing her a certain Number of Attendants, that cruel Princess shou'd have the naming of them; to the end, that being intirely devoted to her, they might give her an Account of the Interviews he had with his Wife, and in what Manner he behaved to her.

THUS the Ladies of the Court who had flattered themselves with the Honour of belonging to the Vice-Queen, saw themselves supplanted by the Slaves of the Princess of *Ackon*, for no other wou'd she suffer to be about that unfortunate Lady; who finding herself incompassed by Women of that Rank, and whose Language she cou'd not understand, and deprived of her dear *Leonora*, was now in a Condition much more deplorable than ever she had been, and infinitely worse than she cou'd ever have imagined he wou'd have inflicted on her. The faithful *Leonora*, in being obliged to yield her Place to the Principal of *Xerina*'s Slaves, and forbid even to see her dear Mistress any more, was ready to die with Grief; but the unjust *Lana* wou'd have it so, and all Complaints were unavailing.

THE Vice-Queen was now Prisoner in her own Palace, served and guarded by Men and Women wholly Strangers to her, and at her Rival's Devotion; yet did this virtuous Lady support this Misfortune with the most firm Resolution, never uttering the least Complaint against her Husband, but endeavouring, with the utmost Sweetness, and most obliging Messages, to recover his lost Heart; but finding he had refused seeing her, and imagining, that what she had said, had not been delivered to him in her own Words, she asked the Prin-

Principal of the Slaves, if she were forbid writing to him, and that if she were not, entreated she wou'd furnish her with the Means: This Woman, whose Name was *Thamar*, had, in a servile Condition, Sentiments more generous than those of *Xerina*, tho' a Princess.

THE Beauty of the Vice-Queen, her Sweetness, and her Misfortunes, touched her with the most tender Compassion: She loved her, she bewailed her, and wou'd fain have propos'd something for her Consolation; but the Character of the Princess of *Achen* was too well known to her, for her to dare to express any Emotions so contrary to her own. She had been enjoined to treat this unhappy Lady with the utmost Rigour, and not to give her the least Liberty, on pain of Death: She, therefore, was extremely perplexed at this Demand; however, being willing to satisfy her, without hazarding herself, she told her, that she wou'd entreat Permission of the Princess, without whose Orders she cou'd not venture to give her Pen and Ink. Donna *Elvira* cou'd not suppress her Sighs at this Reply, and *Thamar* was obliged to turn away, to conceal the Sensibility she had of her own enforced Cruelty — she went from her to *Xerina*, and related the Request had been made to her by the Vice-Queen: I have refused her, Madam, said she, till I know your Commands; but if I might presume to speak my Thoughts on this Matter, I think it your Interest to know the Sentiments of your Rival; it is certain she will not discover them before us, being all your Creatures, but will, doubtless, disburthen her whole Soul in her Letters to her Spouse; 'tis, therefore, my Advice, that you suffer her to write, and that I deliver the Letter, after you have read it, to the Viceroy, as you may also see his Answer, before it reaches her Hand; and by that discover the true Situation of his Heart, and how far you may depend on the Veracity of his Passion for you, and Indifference for her.

THESE Arguments were so conformable to the Humour of *Xerina*, that joined to the Curiosity of seeing in what manner her Rival wou'd express her Regard, made her tell *Thamar*, that she approved her Design, and bid her not carry any Letter to *Balibazar*,

till she had first shewed it to her ; but that, above all things, she must keep *Elvira* from any Suspicion of her seeing it, because it wou'd put a Restraint upon her Pen. The Slave assured her, she wou'd act in every thing according to her Command, tho' she was far from designing it, and return to *Elvira*, attended as usual, but forbear giving any Answer to her Demand, till night when she was in Bed ; because being the only Person that lay in her Chamber, she wou'd then have an Opportunity of speaking to her without Witnesses.

WHEN the Time corresponded with her Designs, *Elvira* being in Bed, and all the other Slaves retired, she came near to her, and having drawn the Curtain ; All, Madam, said she, in broken *Portuguese*, but the Viceroy and Princess of *Achon*, are grieved for you : But, methinks, their Hearts and their Conditions are not equal ——— they are of high Birth, and free, yet are they Tyrants, cruel, and unjust ——— I am a Slave, yet am I tender and compassionate ; your Misfortunes touch me ; I wou'd gladly sweeten your Captivity, and will use my utmost Efforts for that Purpose ; but the Fidelity with which I serve you, must be concealed with the extremest Caution. Then she informed her of all she had said to *Xerina*, and the Method she took to prevail on her to give Consent, that she shou'd be allowed to write to Don *Baltazar*.

Of what Importance is it to you, added she, that your Rival reads your Letter, as your Spouse will receive it afterwards ? But I wou'd not have you mention her in it ; complain only of me, and of my Cruelties, entreat that I may be displaced, for that is the only Way to continue me here, and to give me an Opportunity of expressing the Zeal I have to serve you, and mitigate your Sufferings. If I had taken your Letter without informing the Princess of it, she wou'd have believed me in your Interest, and I shou'd have been dismissed from you, and severely punished ; but if you observe the Conduct I have prescribed, I shall establish myself in her Confidence, and thereby be in a State to render you Services ———

THAMAR was proceeding, but *Elvira* cou'd hold no longer from interrupting her; she so little expected to find a Consolation of this kind, that it astonished her beyond Measure: She fixed her Eyes on the Slave all the Time she was speaking, in order to discover in her Looks, if this exterior Goodness did not conceal some Treachery. She was young, amiable, had an open and free Countenance, and while she was talking to her in this Manner, seemed more herself, than when she appeared in that severe and ill-natured Air, which she was obliged to affect before the other Slaves; all these things conjoining, made her hope she was sincere.

You are, perhaps, said *Elvira* to her, endeavouring to prove how far my Credulity extends; for I can so little comprehend, that a Favourite of the Princess of *Achon* can be sensible of the ills I suffer, that it is not without great Difficulty I can believe you. I see nothing, indeed, in your Person, which does not merit all the Confidence you wou'd inspire me with; but the Rank you hold with my Rival, so little accords with your Words, that you cannot be surprized, if I am dubious——However, be your Design what it will, as mine is only to speak to my Husband, I shall make no Scruple to trust you with my Letters to him; neither am I solicitous what Way to take, so they at last arrive at his Hands.

I EXPECTED no less, Madam, answered *Thamar* smiling; nor do I desire you will depend till you have proved how sincerely I am inclined to serve you——I only beg you will write in the Manner I have advised. In speaking these Words she closed the Curtains again, and left Donna *Elvira* at liberty to reflect on what she had to do. This beautiful Person passed the greatest Part of the Night in thanking Heaven for having inspired Pity for her ills, in a Breast where she so little had hoped to find it, and in thinking in what Terms she shou'd address herself to her perfidious Spouse.

As soon as *Thamar* found she was awake, she brought her what was necessary for her to write. Make your Letter, Madam, said she, for the Hour approaches in which I must attend the Princess: *Elvira* made no Answer,

swer, but taking the Pen in her Hand, decyphered to *Balthazar* all the Emotions of her Soul, in the most touching and tender Manner, expressed the Violence of her Grief, that he had not been once to visit her, since the time he received her from on board; conjured him to pardon her Disobedience in coming to *Goa* without his Permission, assured him, she was compelled to that Action, merely by the Fears for his Health, which his long Silence had occasioned; beseeching him not to deprive her of his Presence, that she cou'd support every thing but the want of seeing him; and that she suffered patiently the Affronts and ill Treatment of the Slave *Thamar*, but that she hoped he authorized not her Insolence, and that he wou'd remember she was of a Birth, which ought to exempt her from the Indignities to which she was exposed; and concluded with telling him, that in what manner soever he behaved toward her, she wou'd never fail in her Duty to him.

HAVING finished her Letter, she gave it to the Slave, who immediately carried it to *Xerina*: This Princess finding no Complaint in it against herself, nor the least Notice that she attributed her Misfortunes to her, nor indeed any thing which she imagined wou'd be able to change the present Sentiments of the Viceroy, gave it to him herself, well satisfy'd that *Thamar* had so well executed her Orders. Don *Balthazar* read it with Unconcern, and then restored it to *Xerina*, intreating her to believe, he cou'd be sensible of nothing that came from that Quarter, and forbid *Thamar* to bring him any more of her Epistles.

THE Princess of *Acbon* triumphed within herself, to find the Heart of *Lama* in the Situation she wished: There was nothing now to be seen in the Palace, but Balls, Feasts, and publick Entertainments, of which she had all the Honours; Don *Balthazar* seeming to glory in the Passion he had for her, and neither of them taking any Care to conceal their criminal Intercourse from the Eyes of the Court and People, while the Vice-Queen spent her Days in the most strait Captivity, pitied by all *Goa*, but without any Consolation, except what she received from the Cares of *Thamar*, who being obliged

to constrain herself to appear cruel and severe before the rest of the Domesticks, cou'd only testify her good Wishes, and the Softness of her Nature, when they were alone together.

It was near a Month since the Arrival of Donna *Elvira*, in all which Time Don *Balthazar* had never been once to see her, nor cou'd all she wrote to him, or express in Messages, be able to move him to any Pity for her Condition, or Repentance for his Treatment of her. But notwithstanding his Inflexibility, the jealous *Xerina* was not content, and finding that the Grievs of her Rival were not sufficient to deprive her of her Life, had not yet her End: She doubted not, but if she cou'd once see her laid in Earth, she shou'd immediately possess her Place, and therefore resolved to destroy her at what rate soever.

THE perjured *Lama* wished no less than she to break the Bonds which attached him to *Elvira*, and opposed the Means *Xerina* was every Day offering him, for no other Reason, than because he thought them dangerous: Nobody, said he, will dare to intermeddle between me and my Wife, how ill soever I use her; but shou'd any Discovery be made, that I attempted on her Life, the whole World wou'd become my Accusers, and I must inevitably share the Fate of other Murderers. But all his Arguments were too weak to convince *Xerina* he owed her not this Mark of his Affection; and therefore left nothing unessay'd, which might oblige him to give it her. The first Step she took, was to counterfeit so profound a Melancholy, that all the Diversions *Lama* was continually preparing for her, seem'd rather to augment than diminish it. He was troubled beyond measure at the Condition in which he saw her, and press'd her every moment to an Explanation of the Causes, calling Heaven and Earth to witness his Love and his Fidelity. To this the cunning *Xerina* answer'd only with her Tears, and conjuring him not to cease loving her, notwithstanding the Decay of her Beauty; he, who found her as charming as ever, made her a thousand Protestations of an eternal Constancy, and all their Conversations ended with the
Tears

Tears of the one, and the Assurances of the other. Every Day seemed to bring with it an Increase of Grief, and at last whoever had seen her, wou'd have imagined her wholly abandoned to Despair; then pretending to be quite overcome by the inward Agitations of her Soul, she made herself be kept in bed, and her Attendants gave out that she was dying. Don *Balthazar*, alarmed almost to Distraction, quitted the most important Business, and never stirred from her Apartment; and by all his Actions testify'd, that his Life was absolutely attached to hers. As he was sitting by her one Day on the Bed-side, all bathed in Tears for her imagined Danger, and protesting he neither cou'd nor wou'd survive her Loss; No, my Lord, said she, tenderly pressing his Hand, I only ought to die as an Expiation for the Crime my Pride has made me guilty of, in imagining myself worthy of your Love. Donna *Elvira* is, doubtless, much more so than I, since Heaven permits her to live, and destroys me. It is not, however, by her Tenderness for you, for you have often told me she never loved you——Alas! continued she, who can ever love you like the unfortunate *Xerina*? 'Tis the too perfect Affection I have for you, that sends me to my Grave——You cannot be intirely mine, and I cannot live without being yours——The Death of *Elvira* alone can give you to the Princess of *Achon*; and it is the Death of this Princess, that must restore you to *Elvira*——It is just, my Lord, that I shou'd be the Sacrifice; and I shall resign my last Breath with Pleasure, added she, putting his Hand to her Mouth, and kissing it passionately, if my Death will assure your Felicity.

WHAT Words were these for a Man to hear, who doated, who ador'd like Don *Balthazar*! they failed not to work on him all the Effect the cruel *Xerina* had designed them for——Ah! 'tis too much, Madam, cry'd he; if to preserve your Life, that of *Elvira* must be sacrificed, I deliver her up to you——or——d——command——let all perish, rather than my adorable Princess. Oh! how transporting is this Promise! interrupted she, and how capable is it of prolonging my Days, if it be as sincere as it is full of Love!

What

What must be done to prove it so ? resumed *Lama*, in the most vehement Tone. You must, reply'd *Xerina*, make me the immediate Mistress of *Elvira's* Fate ; approve my Designs, support me in the Execution of them, and fix my Happiness, by being united to me for ever. Don *Balthazar* was so strongly infatuated by this Princess, and the Passion he had for her so contrary to Reason and good Sense, that he regarded nothing, but rendering her contented, and testifying the Violence of his Love : He consented in a Moment, and without any Hesitation, to all she asked, and made a thousand Oaths to approve all she did, and to second her himself, if it were necessary. The barbarous *Xerina* made known her Joy, and the Sense she had of his Compliance, by all that the most tender and attracting Love cou'd inspire ; and knew so well how to engage him by her Caresses and Endearments, that wholly overcome with Rapture, his very Soul was moulded to what Form she pleased to give it, and from that Time he talked with her of poisoning or stabbing *Elvira*, with the same Indifference as he wou'd have done on any ordinary Matter.

BUT while they were consulting on Means, the most sure and secret, for the Destruction of *Elvira*, Heaven protected her innocent Life, by sending to her Aid the only Person capable of relieving her in this Extremity.

Don *Sebastian de Suza*, who embarked soon after her, having a favourable Wind, arrived at *Goa*, almost as soon as that beautiful Unfortunate. On his landing, he went, with his faithful *Alvarez*, to the House of a *Jew*, whom he had known at *Lisbon*, and who for some Service he had done the State, had obtained Permission to establish himself in *Goa*, or any Part in the Dominions of the King of *Portugal*, according as his Commerce demanded his Presence ; and this it was which gave him the Liberty of coming from time to time to *Lisbon* ; to sell Slaves, of which he made a great Traffic. Don *Sebastian*, who knew that Interest was the first great Mover among those sort of People, made him a Present of a large Purse of Gold ; and by that Proof of an extraordinary Liberality, engaged him

him to conceal them at his House, till they had time to reflect how they shou'd proceed.

THE *Jew*, who doubted not but he shou'd greatly advance himself by this Confidence, was sincerely resolved to do his utmost to serve him. And as he had also considerable Dealings in Diamonds and Pearls, as well as Slaves, he had frequent Access to the Viceroy, the Princess of *Ackon*, and all the other great Persons residing at *Goa*; and *Suza* knowing this, charged him with the first Commission, to find out what had passed at the Palace since the Arrival of the Vice-Queen, and in what manner she was treated by her Husband. But it was little necessary to go out for an Information of that kind; the Conduct of the Viceroy was too well known in that Particular, to be a Secret to those who troubled themselves least with enquiring into what was doing in the World; and, on Don *Sebastian's* mentioning it, the other immediately related to him the Reception he had given her, the strait Captivity in which she lived, the Cruelty of driving from her *Leonora*, and the absolute Power the Princess of *Ackon* had over the Actions of the Viceroy.

SCARCE cou'd *Sebastian* contain his Rage at this Discourse, but having resolved to do nothing which might violate the Promise he had made his Mother, or risque the Loss of *Elvira* for ever; he summoned all his Patience to his Aid, and demanded of the *Jew*, if there was not a Possibility of speaking to *Leonora*. Nothing can be more easy, reply'd he; for when she was banished from her Mistress, she addressed herself to me for a Lodging, and having no Conveniencies myself at that time, I placed her in the House of an Acquaintance, one who is originally a *Portuguese*, but has been settled a long time at *Goa*. There needed no more for Don *Sebastian* to entreat he wou'd bring her to his House at Night; which the other assuring him he wou'd do, he went directly to her, and telling her he had something of Importance to communicate to her, which it was not proper to speak, but in his own House, desired she wou'd not fail coming at a certain Hour appointed by him.

LEO.

LEONORA, who was not of an Age to fear those Accidents to which Youth is liable, and had also received many Obligations from the *Jew*, since she had left her Mistress, made no difficulty of assuring him she wou'd be there.

THE Hour being arrived, she kept her Promise, and was no sooner entered, than the *Jew* conducted her to the Apartment of *Don Sebastian*, who no sooner perceived her, than he ran to her, caught her in his Arms, and embraced her with a Vehemence, which gave her Suspicions very different from the Truth; but having lifted up her Veil, with a design to undeceive a Person, who, she imagined, mistook her for some other and younger Person, she no sooner cast her Eyes on him, than she returned his Caresses with Usury; and bursting into Tears of Joy and Astonishment, My Lord, said she, by what Miracle has Heaven sent me a Consolation so little expected? Alas! dear *Leonora*, reply'd *Suzza*, I am not in a Condition to give you any, and come but to demand it of you. *Leonora*, to whom these Words brought all the Misfortunes of *Elvira* fresh to mind, cou'd make no other Answer than Tears; but recollecting the Freedom she had used to him before the *Jew*, she withdrew from his Arms, and resuming a Countenance more respectful, Pardon me, my Lord, said she, if the Excess of my Surprise and Joy made me forget the Distance I ought to observe towards you; but my Age, my Zeal, and your Goodness, I hope, will authorize the Liberty I have taken. *Don Sebastian* desired she wou'd not change her Manner of Behaviour, and told her, that he regarded her, as the Mother of all that was dear to him in the World.

THIS Discourse, mingled with Joy, with Grief, and with Respect, made the *Jew* perceive, that *Don Sebastian* had a lively Interest in every thing that concerned the Vice-Queen, and that he had, indeed, very powerful Reasons for keeping himself concealed: In this Thought he withdrew, not to constrain them by his Presence. When *Leonora* saw him go out, she demanded of *Don Sebastian*, what had brought him into

a Place where he had every thing to fear from the Malice and Power of his Rival.

THEN this faithful Lover of *Ekvira* made her a sincere Recital of the Apprehensions which had tormented him for the Fate of that dear Object, and told her, that his Design was to insinuate himself in some Disguise to the Family of *Lama*, in hope thereby, he might be serviceable to *Ekvira*. *Leonora* approved of one Part of his Intention, but dissuaded him from going into the Family of the Viceroy : It is not in his Palace, said she, that you can be any way useful to his Wife ; you wou'd there know little of her Affairs, and be every Hour exposed to the Danger of being known ; and since you have no other Motive than the Protection of the Vice-Queen, in case any thing farther shou'd be attempted against her, my Advice is, that you get yourself introduced to the Service of the Princess of *Achon*. It is in her Apartment, that all Resolutions are taken, all Projects form'd and by her Orders all things are executed. All the Slaves that attend on *Ekvira* come to her every Day, and give an Account of the smallest of her Actions, and receive the Commands of that Princess in what Manner they shall treat her——the inconsiderate *Lama* neither thinks, nor acts but according to her Will, The Jew *Isaac*, with whom you are, I believe can do you service on this Occasion ; he is well acquainted with the Princess ; she frequently trusts him with the most secret Commissions : And as you are not known by any of her People, can run no great Risque in being there. You may also be informed of every thing concerning the Vice-Queen, by making Friendships with the Slaves that serve her, and who are continually going and coming from one Apartment to the other. But above all things, I wou'd have you gain, if possible, the Trust of a young Woman called *Ithamar*, who was the chief of those placed about the Vice-Queen, and a great Favourite of the Princess. I know not also, added *Leonora*, what to think of it ; but I have of late met this Slave, and she has always made Signs to me, as tho' she had something to communicate ;

cate ; but I have hitherto not dared to take any notice of them, fearing some Treachery : However, if she reiterates them, I am resolved to accost her on the first Opportunity that offers.

DON *Sebastian* found *Leonora's* Argument so good, that, persuaded also by *Alvarez*, who trembled for his going to *Lama's* Palace, he hesitated not if he shou'd proceed according to her Counsel. Nothing was now wanting, but the means of introducing him to *Xerina* ; to obtain which, he judg'd it proper to confide entirely in the *Jew*, and *Alvarez* having made him come in, It wou'd be fruitless, said Don *Sebastian*, to go about to conceal from you that I have powerful Reasons to inform myself, as much as possible, of the Amours of the Viceroy and the Princess of *Achon* ; all the Questions I have already asked you, have sufficiently inform'd you how deeply I am interested : But to be better instructed in them, and without Hazard, I have recourse to your Industry, to procure me Admission to the Service of that Princess, and to recommend me as a Man who may be necessary to her in many things ; but I wou'd be so disguised, as to render it impossible for any of the *Portuguese*, who have seen me in *Lisbon*, to know me again. If, continued he, you can do me this Service, my Gratitude for it shall be without bounds. The *Jew* had already too much experienced the Generosity of *Suza*, to doubt the Effect of his Promises, and having assured him of his Discretion and Fidelity, he told him, that nothing was more easy than what he desired : That with the Juice of a certain Herb that grew in those Parts, he cou'd dye his Skin a perfect black, and so well alter his Countenance, that even *Alvarez* shou'd not believe he were his Master, did he not see the Operation ; that thus disguised, he wou'd present him to *Xerina*, as a Slave, whose singular Merit and uncommon Qualification rendered worthy her Acceptance.

DON *Sebastian* was charmed with this Expedient, and the more so, as he cou'd speak the *Indian* Language with the same Ease as if born in the Country ; because being of a Family which had a Right to pretend to the
highest

highest Dignities, and that of the Viceroy of the *Indies*, being what he flattered himself with being one day possessed of, he had taken care in his Youth to perfect himself in the Language, that he might be able to speak to the Natives, and judge of those things which regarded them, without standing in need of an Interpreter.

He wou'd not defer making trial of this Herb, of which the *Jew* gave such Praises. Every body knows that the *Indies* abound in it, and that the Juice incorporates itself so perfectly into the Skin, that it quite takes away the natural Colour. The Merchants who deal in Slaves, often deceive their Customers, by dying their Negroes; those who are the blackest, being reckoned the most beautiful. All that disquieted *Leonora*, was, that it wou'd not be easy to restore Don *Sebastian* to his native Colour; but the *Jew* having assured her, that he had a Water which wou'd take the whole Tincture off whenever he pleased, she had nothing to object in Opposition to so great a Disguise.

ISAAC went that moment in search of the Herb, and having pressed out the Juice, he rubb'd it all over Don *Sebastian*; who, from the most lovely of all the *Portuguese*, became presently the most perfect of all the Negroes. The Metamorphosis was so great, that *Leonora* and *Alvarez* lost all their Fears of his being known; and this faithful Domestic, who cou'd not endure to be separated from his Master, wou'd have the same Operation practised on himself, that he might be in a state fit to accompany him in every thing. There was now nothing remaining but to present them to *Xerina*, which the *Jew* promised to do the next Day. Don *Sebastian* and *Leonora* agreed to render each other an exact Account of all they cou'd learn, and that their Place of Meeting shou'd be at the *Jew's*; after which, they separated till the next Day, when *Leonora* was to come again.

THO' all these Projects cou'd not promise any very great Adventures, yet Don *Sebastian* was so pleased with being in the same City with *Elvira*, to be near her, and to be able to hear News of her every Hour, that
he

he lost all Remembrance of the dreadful Obstacle, Fate had put to his Felicity, and began to flatter himself that something, tho' what, he could not guess, wou'd happen to crown his utmost Wishes in the End.

A TRUE Affection is easily alarmed, and as easily flattered; the least thing throws the Mind that harbours it into Despair, and the least thing serves to transport and elevate it; and as it often indulges the most cruel Torments, so it adds the sweetest Extasies to the most insignificant Pleasures. *Suza*, in the Reflection that all he undertook had *Elvira* for the Object, that his Inquietudes, his Voyage, his Disguise, were all for her sake, took a delight in them, as if each of these things assured him of her Possession. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that those Steps which, in the Eyes of others, seemed insignificant, appeared to him the most useful and necessary that cou'd be. *Leonora* thought much in the same manner with him, and saw nothing to fear for *Elvira*, since *Don Sebastian* was at *Goa*: His Presence had given her a Tranquillity she had never enjoyed since her Separation from her Mistress; and she thought of nothing now but the Means of entertaining *Thamar*, and knowing the Motive of the Advances that young Slave had made to her. This amiable Maid, who knew the Confidence the Vice-Queen had in her Nurse, thought it wou'd be some little Consolation to the Ills she laboured under, to hear the News of that favourite Domestic, and, at the same time, prove the Sincerity of her own Attachment to that unhappy Lady: It was with this Intention, that having met her the next Day, after the Conversation she had with *Elvira* about the Letter, she had made Signs to her, and which she continued to do, as often as Fortune threw her in her Way: But the Indifference which *Leonora* testified, joined with the Disdain with which *Lama* received the Letter from his Wife, put her in so ill a Humour, that the Vice-Queen, who heedfully examined all her Actions, cou'd not but perceive it.

THIS beautiful Lady, who had known too many Sorrows to be able to put an agreeable Face on things relating to her own Fate, imagined the Discontent of

Tha-

Thamar proceeded from the little she cou'd find to accuse her of to her Husband or the Princess of *Achon*, and grew now more than ever reserved to her. *Thamar* had a penetrating Wit, and a Mind not easily deceived; she saw into the Vice-Queen's Suspicions, but regretted them only so far as to clear itself, if, by any Way, she cou'd do it. She, therefore, resolved to speak to *Leonora*; and the next Morning, which was on that *Don Sebastian* and *Alvarez* were presented to *Xerina*, as she went to the Apartment of that Princess, was musing on the Means she shou'd make use of, to oblige the Nurse to regard her more than she had hitherto done.

As *Leonora* now wished nothing more than to encounter her, she went early in the Morning, wrapp'd up in her Veil, to wait the Hour of *Thamar's* going, according to her Custom, to the Princess of *Achon*. Thus both of them equally impatient of entertaining each other, were not long e'er they met; and reciprocally advancing, stood when they approached more near, examining, as it were, each other, without speaking. *Leonora* was the first that broke Silence; I have taken Notice, said she, that you several Times have testified a Desire to speak to me——I either greatly deceive myself, or you think I may be useful in something. Yes, *Leonora*, said *Thamar*, without any Hesitation, you are extremely necessary to me, to prove to the Vice-Queen that I am not less devoted to her than yourself: I love her Person, I pity her Misfortunes, I admire her Virtue; I serve *Xerina*, but with Regret; I see her Amours with Horror, and how dangerous soever it may be to me to indulge these Sentiments, I cannot think I hazard any thing in revealing them to you, whose own Interest it is to conceal them; I wou'd serve *Elvira* in every thing in my Power; but how can I do it, while she keeps me in Ignorance of every thing that passes in her Heart? And how can I be informed, when she puts no Confidence in my Words? 'Tis your Part then, prudent *Leonora*, to convince her of my Zeal; let me give her, at least, the Consolation of hearing from you, under your own Hand —— write to her, and suffer me
to

to deliver to her your Letter, you shall find I will bring you an Answer with the utmost Punctuality ; and this may assure both the one and the other of you, how much you may depend upon the Integrity of the Slave *Thamar*. You are very pressing, replied *Leonora*, but whether you are sincere or not, I risque nothing in agreeing to your Demand ; since it is natural for me to make known to her whom I have nursed, the Grief I am in to be separated from her, nor can they do any thing more to me than they have already done : But if I write, continued she, where shall I find you to give you my Letter ?

THAMAR paused a little before she answered, and then looking on her with an Air of Satisfaction, at the Expedient she had found, Go, said she, and inquire for a certain Jew named *Isaac*, no Man is more known at *Goa*, give him your Letters, I will take care to prepare him for receiving any thing shall be left for me ; and it will be a way the most safe and secret we can take. Adieu, continued she, a long Conversation may render us suspected ; depend upon me. With these Words she turned away, and left *Leonora* thoroughly persuaded of her Fidelity, and charmed that it was the Jew *Isaac* she had pitched upon for the Confidant of this innocent Correspondence ; as she knew he was not then at home, she returned to her own Lodgings, to write to Donna *Elvira*, that she might carry the Letter with her, when she shou'd come back from presenting the pretended Slaves to the Princess of *Achon*.

THAMAR went directly to the Palace, where she found *Isaac* with Don *Sebastian* and *Alvarez*, attending her coming, in order to introduce them to *Xerina* ; this amiable Maid cou'd not behold the supposed Negroes without Admiration, and having examined them with the utmost Attention, Those are two beautiful *Moors*, said she to the Jew, in a low Voice, how long have you had them, and to what End have you brought them hither ? *Isaac*, who was willing to begin by gaining *Thamar*, reply'd to her with an Air of Confidence, They are yet more perfect than you think them,

them, beautiful *Thamar*; they play admirably on all Sorts of Instruments, and the youngest of them has a singular Art in making of Sherbet and Chocolate: As I knew the Delicacy of the Princess in these things, I came with a Design to intreat her Acceptance of them, demanding no other Recompence for the Present I make her of them, than that she will use her Interest with the Viceroy, for my Protection in the Commerce I shall make at *Goa*. You ask very little, said she, smiling, for so extraordinary a Gift, and I believe you have no Occasion for any Recommendation in this Affair, the Air of your Slaves speaks for them; but if you have any need of me at any time, you must do me a Piece of Service, which I will take care to requite: I have a Correspondence with a Person, which I would have remain a Secret; I have therefore ordered Letters to be left for me at your House, oblige me to take care of them, as also of any I shall leave with you, till call'd for: You are enough accustomed to these Sort of Employments, not to think it strange a Person of my Age shou'd have some Adventures, which it is proper to conceal. *Isaac* assured her of his Diligence, and thought this Request a Happiness for the two feigned Slaves, as his complying with it wou'd assure them of good Treatment from her. He had no sooner sworn to perform with the utmost Integrity, what she desired, than the Princess's Door opened, and *Thamar* went out alone; and after having feasted her Malice and Cruelty with the pretended Persecution she gave *Elvira*, she told her of the Present *Isaac* was waiting to make her Highness.

THIS cruel Princess, who was for turning every thing to the Satisfaction of her Love and Jealousy, presently imagin'd these new Slaves might be useful to her Designs, and commanded they shou'd be brought in. She waited not for the *Jew* to give her a Detail of their good Qualities; their Beauty, fine Shape, and that Air of Grandeur and Fierceness which sparkled in *Sebastian's* Eyes, pleased her in such sort, that she appropriated them before *Isaac* had time to offer them. However, he made his Compliment, and *Xerina*,
having

having thanked him, ordered them to remain in her Service.

THUS was Don *Sebastian* in the Palace of the Princess of *Achon*; and the Business appointed for him, was chiefly to make Chocolate and Sherbet. *Isaac* took his Leave of them, having given them what Instructions he thought were necessary for the gaining *Thamar*. But these Lessons were altogether needless, a Master more learned than he, had already inspired *Alvarez* with the Desire and Art of pleasing that beautiful Slave; the first Moment he beheld her, his Heart became intirely devoted to her, and Love, which has the same Effect on inferiour Persons as on the Great, made him feel, for her, the Ardency of the same Fires with which his Master burned for the incomparable *Elvira*; and, by the invincible Effects of Sympathy, *Thamar* had also for him Sentiments not very different from his, tho' Modesty and Prudence made her restrain them from arriving at too high a Pitch, till she shou'd be more acquainted how worthy he was of them: Besides, in spite of all the Attractions she found in him, his Colour was a little shocking to her Thoughts; however, the force of her Destiny overbore this natural Aversion. Don *Sebastian* behaved to her with the greatest Complaisance, and entreated she wou'd favour him so far, as to inform him what things, in his power to perform, wou'd be most agreeable to the Princess; she promised him to do so, but quitting him as soon as possible, she returned to the Apartment of the Vice-Queen, where after she had told her the Conversation she had held with *Leonora*, and that she had settled a Correspondence, so as they might hear News of each other every Day; See, Madam, said she, the Measures I take to prove myself worthy of your Confidence; and if I cou'd do much more, tho' at the hazard of my Life, for the Ease of yours, I wou'd with the same Readiness undertake it.

DONNA *Elvira* now no longer struggled with the Inclination she had to believe her; and the next Day having received the Letter from *Leonora*, and giving *Thamar* another in answer to it, hesitated not if

she shou'd confess to her that she was as sensible as she cou'd wish of her Zeal and Sincerity; and began to take for her so tender a Friendship, that she permitted her to read the Contents of all the Letters that henceforth passed between her and her Nurse, and, at last, trusted her with the full Recital of her Life and Misfortunes. The tender-hearted *Thamar* could not hear her, without bursting into a Torrent of Tears; and this Compassion render'd her so dear to the Vice-Queen, that she never after made any scruple of revealing to her the most secret Thoughts and Wishes of her Soul.

THIS amiable Slave, who earnestly desired to become a Christian, and doubted not, but when the News of *Elvira's* ill Treatment shou'd reach *Lisbon*, her Family wou'd use their utmost Efforts to deliver her from that dreadful state, entreated her Promise, that she might be permitted to follow her, if ever she quitted *Goa*. *Donna Elvira* was highly charmed at the pious Disposition of this Maid, and assured her, that if Heaven was pleased to send her once more to *Portugal*, she wou'd not go without her; tho', said she, I see as yet no reason to hope there ever will be an End of my Misfortunes.

LEONORA writ every Day to the Vice-Queen, and received her Answers exactly by the *Jew*; but as *Don Sebastian* had expressly forbid any mention of him, she obeyed his Orders, well knowing the Nicety of *Elvira's* Virtue, and that she wou'd rather chuse to suffer every thing from the cruelty of her Enemies, than be relieved by a Man who was known to have loved her, and whom she still in secret cou'd not help loving.

THE two new Slaves were, in a short time, so much beloved by all the Domesticks of *Xerina*, that every one seemed to vye with the others, which shou'd most testify their Complaisance and Esteem of them. *Thamar*, who had frequent Occasions of entertaining them, cou'd not look on *Don Sebastian*, without being inspired with the greatest Respect for him; and indeed there was something so truly noble in every thing he said and did, that none cou'd approach him without some degree of Awe and Reverence: This made the amiable Slave more re-
served

served before him, than with *Alvarez*, who, by a Manner of Behaviour altogether gay and gallant, gave every one leave to be familiar with him. As she thought on nothing but softning the Captivity of Donna *Elvira*, by all the little ways she cou'd invent; and hearing *Xerina* continually boasting of the Excellence of the Chocolate made by Don *Sebastian*, she had a great Desire to have some of the same sort for her Fair Prisoner; to this end, one day when she was alone with *Alvarez*, Your Companion, said she to him with a Smile, has so much the Air of Majesty about him, that I cannot take the liberty of speaking to him in the manner I wou'd; therefore I address myself to you, to entreat him to make me some of that exquisite tasted Chocolate, with which the Princess is so much charmed; I wou'd regale some of my Friends privately with it, in the Apartment of the Vice-Queen, where I am obliged to be. You have no need of an Intercessor, reply'd he, beautiful *Thamar*, to my Companion, to influence him, to render you any Service in his Power; I dare answer he will do what you desire, with more pleasure than you can imagine. But, continued he, have you nothing to command me? Do you believe I shou'd be less faithful to you than the Jew *Isaac*? *Thamar* was extremely surprized at these Words; How, cry'd she, has *Isaac* betray'd me! No, *Thamar*, reply'd *Alvarez*, hastily; and since my Tongue must reveal a Secret which I had much rather you had discovered in my Eyes, know that I adore you, that I cou'd not see you without loving you, nor love you without being jealous——I have perceived, that the Jew has given you Letters——and could not restrain discovering to him my Suspicions: As he dare depend on my Fidelity, he revealed to me the Mystery of that Intrigue. I am no less inclined to do you service in this Particular than he is; and *Leonora* herself will inform you, that you may put an entire Confidence in me, and my Fellow Slave. You have taken an Expedient, reply'd *Thamar*, to reveal your Passion, which will not suffer me to testify my Resentment——I will wait for your Answer, till I am assured that I have nothing to fear. With these Words she quitted him, and ran to inform

Elvira, that *Leonora* had a Correspondence with the two new Slaves of *Xerina*; and *Alvarez* went to render an Account to *Sebastian* of what he had done.

THINGS were in this state, when the Princess of *Achon* took, as I have told you, a Resolution to make *Elvira* perish, and oblige the Vice-Roy to hazard every thing for her Satisfaction. Some Days before he had agreed to her dreadful Purposes, *Leonora*, by the consent of Don *Sebastian*, had wrote to Donna *Elvira*, that the Jew was entirely in her Interest, and had placed two Negro Slaves with the Princess of *Achon*, for no other Reason, than to second the good Intentions of *Thamar*, and that she might safely confide both in him and them. This lovely Slave having perceived that the Indisposition of *Xerina* was counterfeit, suspected that it was on some extraordinary Occasion, she testify'd the Fears she was in to *Alvarez*, and that obliged *Suza* to be more assiduous than ever about the Princess; hoping, by that Means, to gain her Confidence, or at least, to penetrate into her Designs. He appeared so zealous in every thing he did, that *Xerina* presently cast her Eyes on him for the Execution of her cruel Intent; and it being concluded between her and *Lama* to make use of Poison, for the Period of *Elvira*'s Days, she thought it could not be given her a better way than in Chocolate, which she drank every Morning; and in case there shou'd be any Suspicion on the Manner of her Death, it wou'd be no more to appease the People, than to sacrifice the black Slave, as the sole Plotter of the horrid Deed, being the only Person in the Palace who made that Liquor. Prudence does not always accompany guilty Actions; it often happens, that Providence throws a Mist over the Understandings of those who are about to commit them; which hinders them from taking those Methods, which can render their Designs successful.

XERINA, impatient for the Death of her Rival, gave herself not time for Reflection, and, full of the Idea of the Happiness she should possess when *Elvira* was no more, made *Suza* be called into her Closet; where being alone with him, *Zelim*, said she, for that was the Name which he assumed, the Affection and
Zeal

Zeal for me, which I have observed in your Behaviour, has attracted my Confidence—I shall not fail to make your Fortune, if you render yourself worthy of it, by an entire Submission to my Will — But swear to obey me, continued she, before I explain myself any farther. *Suzza*, whom this Discourse prepared for the most dreadful things, fell upon his Knees, and by an Oath the most sacred among those of the Religion of which he appeared to be, promised to serve her at the hazard of his Life: Then *Xerina*, with Eyes sparkling with Joy, Take, said she, this little Gold Box, it contains a Powder, which you must mix to-morrow morning in Chocolate, and carry it yourself, where *Thamar* shall have Orders to conduct you. But above all, I charge you to see it taken by her to whom I send you—be secret as to the Order I give you, and depend on any Recompence you can ask.

SUZA, whom *Alvarez* had told what *Thamar* had desired him, not doubted but she was in the Plot with *Xerina*, and that it was to the Vice-Queen the fatal Dose was to be given. But he hesitated not to accept the horrible Commission, that he might be in a condition to hinder the Effects of it; and having reiterated his Oaths to the Princess of *Achon*, that she might be assured of his Sincerity, he took the Box, and left her in full Hope and Expectation of her Rival's Death; he had no sooner quitted her, than he went to the House of the *Jew*, where he immediately sent for *Leonora*, and having recounted to her all that had passed between him and the Princess of *Achon*, he desired her to lose no time in advertising the Vice-Queen of the Danger that threatned her, and entreated her to take no Chocolate that *Thamar* shou'd cause to be given her by the new Slave of *Xerina*, of whom she had told her. *Leonora* was ready to die with Apprehension, but executed the Order given her by Don *Sebastian*, blessing a thousand Times, the hour in which he came to *Goa*, *Isaac* charged himself with the Delivery of this Letter to *Thamar*, as ordinary, without discovering any thing of the Conspiracy; he found her just as he was entering the Apartment of *Xerina*, so was obliged to at-

tend till she came out again. When the Princess saw her enter, not able to dissemble the Excess of her Satisfaction, she rose up, and tenderly embracing her, My dear *Thamar*, said she, thy Princess, to-morrow, will be as happy as the World can make her. Then she commanded her to introduce *Zelim* into the Chamber of *Elvira*, at the Hour in which she usually took her Morning's Repast. These Words filled *Thamar* with Surprise and Terror; and as *Xerina* explained herself no farther, she imagined that *Zelim* knew not the Consequence of his Commission. To prevent this terrible Blow, she pretended a Joy equal to that of the Princess; but had no sooner quitted her, then finding *Isaac*, who waited for her with Impatience, *Isaac*, said she, with a Countenance which express'd the inward Concern of her Mind, tell *Zelim*, that I must speak with him at your House, where I will meet with him in a few Minutes. In speaking these Words, she took from him the Letter of *Leonora*, and went hastily away, without attending his Reply.

SHE was indeed at the House of *Isaac* before he returned himself, and finding Don *Sebastian* and *Leonora* were there, and by their profound Melancholy testify'd no less violent Agitations than those with which herself was afflicted, made her stand some Moments at the Door contemplating them. But the mortal Grief which appeared in the Countenance of the pretended *Zelim*, surprized her in such a Manner, that wou'd she have moved from the place she was, she cou'd not immediately have done it. *Suza* was reclined on a Sofa, his Head leaning on one of his Hands, while the other held a little Picture, on which he attempted to gaze; but the Tears fell from his Eyes in such abundance, that he had not the Power: *Leonora* was seated opposite to him in a respectful manner, holding a Handkerchief to her Eyes: A thousand confused Ideas ran in a Moment through the mind of *Thamar*, in beholding this Spectacle; the more she examined *Zelim*, the less she found in him of the Air of a Slave: The Regularity of his Features, which had nothing in them of that Harshness common to the Negroes, had often astonish'd her, as well

as those of *Alvarez*; but at this time she was more struck than ever, having time to regard him, without being observed by him: An obscure Imagination of the Truth came into her head, and as she was extremely lively and spirituous, this Idea occasioned an extraordinary and involuntary Movement of her Posture, which roused Don *Sebastian* from his Resvery, and lifting up his Eyes, he perceived in her all the Marks of the most wild astonishment.

He rose immediately, as did also *Leonora*, and advancing toward her, Beautiful *Thamar*, said he, what Affair has brought you hither? And why did not *Isaac* inform us of your Coming? I am arrived before him, answered she, and I come to know of you the Reason that *Xerina* will have you present Chocolate to-morrow to the Vice-Queen, and what Orders she has given you; to the end, we may take Measures to prevent a Misfortune which I doubt is intended, and which I believe you are ignorant of.—But, continued she, I am much deceived my self, or the Life of the injured *Elvira* is no less dear to you than it is to me—disguise nothing from me; that illustrious Unfortunate has given me the History of all her Sorrows, and I cannot help suspecting there is in this place a Man who deserves more of her Affection than her cruel Husband.—If it be so, let us join all together for her Preservation, and above all be sure you present nothing to *Elvira*, that you receive from the hand of *Xerina*. In fine, added she, if you are not Don *Sebastian de Suza* under that borrowed Figure, as the Nobleness I have remarked in you makes me believe you are, assume, if possible, his Sentiments, his Love, his Generosity to deliver from this severe Treatment, the most perfect and most unhappy Person upon Earth.

THESE Words pronounced with an Openness and Spirit which Dissimulation rarely wears, restored *Thamar* to the good Opinion of *Sebastian*, and judging it ill Policy to conceal any thing from a Woman so necessary to his Designs, he confessed that her Penetration was just, and that he was really that unfortunate Lover of

Elvira she had imagined ; and then proceeded to acquaint her with all the Conversation he had with the Princess of *Achon*, the Powder she had given him, and the Manner in which she had ordered him to use it. *Leonora* also told her of the Letter she had wrote to the Vice-Queen, to entreat she wou'd take nothing from her hand ; on which *Thamar*, who had not yet delivered it, pulled it out of her Bosom, and returning it, desired she wou'd change the Expression, since there was no person in the World more sincere to her than herself. *Leonora* excused her Suspicion for the Appearances there were for it, and afterward they consulted what was best to be done in this Affair : It was at last agreed, that Don *Sebastian* shou'd execute the Orders of *Xerina*, so far as to give empoisoned Chocolate to the hand of *Elvira*, not only that by that means he wou'd have the Satisfaction of seeing her, but also that when proof was made of the Poison, they conceived there was no farther Measures to be taken with *Lame*, but to demand Justice of the Court, for the Treatment he had given his Wife. But both *Sebastian* and *Leonora* warned *Thamar* not to give the least Hint that she received these Services from the Person she did, or that *Zelim* was any other than he seemed. This amiable Slave assured them, she wou'd act in every thing as they wou'd have her ; and after being perfectly instructed in what each of them had to do, they separated for that Time.

THAMAR, charmed to find the Man for whom her Heart in secret declared itself, was a Christian, and that faithful *Alvarez*, of whom she had heard *Elvira* speak in the Recital of her Adventures ; went to that Lady, with a Mind more at ease than cou'd be expected in the Multiplicity of Accidents which employed it.

DONNA Elvira received from her the Letter of *Leonora*, and *Thamar* having desired her to read it, she found it contained these Words :

LEONO-

LEONORA to her dear and ever-honoured
Mistress.

“ **I**T seems as if Heaven merely for your Preservation
“ had sent to *Goa* the new Slave of your Enemy.
“ ——— Your Precious Life, and with it all our Hopes
“ had been lost, had the cruel Princess made choice
“ of any other for the Execution of her Designs ———
“ follow, Madam, the Counsels of *Thamar*, and of the
“ *Moor Zelim*.”

ELVIRA was so little capable of comprehending the obscure Sense of this Letter, that she was obliged to desire an Explanation of *Thamar*: She then made an exact Recital of all that had pass'd, exaggerating the Merit of the Slave *Zelim*, his Zeal to serve her, and the Horror he conceived at the Treachery and Barbarity of Don *Balthazar* and the Princess of *Achon*: If, Madam, said she, finding this Project fail, that cruel Husband shou'd proceed to any Violence against you, this faithful *Moor* will deliver you from it, by plunging a Dagger in his Breast.

DONNA Elvira cou'd not restrain her Tears at being told the Fate Don *Lama* had prepared for her; but willing to doubt if he consented to this Action, she endeavoured to persuade *Thamar* that *Xerina* was the sole Contriver of it; but that beautiful Slave would not suffer her to remain in a belief so favourable of her Spouse, whom she knew so little merited it from her. She talked to her a long time on that head, but all she cou'd say was insufficient to make that virtuous Wife utter one reproachful Word against him: She promised, however, to swallow nothing that shou'd be brought to her from *Xerina*, and to make a different use of the Poison than what was expected by that cruel Woman. All the Remainder of this Day was spent in Inquietudes, and Impatience by both Parties. *Xerina* having observed a heavy Sadness hang on the Vice-Roy's Brow, wou'd not acquaint him that she had taken the Measures she had done for the Death of her Rival, fearing that he had

changed his Sentiments : Neither did Don *Balthazar* once mention *Elvira* to her ; it is certain he now began to feel a little Remorse for having permitted such an Action, and wou'd not remind her of it, in the Hope that Time might render her more mild. He found, however, a certain Weight upon his Spirits, which at that time he knew not the occasion of, and retired to his own Apartment much sooner than he was accusom'd to leave that of *Xerina* ; the Night afforded him no more Tranquillity, his Slumbers were a thousand times interrupted by those dread Ideas which Guilt seldom fails to raise in the Mind : And not able to endure the violent Agitations with which he was seized, he quitted his Bed, and waited with Impatience for Day, with a Resolution to go to the Princess of *Achon*, and engage her to content herself with the Sufferings of the Vice-Queen, without giving her a violent Death.

DURING this Combat between Honour, Love, and Pity, the Hour arrived in which Don *Sebastian* was to be introduced to the Apartment of *Elvira* : Before he went, *Xerina* made him be call'd to her, and again recommended to him the punctual Performance of what he had promised : He reiterated his Oaths, and then left her to go to her Rival ; to whom *Thamar* immediately conducted him. That beautiful Lady was yet in bed, having been accusom'd to drink her Chocolate before she rose ; she now wou'd not change her Manner, to give any Suspicion to the other Slaves.

DON *Sebastian* seeing himself so near the only Object to which his Life was attached, was seized with so universal a Trembling, that he cou'd scarce support himself to approach the Bed : *Elvira* perceived it, and believing that the Commission with which he was charged had occasioned it, Fear nothing, said she to him ; and when he was come near enough for her to speak low to him, that the other Slaves might not hear her, Whether I live or die, continued she, I know how to defend you from the Danger to which you expose yourself for my sake. I fear not Death, Madam, answered he, counterfeiting a broken *Portuguese*, and with a Voice which the Agitations he was in, entirely changed ; but I wou'd prevent

prevent yours. In speaking this, he presented her the fatal Liquor; and as every thing was before concerted between *Thamar* and the Vice-Queen, after he had poured it into a small *China* Bason, You are he, cry'd she, with a loud Voice, that prepares this Liquor for the Princess of *Achon*; all that are about me here, I know, are devoted to her: Whatever comes out of her Palace may, therefore, give me cause of Suspicion, and I am resolv'd now to be convinced whether they are groundless or not. She had no sooner uttered these Words, than she took the Bason, and calling a little Dog which continually followed one of the Slaves, set it down before him. The Animal swallowed greedily the well-sweeten'd Potion, and had scarce devoured it all, when his Eyes started from his Head, his Teeth dropt out, and he fell dead in the presence of all there. Those who were Witnesses of this Adventure, seem'd thunder-struck — *Thamar* and the pretended *Zelim* affected the utmost Astonishment: *Elvira* alone appeared tranquil, and was preparing to speak, when she was hindred by a great Noise in one of the Rooms that preceded the Chamber in which they were; and immediately the Vice-Roy enter'd, followed by a great number of Courtiers and Attendants: It is easy to judge the surprize *Elvira* was in, but impossible to describe to you the Condition of *Don Lama*, nor the different Emotions of the Persons interest'd in this Affair.

THE Vice-Roy, persecuted by his Remorse, as I have already said, came early to the Apartment of *Xerina*, to dissuade her from proceeding to any Extremities with *Elvira*; but as that Princess had already dispatched *Zelim* on the cruel Errand, and believing nothing now cou'd avert the intended Blow, she no sooner saw him enter, than she cry'd out, with a manifest Pleasure in her Eyes and Voice, Now, my Lord, you will be only for the happy *Xerina* — this instant delivers you from an Object equally odious to us both. — These Words struck Horror to the Heart of *Lama*, already much changed by the Reflections of the Night; and not being able to make her any Reply, he flew directly from her like a Man abandoned by his Reason,

Reason, and meeting, as he crossed the Palace, some that were coming to attend his Levée, cry'd out to them, Follow me, all of you, to the Apartment of the Vice-Queen——to which he ran, and entered just as they had made the Proof of Chocolate.

THOSE who followed him, perceived he was in an Agitation, which made them expect some great Event ; but, among them all, there was not one who did not wish it might turn in favour of *Elvira*. When he came into the Chamber of *Elvira*, the silence that reigned there, the Consternation that appeared in the faces of the attending Slaves, the Dog which lay a frightful Spectacle, extended on the Floor, near the Basen, in which some of the Chocolate was yet remaining ; all together filled him with so dreadful a Suspicion, that, quite overcome with it, he threw himself down on a Carpet, and cou'd utter no more than, Oh Heaven ! what do I see ! And what have I done !

ELVIRA being a little recovered from the Surprise his unexpected Presence had occasioned : Pardon me, my Lord, said she, that I refuse to submit to Death, which I could not persuade myself was the Effect of your Command——I have preserved my Life for you alone to be the Disposer of it——I cannot resolve to be the Sacrifice of the cruel Princess of *Acken*, but I am ready to yield to any Sentence pronounced by you. ——If my Death is necessary to you, command it this Instant——Speak, my Lord, tho' the fatal Draught *Xerina* had prepared for me has yet only served for the Destruction of that Animal, there still remains enough to give me the Satisfaction of proving how much I think it my Glory to submit to you.

WHILE she was speaking in this manner, *Tkamar* grew pale as Death, Don *Sebastian* stood ready to pierce the Heart of his hated Rival, if he durst presume to make any Attempt on the Life of *Elvira*, and all the Company were filled with the utmost Admiration of the high Virtue of that admirable Lady, and Contempt for the unworthy Possessor of such a Treasure. Don *Lama* was not in a condition to observe these different Emotions ; his Eyes were fixed on *Elvira*, seem-
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ing to devour every Word that came out of her Mouth:

————— It was some time before he cou'd make any Reply ; but, at last, using his utmost Efforts to vanquish a Grief, which in spite of him, began to manifest itself in his Tears ; Let all, said he, but *Thamar* and the black Slave go out of the Room. Every body obey'd ; and when there was only they four, Madam, said he to the Vice-Queen, it wou'd be vain for me to pretend to justify myself ——— nothing can excuse my Crime, not even the Remorse it has occasioned ——— I confess, the Affronts I have offer'd you, have been gross, and I owe you all manner of Reparations for the Offences I have been guilty of ——— I wish it was permitted me to revenge you on all your Enemies ; but add to the Patience you have had in your Sufferings, the Generosity to pardon a Princess, who will be enough punished in the Loss of her Hopes ——— As I cannot bring my Heart to yield you up that principal Victim, I will, however, make you a Sacrifice of her Agents ——— These two unhappy Slaves, continued he, pointing to *Thamar* and *Zelim*, shall experience how dangerous it is to be charged with such Commissions ——— As for myself, I fear that Heaven, irritated by the repeated Wrongs I have done you, will not allow me time to repair them, and that my Death will shortly be the only Happiness I shall be able to procure you.

THESE Words touch'd *Elvira* to the Soul ; a tender Compassion overflow'd all her Resentment, and looking on him with the most charming Sweetness ; Ah ! my Lord, said she, if you consent that I shall live, you must also resolve to live with me. I not only pardon *Xerina*, but I will never remind you of her Fault. For these Slaves, continued she, it is to them I am indebted for my Life ; they are innocent, and all the Reparation I intreat is, that you wou'd protect them from the Fury of the Princess of *Achon*. She then made a Sign to *Thamar* to inform the Vice-Roy how *Xerina* had suborned *Zelim*. This amiable Maid obeyed her with the most graceful Address ; and, without injuring the Truth, conceal'd the secret Motives which had made them so zealous for the Preservation of *Elvira*. Don *Lana* heard

heard her with Attention ; and when she had done speaking, Alas ! Madam, said he to the Vice-Queen, they are indeed worthy not only of Pardon, but of Remittance : permit them to remain in your Service, their Lives cannot any where be so secure by the Care I will take of yours.

WITH these Words, he went out of the Room ; and *Thamar* disquieted for *Don Sebastian*, whom *Donna Elvira* never suspected for any thing but what he seemed, entreated her to permit him to retire to the *Jew Isaac*, where he wou'd have nothing to fear ; she consented, but commanded him not to quit *Goa*, without her Order. *Suza* made no other Answer, than a low Bow, and taking the advantage of the Confusion which the whole Palace of the Vice-Roy was in, went out without any notice being taken of him, and retired to the House of the *Jew*, where *Alvarez* and *Leonora* impatiently waited for him, and the Issue of this Adventure.

HE recounted exactly to them all the Particulars ; but the sight of *Elvira*, and the Repentance of his Rival, had put his Mind in so cruel a Situation, that he scarcely thought on any other things.

LAMA had no sooner left *Elvira*, then he placed Guards about the Princess of *Achon*, under the pretence of defending her from the Rage of the *Portuguese*, on being informed, that she had attempted to poison the Vice-Queen ; but, in reality, to prevent her Fury from any new Assault on *Elvira*, to whom he now gave the liberty of the whole Palace, order'd she shou'd command as absolute Sovereign, and that she shou'd take possession of that Apartment which it was her Right to have filled ever since her Arrival, recalled *Leonora* ; and, in fine, did every thing that cou'd be expected to attest his Penitence and Shame for his past Behaviour.

THE beautiful and virtuous Vice-Queen seemed to take no other Pleasure in her Liberty, than because it gave her an Opportunity of being near her Husband, whom the very next day after this Change in her Fortune she found in bed, a violent Fever having succeeded his Agitations. *Donna Elvira*, truly sensible of the Pains he
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languished under, and shutting herself up with him, never quitted his Bed-side one Moment all the time of his Sickness. *Lama* testify'd his Gratitude by all the Marks of sincere Repentance, never opening his Mouth but to ask her Forgiveness, and to entreat she wou'd not hate him. These kind of Discourses pierced the Heart of the beautiful *Elvira*, and, in spite of the Repugnance she had to love him, gave her Duty all the Air of the most perfect Tendernefs. The fourth Day of his Indisposition, his Fever arrived to such a height, that his Physician despaired of saving his Life; which *Elvira* was no sooner apprized of, than she burst into a Torrent of unfeigned Tears; *Thamar* and *Leonora*, who seconded their dear Mistress in her Affiduities about him, shared also her Griefs; and Sighs and Groans were all the Language now to be heard among them.

THE Vice-Roy knew by their Tears, as well as by what he found in himself, that there was no Hope of his Recovery, and desired that *Leonora* and *Thamar* might draw near to be Witnesses of what he had to say: they obey'd; and resuming his Discourse, Madam, said he to *Elvira*, with a dying Voice, and pointing to a Casket that stood near him on a Table, you will find my last Will in that; but I desire you will not open it till you arrive at *Lisbon*, where, if you wou'd do me a Pleasure. you shall promise me to go as soon as the Weather will permit you to make that Voyage. I commit, continued he, the Care of this Casket to *Leonora*, with a strict charge not to deliver it into your hands; but in the presence of Don *Pedro de Zuarez*, your Uncle; Don *Sebastian de Suza*; and those others of your Friends whom you can conveniently summon together. Then he ordered *Leonora* to take the Casket, and pursued, in giving the Key to the Vice-Queen; You will see, Madam, an authentic Testimony of the Esteem I have for you, and the Admiration you have inspired me with; I flatter myself, that my last Moments will keep you from remembering me with Detestation——— He had perhaps said more, but he found himself too ill, and some Moments after he lost all Knowledge, and died
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in the Arms of *Elvira*, who had stretched them out to embrace him.

THEY immediately removed her from this dismal Spectacle, and *Thamar* and *Leonora* carried her into her own Apartment, almost as disconsolate as if she had lost what was most dear to her in the World; but, in fine, as she had lost in this Husband a Man who had been the Author of all the Misfortunes of her Life, when the first Emotions of that Pity, so natural to all Noble Souls, was a little appeased, she found Reasons enough to mitigate her Griefs.

DURING the Sickness of Don *Balthazar*, the Princess of *Achon* ceased not to write to him every hour, entreating she might be permitted to speak to him, tho' but for a Moment. *Leonora*, however, and *Thamar*, to whom these Letters were delivered, suffered none of them to come to his Hand; judging it improper, as he had not spoke a Word, that testify'd he had any Remembrance of her, to renew the Idea of her in his Mind.

THIS violent Princess, on the change of Don *Balthazar*, and the News of his Death, attempted several times to destroy herself, and it was not without the utmost Care that she was prevented from executing her desperate Purpose. Donna *Elvira* informed of her Situation, was influenced by her Generosity, so far as even to send to console her, and to let her know she was at the same liberty at *Goa* as heretofore.

THIS beautiful Widow ordered the most magnificent Obsequies for her Spouse, and when disengaged from the Solemnities of the first Mourning, began to think of quitting a Place which had afforded her so little Satisfaction. The Ships were now making ready to depart for *Lisbon*, and she was willing to go with the first that shou'd set sail; and, therefore, made all necessary Preparations for embarking: But not having forgot the Service done her by the *Moor Zelim*, she commanded *Thamar* to have him found and brought to her. This agreeable Slave obeyed the order with Pleasure, and very well knew where to find him, he being still at the *Jew Isaac's*, whence he had no Thoughts of removing till

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he saw what Resolutions Donna *Elvira* wou'd take after the Death of Don *Balthazar*.

DURING all these Accidents, *Leonora* and *Thamar* were frequently with him, to inform him of all that passed. *Alvarez* and the fair Slave, seeing all things happen so favourable for him, advised him to discover himself to *Elvira*, and to make known the amorous *Sebastian* under the disguise of the faithful *Zelim*; but he was better acquainted with the Nicety of *Elvira*'s Virtue than they were, and judged, that his Presence wou'd alarm her, at a Juncture so very delicate: He, therefore, made his Respect triumph over his Love, the more to conform himself to the Sentiments of her he adored, and resolved not to be known to her till they shou'd arrive in *Portugal*; thinking, that, perhaps, there might be vile Tongues who might misrepresent her Character, if they shou'd find she had received any Services, during her Husband's Life, from the Man whom she had loved before Marriage: in spite, therefore, of those Emotions which Hope any Joy inspired in him, he resolved to continue in his first Designs; and when *Thamar* came to call him to her, he assured that Slave, that he wou'd not utter one Word, or do one Action, that shou'd give her room to think he was other than at present he pretended to be.

IN this Determination, he appeared the second time before *Elvira*. This beautiful Lady, who had not till then had Leisure to examine him, now thought she found in him some Resemblance of a Man, who never was absent from her Thoughts: She considered the *Moor* as a Person to whom she owed her Life, and that Reflection engaged her to look with more curious Eyes, if there was any thing in his outward Form, which denoted so noble and generous a Soul; but the Discovery she made was painful to her, she saw indeed an Air of Greatness in his Person, but then it was an Air which brought to her mind that of Don *Sebastian*; and the more she looked, the more she was amazed and disquieted, and Blushes covered her Cheeks, while a Flood of Softness overwhelm'd her Heart. Don *Sebastian* all the time of this Examination, was no less taken
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up in contemplating her Charms ; she appeared so beautiful to him in her Sables, that he was a thousand times about to throw himself at her feet, and to testify, by the Excess of his Transports, that of his Affection ; but reflecting on the Effect it might perhaps produce, he constrained himself to make appear in his Eyes no more than the Respect due to his Quality. The silence both the one and the other observed, had something in it so singular, that *Thamar* fearing it wou'd end in something contrary to the Design of *Don Sebastian*, approached *Elvira*, and roused her from that kind of Extasy into which she was fallen ; Madam, said she, *Zelim* attends your Orders. I know he does, answered she, with a Sigh, which the Memory of *Suza* forced from her : *Zelim*, continued she, addressing herself to him, I owe my Life to you ; I will not be ungrateful ; if you will follow me to *Lisbon*, it will be my Care to make you happy ; and as a proof of my Gratitude, take that. With these Words, she plucked a Diamond of great value from her Finger, and gave it to him ; Keep that Jewel, added she, as a Pledge of what I will hereafter do for you. The pretended *Zelim* fell on his Knees, and received the Favour she bestowed on him, and counterfeiting a different Voice as much as he cou'd, he swore never to quit her ; and from this time to the day of their Departure, not an Hour passed over, in which he did not give some Testimony of his Assiduity and Zeal to serve her.

ELVIRA, who always look'd on him with Pleasure, cou'd not conceal from *Leonora* and *Thamar*, the great Resemblance she found between his Features and those of *Don Sebastian* ; but they made slight Answers to her Observations, in Compliance with his Desires, to continue *Zelim*, till a fitter Occasion shou'd discover him to be *Suza*.

THESE two Confidants, without entering entirely into his Thoughts, did not attempt to persuade him to any thing he did not express an Inclination for himself, being sensible of his Prudence, and that he was perfectly acquainted with the whole Soul of *Elvira*. Nothing remarkable happening till the Time of their Embarking,

nor in the Course of their Voyage ; I will tell you only, that both *Elvira* and *Don Sebastian* went on board with Sentiments very different from those which had accompanied them at their Landing, and that they arrived safely at *Lisbon* ; where the whole Court being already informed of the Behaviour of *Don Lama*, and the unworthy Treatment he had given his Spouse, the King was ready, on the pressing Instances of *Don Pedro*, and the rest of the *Zuarin* Family, to call him back, and oblige him to shew Reason for his Action ; when *Elvira* let them know, there was an end, at once, of him and her Misfortunes, by a Return which they did not expect.

ALL *Lisbon* went forth to meet her, and the Joy they express'd at seeing her delivered from the Woes she had endured, was a kind of Triumph for her : They conducted her to her Palace, where *Donna Catherina de Mendoce* was one of the first to visit, not only through a perfect Regard for herself, but hoping also to hear from her some News of *Don Sebastian*, who had never wrote to her since his Departure, fearing his Letters might, by some Accident, be intercepted. *Don Pedro* and she renewed their Friendship and natural Affection for the Vice-Queen with all the Joy and Tenderneſs imaginable, answering all the Tears which the Remembrance of her Misfortunes made her shed, and joining her in Thanks to Heaven, which had at last put a period to them.

DONNA Catherina wou'd not presently ask her any Questions concerning *Suza* ; and *Donna Elvira* thinking her Duty forbade her to think on any Man so soon after the Death of her Husband, wou'd make no mention of him, tho' both had an equal impatience to hear News of him. But *Leonora*, who very much longed to see the End of this Affair, reminded the fair Widow, that she had now in presence the Persons before whom the deceased *Don Balthazar* desired his last Words shou'd be declared, and pressed her to open the Casket, since there was none wanting to be witness of what it shou'd contain, but *Don Sebastian de Suza*, who might very well be represented by his Mother.

ELVIRA

ELVIRA seem'd so desirous of deferring it some Days longer, that *Leonora* was obliged to be silent ; but what she had already said, had excited so great a Curiosity in all the Kindred and Friends of *Elvira*, who were there assembled, that it was not possible for her to delay giving them the Satisfaction they required. *Leonora* brought the Casket, and, when opened, they found it contained the most valuable of the Vice-Roy's Jewels, the Deeds of his Estate, and whatever he had valuable in the World ; but that which most attracted their Attention, was a Writing in his own hand, by which he endowed *Elvira* with every thing, did the utmost Justice to her Virtue, confessed the unworthy Motives of his Marriage with her, his ungenerous Prosecution of *Don Sebastian*, and his Love for *Xerina* ; for all which, he entreated Pardon of *Elvira*, of *Don Sebastian*, and of *Don Pedro*, and declaring that his last Request to his Widow was, that she shou'd not wait till the time of Mourning for him was expired, but that she shou'd give her Hand to his Rival, as soon as she arrived at *Lisbon*, as a Reparation for the Wrong he had done him, and to render his Remembrance less odious to those he had offended.

THIS last Testament being read before a numerous Assembly, *Elvira* cou'd not refrain her Tears ; *Donna Catharina* bore her company in that tender Employment, and every one lost the Hate they had for *Lama*, in seeing the Marks of his Repentance. But the Mother of *Suza* thinking it was now a proper time to mention her Son, began to testify the Disquiets she had undergone in being able to hear no news of him since his Departure from *Goa* ; and then informed *Donna Elvira*, and all who were present, of the Motives of his Voyage, and the time in which he embarked.

THIS Recital involved the Vice-Queen in a Perplexity, which she cou'd not dissemble ; the Service she had received from the *Moor Zelim*, the Resemblance between his Features and those of *Don Sebastian*, and the secret Inclination she had for him, gave her a confused Idea of something which she cou'd not as yet well reconcile to Reason : But without communicating her
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Suspitions, she ordered immediately, that the Negro Slave who came with her, should be brought into her Room. *Elvira* having made no Answer to Donna *Catherina*'s Demand concerning her Son, and her sudden fending for the Slave, threw that Lady into most terrible Fears, that she shou'd hear some fatal Account from the Mouth of that Person, which the Softness of *Elvira*'s Nature wou'd not permit her to reveal herself.

ZELIM presently appear'd in the midst of his Friends and Kindred, and before the Eyes of his Mother, without any of them suspecting him for *Sebastian*; but if they knew him not, they could not help admiring him. As he came now with an Intention to discover himself, he threw off that awed and timid Air which he had affected to deceive *Elvira*, and resum'd that Look of Majesty which was natural to him. Every body spoke of him with Wonder, and said, they had never beheld so extraordinary a Black.

DONNA *Elvira*, in seeing him thus, began to strengthen the Conjectures she before had formed, and impatient to be satisfy'd; *Zelim*, said she, my Gratitude obliges me to acknowledge, before the whole World, that it is to your Cares I am indebted for my Life: What you have done for me, therefore, leaves no room to imagine you will sully the Glory of such good Actions, by disguising the Motive which induced you to them. I knew very well, that Compassion was alone sufficient to a generous Mind; but I have discovered something, which makes me believe you are excited by an Interest more pressing——Declare the Truth, I conjure you, before this Company——it is for my Glory to have it known. That, Madam, answered he, throwing himself at her Feet, is too dear to me, not to be defended at the hazard of my Life. He wou'd have continued, but the Sound of his Voice, which he no longer disguised, was so well known to Donna *Elvira*, and Donna *Catherina de Mendoce*, that they both cry'd at the same time, Oh God! it is Don *Sebastian*!

YES, 'tis he indeed, resum'd *Sebastian*, who having dedicated his Life to the incomparable *Elvira*, would employ it no otherwise than in her Service. Ne-

ver Surprize was equal to that of this noble Company : None of them would permit hm to proceed, till they had embraced him in their several turns, and testify'd their Joy at his Safety and Return. *Thamar* and *Leonora* entreated him to acquaint the Vice-Queen and *Donna Catherina* with all that had passed since his Arrival from *Goa*. This beautiful Widow cou'd not restrain her Astonishment, and felt in her Heart a redoubling of all the Tendernefs she had bore for him : The respectful Conduct which *Suza* had observed to her, never doing any thing under his Disguise which might give her cause to know him, appeared to her as great a Proof of the Perfection of his Passion, as that of having saved her Life. The first Tumults of a confused Joy being over, he returned to *Donna Catherina de Mendoce*, to whom he testify'd all that a filial Love, Duty, and Gratitude cou'd inspire.

In fine, after some time was passed in Questions, in Recitals, and in Testimonies of the highest Satisfaction, *Alvarez* was called in ; who being furnished with the Water which was to restore them to their native Colour, *Don Sebastian* made use of it, and presently appear'd such as he was. *Donna Catherina* and *Don Pedro* pressed *Elvira* to execute the Will of *Lama*, in espousing *Suza* in a few days ; but that virtuous Lady, who preferred Duty to all things else, would not be prevailed with to consent, and obliged *Don Sebastian* also not to repine at this Delay of his so long expected Happiness.

As soon as the Court was inform'd of the Truth of this Adventure, *Don Sebastian* had his Sentence of Banishment repealed, and he was called back to *Lisbon* : They likewise ordain'd, that the beautiful and virtuous *Elvira* shou'd not attend till the End of her Mourning, for giving her Hand to *Suza* ; willing by this, to repair, in some measure, the Injustice had been done them both, in favour of *Don Balthazar*. The marriage was solemnized in all imaginable Pomp, and with the universal Applause of all *Lisbon*. *Thamar* was made a Christian, and espoused to *Alvarez* ; who both of them found

found a Recompence for their Zeal and Fidelity, from the Generosity of Don *Sebastian* and his amiable Wife.

THE charming *Elvira*, in her Union with *Suza*, found, that tho' Duty conducted by Virtue alone, gave a high Reputation, yet Duty conducted by Love and Tendernefs, was the only Source of true Happinefs.

THIS History gave an exceeding Pleasure to *Urania* and her Friends, which they testified in the Praises they gave *Alcippe*; not only that he had made choice of so elegant a Subject for their entertainment, but also for the agreeable Manner in which he had related it.

THEY had perhaps continued their Encomiums much longer, had they not been interrupted by a Summons to Table, where Supper waited for them. They had scarcely placed themselves, when *Thelamont* received Letters from *Paris*, by an Express which he had sent thither: As they were on a pressing Affair, he entreated leave of the Company to examine the Contents; and found, that his Merit, his Learning, and his Birth, had made the Council pitch on him for filling a Post of great Honour, and required his immediate taking the possession of. He wou'd not make a Secret of it to his Friends, and having shewed them the Packet, received the sincere Congratulations of all this amiable Assembly, who resolved to depart all together the next Morning.

As they knew this Commission wou'd very much engross *Thelamont's* time, this agreeable Society judged they shou'd never re-assemble any more in this sweet Retreat; *Camilla* cou'd not dissemble her Chagrin on this Subject, and said a thousand pretty things on the occasion. No Person, cry'd *Felicia*, interrupting her, has so much reason to be concerned as *Orophanes*, since this Change abolishes his Laws. We shall follow them wherever we go, said *Urania*, and the Avocation of *Thelamont* is not at all incompatible with Rules so perfectly agreeable.

It was easy to see, however, that *Urania* had some Regret in quitting so soon her Retreat, but she endeavoured to conceal it; and her Friends changing now their manner of Conversation, entertained each other with

with nothing but their Departure ; to prepare for which they separated much more early than they were accustomed ; then sought, in the Arms of Sleep, that Repose of which they stood in need. All the Company rose soon after the Sun, and having partook of a Breakfast, served with the same Elegance as the other Collation of *Urania* had been, went into their Coaches, and bid adieu to that delightful Mansion, in which they had passed so many happy Days, no less amusing than instructive.

F I N I S.

